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MR. CLEVELAND AS PRESIDENT.

It is much too early to attempt to assign to Mr. Cleveland his place in the history of our government and policy. That he has played a very great and individual part in our affairs no one can doubt. But we are still too near him to see his work in its just perspective; we cannot yet see or estimate him as an historical figure.

It is plain, however, that Mr. Cleveland has rendered the country great services, and that his singular independence and force of purpose have made the real character of the government of the United States more evident than it ever was before. He has been the sort of President the makers of the Constitution had vaguely in mind: more man than partisan; with an independent executive will of his own; hardly a colleague of the Houses so much as an individual servant of the country; exercising his powers like a chief magistrate rather than like a party leader. Washington showed a like individual force and separateness; but he had been the country's leader through all its Revolution, and was always a kind of hero, whom parties could not absorb. Jackson worked his own will as President, and seemed to change the very nature of the government while he reigned; but it was a new social force that spoke in him, and he re-created a great party. Lincoln made the presidency the government while the war lasted, and gave the nation a great ruler; but his purposes were those of a disciplined and determined party, and his time was a time of

fearful crisis, when men studied power, not law. No one of these men seems the normal President, or affords example of the usual courses of administration. Mr. Cleveland has been President in ordinary times, but after an extraordinary fashion; not because he wished to form or revolutionize or save the government, but because he came fresh to his tasks without the common party training, a direct, fearless, somewhat unsophisticated man of action. In him we got a President, as it were, by immediate choice from out the body of the people, as the Constitution has all along appeared to expect, and he has refreshed our notion of an American chief magistrate.

It is plain that Mr. Cleveland, like every other man, has drawn his character and force in large part from his origin and breeding. It would be easy to describe him as a man of the people, and he would, I suppose, be as proud as any other man of that peculiar American title to nobility. But, after all, no man comes from the people in general. We are each of us derived from some small group of persons in particular; and unless we were too poor to have any family life at all, it is the life and associations of the family that have chiefly shaped us in our youth. Mr. Cleveland had a very definite home training: wholesome, kindly, Christian. He was bred in a home where character was disciplined and the thoughts were formed, where books were read and the right rules of life obeyed. He was early thrown, indeed, into the

ordinary and common school of life, had its rough work thrust upon him, and learned, by his own part in it, the life of the people. But he never got those first lessons, conned in plain village manses, out of his blood. "If mother were alive I should feel so much safer," he wrote to his brother upon the night he was elected governor of New York. Grover Cleveland certainly got good usury in his steadfast youth out of the capital stock of energy and principle he brought away, as his only portion, from his mother and father.

The qualities which have given him his place in his profession and in the history of the country seem commonplace enough in their customary manifestation: industry, thoroughness, uprightness, candor, courage. But it is worth while to remember that the same force and adjustment that will run a toy machine, made for a child's use, will also bring to bear the full might of a Corliss engine, with strength enough to drive a city's industries. It is the size and majesty of moral and intellectual qualities that make them great; and the point the people have noted about Mr. Cleveland is that his powers, though of a kind they know and have often had experience of, are made upon a great scale, and have lifted him to the view of the world as a national force, a maker and unmaker of policies. Men have said that Mr. Cleveland was without genius or brilliancy, because the processes of his mind were calculable and certain, like a law of nature; that his utterances were not above the common, because they told only in the mass, and not sentence by sentence, were cast rather than tempered; that he was stubborn because he did not change, and self-opinionated because he did not falter. He has made no overtures to fortune; has obtained and holds a great place in our affairs by a sort of inevitable mastery, by a law which no politician has ever quite understood or at all relished, by virtue of a preference which the people

themselves have expressed without analyzing. We have seen how there is genius in mere excellence of gift, and prevailing power merely in traits of chastened will.

When a city or a nation looks for a man to better its administration, it seeks character rather than gifts of origination, a clear purpose that can be depended upon to work its will without fear or favor. Mr. Cleveland never struck so straight towards the confidence of practical men as when he spoke of the tariff question as "a condition, not a theory." His mind works in the concrete; lies close always to the practical life of the world, which he understands by virtue of lifelong contact with it. He was no prophet of novelties, but a man of affairs; had no theories, but strove always to have knowledge of fact. There is as great a field for mind in thinking a situation through and through as in threading the intricacies of an abstract problem, and it has heartened men from the first to find that Mr. Cleveland could do thinking of that sort with a sure, unhurried, steadfast power, such as no less practical man could even have simulated. He was an experiment when he was chosen mayor of Buffalo, did not know his own powers, had given no one else their true measure; but he was thereafter a known and calculable force, and grew from station to station with an increase of vigor, and withal a consistency of growth, which showed his qualities such as waited only the invitation of fortune and opportunity. It may be that there are other men, of like parts and breeding, who could rise in like fashion to a great rôle, but it is certain that Mr. Cleveland has made a place of his own among the Presidents of the United States.

The ordinary rules of politics have been broken throughout his career. He came almost like a novice into the field of national politics, despite his previous experience as mayor and governor. He had always identified himself, indeed,

with the Democratic party; but his neighbors in Buffalo had chosen him to better rather than to serve his party, when they elected him to local office. He had elevated the office of sheriff, when they called him to it, by executing it with conscientious energy and with an enlightened sense of public duty; and he had made it his business, when they chose him mayor of their city, to see municipal affairs put upon a footing of efficiency, such as might become a great corporation whose object was the welfare of its citizens, and no partisan interest whatever. It was inevitable that he should shock and alienate all mere partisans, alike by his temper and by his methods. He called himself a party man, and had no weak stomach for the processes of party management; but he had not sought office as a career, and he deemed his party better served by manliness and integrity than by chicanery. He was blunt, straightforward, plain-spoken, stalwart by nature, used to choosing and pushing his own way; and he had a sober audacity which made him no caucus man. His courses of action were incalculable to the mere politician, simply because they were not based upon calculation.

It commonly turns out that the fearlessness of such a man is safer than the caution of the professional party manager. A free and thoughtful people loves a bold man, who faces the fight without too much thought of himself or of his party's fortunes. Mr. Cleveland's success as mayor of Buffalo attracted the attention of the whole State, — was too pronounced and conspicuous to be overlooked. Party managers saw in him a man to win with, little as they understood the elements of his power. Even they stared, nevertheless, to see him elected governor of the State by the astounding majority of 192,854. He evidently had not studied the art of pleasing; he had been known as the "veto mayor" of Buffalo, and his vetoes as the "plain speech" vetoes. He had an odd way of treating

questions of city government as if they were questions of individual official judgment, and not at all questions of party advantage. He brought his exact habits as a lawyer to bear upon his tasks as a public officer, and made a careful business of the affairs of city and State. There was nothing puritanical about him. He had a robust and practical spirit in all things. But he did not seem to regard politics as in any way a distinct science, set apart from the ordinary business of life. He treated the legislature of the State, when he became governor, as he had treated the city council of Buffalo, as if he were the president of a great industrial concern with incidental social functions, and they were its board of directors, often unwise, sometimes unscrupulous, in their action; as if it were his chief duty to stand between them and the stockholders, protecting the latter's interests at all hazards. He used his veto as freely when governor as he had used it when mayor. "Magnificent," cried the trained politicians about him, under their breath, — "magnificent, but it is not politics!"

And yet they found him thrust inevitably upon them as their candidate for President before his term as governor had drawn to its close. Evidence was accumulating that the country was ready to put an end to the long succession of Republican administrations which had held the federal executive departments for more than twenty years as a sort of party property; but it was also plain enough that the old, the real party leaders among the Democrats would by no means be acceptable substitutes. The Democratic party, moreover, had been too long in opposition to be ready to assume, as it stood, the responsibilities of government. It had no real union; it was little more than an assemblage of factions, a more or less coherent association of the various groups and interests opposed to the Republicans and bent upon breaking their supremacy. It did not itself know whether it was of one

mind or not. For, though popular majorities had been running its way for ten years and more, and both Houses of Congress had once come into its hands, it had never had leave to undertake constructive legislation. The President's veto had stood always in its way, and its legislation had often been proposed for effect rather than with a view to actual execution. It was necessary it should go outside its own confused and disordered ranks if it would choose a successful presidential candidate, in order both to unite its own factions and to win the country's confidence: and so it chose Mr. Cleveland, and the country accepted him.

It was a novel experiment. The very considerations that made it wise to nominate Mr. Cleveland as President were likely to render it difficult to live under his presidency with an unbroken party discipline; and the circumstances of his election made it all the more probable that he would choose to be President of the country rather than leader of the Democrats. The Democrats, in fact, did not recognize him as their leader, but only as their candidate for the office of President. If he was leader at all in the ordinary sense, — if he spoke and acted for the views of any body of men, — he was the leader of those independent Republicans who had broken with their own party, and were looking for some one who should open a new era in party politics and give them efficient and public-spirited principles to believe in and vote for again. Men everywhere wished to see parties re-form themselves, and old-line Democrats had more reason to expect to see their party fall apart into its constituent elements once more than to hope that Mr. Cleveland would unite and vivify it as an aggressive and triumphant organization. He had been made President, there was good reason to believe, rather because thoughtful men throughout the country wanted a pure and businesslike administration than because they wanted Democratic legislation or an up-

setting of old policies; he had been chosen as a man, not as a partisan, — taken up by his own party as a likely winner rather than as an acceptable master.

Apparently there was no reason, however, to fear that Mr. Cleveland would arrogate to himself the prerogatives of political leadership, or assume the rôle of guide and mentor in matters of policy. At first he regarded the great office to which he had been chosen as essentially executive, except of course in the giving or withholding of his assent to bills passed by Congress. His veto he used with extraordinary freedom, particularly in the disapproval of private pension bills, vetoing no less than one hundred and forty-six measures during the sessions of the first Congress of his administration; and he filled his messages with very definite recommendations; but he thought it no part of his proper function to press his preferences in any other way upon the acceptance of Congress. In the public interest, he had addressed a letter to Mr. A. J. Warner, a member of Congress, and others, only eight days before his inauguration as President, in which he had declared in urgent terms his strong conviction that the purchase and coinage of silver should be stopped at once, to prevent radical and perhaps disastrous disturbances in the currency; and he joined with Mr. Manning, his Secretary of the Treasury, in speaking very plainly to the same effect when Congress met. But he deemed his duty done when he had thus used the only initiative given him by the Constitution, and expressly declined to use any other means of pressing his views upon his party. He meant to keep aloof, and be President with a certain separateness, as the Constitution seemed to suggest.

It cost him at least one sharp fight with the Senate to carry his purpose of executive independence into effect. Mr. Cleveland saw fit to remove certain federal officers from office before the expiration of their terms, and to appoint

Democrats in their places, and the Senate demanded the papers which would explain the causes of the removals. The President declined to send them, holding that the Senate had no right to judge of anything but the fitness of the men named as successors to the officers removed. It was not certain that the moral advantage lay with the President. He had been put into the presidency chiefly because independent voters all over the country, and particularly in his own State, regarded him a tried champion of civil service reform; but his choice and method in appointments had by no means satisfied the reformers. They had stared to see him make Mr. Daniel Manning Secretary of the Treasury, not because Mr. Manning lacked ability, but because he was notoriously a politician of the very "practical" sort, and seemed to those who did not know him the very kind of manager Mr. Cleveland ought to have turned his back upon; and they did not like any more than the Senate did to see men deprived of their offices to make room for Democrats without good reason given, reason that had no taint of partisanship upon it. The truth was that the public service had been too long in the hands of the Republicans to be susceptible of being considered an unpartisan service as it stood. Mr. Cleveland said simply, to those who spoke to him in private about the matter, that he had not made any removal which he did not, after careful inquiry, believe to be for the good of the public service. This could not satisfy his critics. It meant that he must be permitted to use his judgment not only as a man, but also as a Democrat, in reconstructing a civil service which had been for a generation in the hands of the opposite political party. The laws could not be made mandatory upon him in this matter, under the Constitution, and he took leave to exercise his discretion here and there, as his judgment as a practical and strong-willed man suggested. That the operation of the laws passed for the

reform of the civil service was strengthened in the main, and their administration thoroughly organized and very much bettered under him, no candid man could deny; and with that he asked the country to be content.

The whole question afforded an excellent opportunity for studying Mr. Cleveland's character. The key quality of that character is, perhaps, a sort of robust sagacity. He had never for a moment called himself anything but a party man. He had not sought personal detachment, and had all along known the weakness that would come with isolation and the absolute rejection of the regular means of party management; and he had dared to make his own choices in cases which seemed too subtle or exceptional for the law. It was unsafe ground often; blunders were made which appeared to defeat the purposes he had in view in making removals and appointments; it looked in the end as if it would have been wiser to make no exceptions at all to the ordinary rules of appointment: but the mistakes were those of a strong nature, — too strong to strip itself absolutely of such choice as might serve what was to him legitimate party strength. Who shall judge the acts in question who does not know the grounds upon which the President proceeded? Not all of government can be crowded into the rules of the law.

At any rate, criticism did not disturb Mr. Cleveland's serenity; and it pleased the fancy of men of all sorts to see the President bear himself so steadfastly and do his work so calmly in the midst of all the talk. Outsiders could not know whether the criticism cut or not; they only knew that the President did not falter or suffer his mind to be shaken. He had an enormous capacity for work, shirked no detail of his busy function, carried the government steadily upon his shoulders. There is no antidote for worry to be compared with hard labor at important tasks which keep the mind stretched to large views; and the Presi-

dent looked upon himself as the responsible executive of the nation, not as the arbiter of policies. There is something in such a character that men of quick and ardent thought cannot like or understand. They want all capable men to be thinking, like themselves, along lines of active advance; they are impatient of performance which is simply thorough without also being regenerative, and Mr. Cleveland has not commended himself to them. They themselves would probably not make good Presidents. A certain tough and stubborn fibre is necessary, which does not easily change, which is unelastically strong.

The attention of the country, however, was presently drawn off from Mr. Cleveland's pension vetoes and individual methods of appointment, from his attitude and temper as a power standing aloof from Congress, to note him a leader and master after all, as if in spite of himself. He was too good a Democrat and too strenuous a man of business to stand by and see the policy of the country hopelessly adrift without putting his own influence to the test to direct it. He could not keep to his rôle of simple executive. He saw his party cut into opposing factions upon the question of the tariff, upon the reform to which it had been pledged time out of mind. Mr. Carlisle, who wished to see the tariff brought to a revenue basis, was Speaker of the Democratic House, and Mr. Morrison was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; but Mr. Randall checkmated them at every turn, and nothing was done to redeem the party's promises. No man of strong convictions could stand there, where all the country watched him, waiting for him to speak, the only representative of the nation as a whole in all the government, and let a great opportunity and a great duty go by default. He had intended to make his a strictly business administration, to cleanse the public service and play his assigned part in legislation with a clear judgment to

do right. But the President stands at the centre of legislation as well as of administration in executing his great office, and Mr. Cleveland grew to the measure of his place as its magnitude and responsibilities cleared to his view. The breath of affairs was at last in his lungs, and he gave his party a leader, of a sudden, in the plain-spoken, earnest, mandatory tariff message of December, 1887. It was such a stroke as no mere politician would have hazarded, and it sadly disconcerted the men who had supposed themselves the leaders of the Democrats. Mr. Cleveland had not consulted them about his manifesto. He had made the issue of the next presidential campaign for them before they were aware of it, and that campaign was immediately at hand. The Congress to which he sent his message showed already a sad cutting off in the ranks of the Democrats. In the first Congress of his administration his party had had a majority of close upon forty in the House, though the Senate was still against them. In the Congress of which he demanded tariff reform the Democratic majority in the House had dwindled to eleven, though the Senate was almost equally divided. It seemed as if he would commit his party to a dangerous and aggressive policy at the very moment when its power was on the decline, and risk everything with regard to the next choice of President. Some resented his action as a sudden usurpation; others doubted what they should think; a few took the changed aspect of politics with zest and relish. It was bravely done. The situation produced was even dramatic; and yet the calmest man anywhere touched by the business was Mr. Cleveland himself. It was no trick or impulse. It was the steadily delivered blow of a stalwart and thoughtful man, thoroughly sick of seeing a great party drift and dally while the nation's finances suffered waste and demoralization.

He had certainly settled the way the

next campaign should go: that the country's reception of his message showed; and the politicians adjusted themselves as best they might to his policy of plain speech and no circumspection. The House passed a tariff measure, drafted by Mr. Mills, which was thrown aside in the Senate, but not rejected by the party. Mr. Cleveland was renominated for the presidency by acclamation, not because the politicians wanted him, but because their constituents did. The two parties went to the country, and Mr. Cleveland lost by the vote of his own State.

The odd thing about it was that defeat did not seem to lessen Mr. Cleveland's importance. Some persons did not like to see their ex-President return to the ordinary duties of legal practice, as he did in New York, apparently expecting a healthy, practical man to accept a merely ornamental part in society after once having been their chief magistrate. There was no denying the fact that he had wrought his own defeat and his party's by forcing a hot fight when matters were going peacefully enough. He himself kept as much as might be from unnecessary publicity. But the country could not cease to be interested in him, and he was the only man it would take seriously, even now, as the leader of the Democrats. Practical men could not for the life of them think of any more suitable candidate for the next campaign. Whether he had united or pleased his party or not, he had, in any case, given it a programme and made himself its chief representative. Through all the four years of Mr. Harrison's administration Mr. Cleveland was the most conspicuous man in the country out of office, and a sort of popular expectation followed him in all his movements.

The Republicans, moreover, delivered themselves into his hands. They took his defeat as a mandate from the people to make a tariff as little like that which Mr. Cleveland had desired as it

might be possible to construct. The Committee of Ways and Means, of which Major McKinley was chairman, framed a measure unmistakably fit to meet the demand; and the congressional elections of 1890 went overwhelmingly against the Republicans. Apparently, the country had come at last to Mr. Cleveland's mind in respect of the tariff, and he became once more the logical as well as the popular candidate of the Democrats for the presidency. Once more he became President, and essayed the difficult rôle of leader of a composite party. He had created an additional difficulty, meanwhile, obeying an imperative conviction without regard to policy or opportune occasion. He had ventured a frank public letter in opposition to the free coinage of silver, notwithstanding the fact that he knew free coinage to be much more distinctively a Democratic than a Republican measure. The habit of independent initiative in respect of questions of legislative policy was growing upon him, as he felt his personal power grow and his familiarity with public questions; and he knew that he was striking straight home, this time, to the confidence, at any rate, of every enlightened man of business in the country. Such men he had known from his youth up, and could assess: his courage and self-confidence in such a case was stuff of his whole training and character, and he felt that he could afford to lose the presidency upon that issue.

Mr. Cleveland's second term has shown the full strength and the full risk of the qualities which, during his first administration, the country had seen displayed only in the disturbing tariff message of 1887, in his energetic treatment of the fisheries question, which the Senate did not like, and in certain appointments which the whole country had criticised. He gave warning at the outset of the individual rôle he meant to play in the selection of his Cabinet. He bestowed the secretaryship of state upon a man

come but the other day out of the Republican ranks to support him; the secretaryship of war upon a man who had formerly been his private secretary; the post-office upon his one-time law partner; the department of the interior upon a Georgian whose name the country smiled to hear for the first time; the attorney-generalship upon a lawyer who was no politician; and the secretaryship of agriculture upon a quiet gentleman of his own picking out. Only the navy and the headship of the treasury went to men whom his party knew and followed in the House. His first Cabinet had contained men whom everybody knew as accredited leaders among the Democrats, — Mr. Bayard, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Lamar, Mr. Vilas; only the minority of his counselors had then been selected as if to please himself, rather than to draw a party following about him by recognizing the men who exercised authority among the Democrats. But his second Cabinet seemed chosen as if of deliberate and set purpose to make a personal and private choice, without regard to party support.

And yet there was less difference between the two Cabinets than appeared upon the surface. Though there had been some representative Democrats in the first Cabinet, they had not been men who controlled their party. Mr. Carlisle, of the second Cabinet, was undoubtedly more influential than any of them, and Mr. Herbert more truly a working, capital member of the party's force in the House. The truth was that Mr. Cleveland had, throughout his first administration, been all the while held at arm's length by his party, — an ally, perhaps, but not a partner in its undertakings, — had been compelled to keep the place of separateness and independence which had at first seemed to be his choice. In his second administration he apparently made no effort to force his way into its counsels, but accepted his place as the independent voters' President, — content if

only he could have a personal following, carry out the real pledges of his party, and make his purpose felt as the nation's spokesman. Not that he broke with his party either in thought or in purpose; but he saw that it would not take counsel with him, and that, if he would fulfill his trust, he must force partisan leaders, for their own good, to feel his power from without. It might be they would draw about him more readily through mastery than through persuasion.

It was singular how politics began at once to centre in the President, waiting for his initiative, and how the air at Washington filled with murmurs against the domineering and usurping temper and practice of the Executive. Power had somehow gone the length of the avenue, and seemed lodged in one man. No one who knew Mr. Cleveland, or who judged him fairly, for a moment deemed him too covetous of authority, or in any degree disregarding of the restraints the Constitution has put upon the President. But the Democrats in the House were made conscious that the eye of the country had been withdrawn from them in matters of policy, and Washington seemed full of Mr. Cleveland, his Secretary of the Treasury and his Secretary of State. A position of personal isolation had been thrust upon him, but he used the power which had come to him to effect the purposes to which, as a Democrat, he felt himself pledged. If the party would not act with him, he must act for it. There was no touch of cant in him when he declared his allegiance to the Democratic party; there was only a danger that if the leaders of the party in Congress continued to follow him merely when they were obliged, he would himself presently be all the Democratic party that was left in the country.

On June 30, 1893, four months after his second inauguration, he took steps to force action upon the silver question. He called Congress to meet in extra session upon the 7th of August following,

to deal with the finances of the country and prevent a panic; telling them plainly that the law which compelled the purchase and coinage of silver by the government ought to be repealed, and that this question must be settled even if the tariff had to wait. There was already serious disturbance in business circles, arising in large part from the condition of the currency, when, on the 26th of June, the British authorities in India closed the mints of that country to the free coinage of silver, and sent the price of the unstable metal down with a disastrous tumble in all the world's markets. It looked then as if there would certainly be a fatal panic, and Mr. Cleveland saw that Congress must meet and face the situation at once.

It was evident, even before Congress came together, that the battle was to be, not between Democrats and Republicans, but between the advocates and the opponents of the free coinage of silver, without regard to party. Conventions called by the silver men met in Denver and in Chicago before Congress assembled, and denounced the proposal to repeal the silver purchase law as a scheme devised by American and English bankers, with the assistance of Mr. Cleveland, to drive silver out of use as money; and when Congress took the matter up, old party lines seemed, for the moment at any rate, to have disappeared. It was the "friends" of silver against its "enemies." The advocates of Mr. Cleveland's policy of repeal won a decisive victory in the House of Representatives, and won it at once, before August was out; but in the Senate the fight dragged, with doubtful and wavering fortunes, until the very end of October, — would have ended in some weak compromise had not the President stood resolute, — and kept the country waiting so long for the issue that business suffered almost as much as if repeal had been defeated.

It was the President's victory that the law was at last repealed, and every one

knew it. He had forced the consideration of the question; he had told Senators plainly, almost passionately, when they approached him, that he would accept no compromise, — that he would veto anything less than absolute repeal, and let them face the country as best they might afterwards. Until he came on the stage both parties had dallied and coquetted with the advocates of silver. Now he had brought both to a parting of the ways. The silver men were forced to separate themselves and look their situation in the face, choose which party they should plan to bring under their will and policy, if they could, and no longer camp in the tents of both. Such a stroke settled what the course of congressional politics should be throughout the four years of Mr. Cleveland's term, and made it certain that at the end of that term he should either have won his party to himself or lost it altogether. It was evident that any party that rejected the gold standard for the currency must look upon him as its opponent.

He showed his fixed purpose in the matter once again by his veto of the so-called Seigniorage Bill in March, 1894. The silver men had already so far rallied as to induce substantial majorities in both Houses to agree to the practically immediate coinage of all the silver bullion owned by the treasury as a result of the purchases of silver made under the law which had but just now been repealed in the special session. It would not be wise to put forth so great a body of silver, at such a time, to the fresh disturbance of the currency, said the President, and the bill was negatived. The issue of more silver was defeated, and the silver men quietly set about forming their party lines anew.

Meanwhile, issue was joined once more upon the question of the tariff, not only as between Democrats and Republicans, but also as between Democrat and Democrat, and new lines of divergence were run through Mr. Cleveland's party. The

Committee of Ways and Means, of which Mr. W. L. Wilson was chairman, had formulated a tariff bill during the special session, and when Congress came together for its regular sittings they added to their tariff scheme a bill providing for an income tax, to meet the probable deficiency in the revenue likely to result from the reduction of import duties which they had proposed. The two measures were made one. There was keen opposition in the East to the adoption of the income tax, and though the composite bill went through the House by a majority of sixty-four, many Democrats voted against it, and party lines were again broken. In the Senate, the tariff bill was changed beyond recognition by more than six hundred amendments. Many of the *ad valorem* duties proposed by Mr. Wilson's committee were made specific; the Senate would not consent to put iron and lead ores or coal upon the free list with wool; above all, it insisted upon an increase rather than a reduction of the duty on sugar. In the Committee of Conference, irreconcilable differences of opinion emerged between the two Houses; a letter from Mr. Cleveland to Mr. Wilson, supporting the plans of the House and severely criticising those of the Senate, only stiffened a little more the temper of the Senate conferees; and the House at last yielded, rather than have no change at all in the tariff.

Mr. Cleveland did not sign the bill, but suffered it to become law without his signature. It was not such a law as he wanted, he said, nor such a law as fulfilled the pledges of the party; but the party had accepted it, and he would not cast himself loose from it in this critical matter by the use of his veto. No one believed that the Senators who had insisted upon the chief matter of contention, the change in the sugar duties, had acted as Democrats. It was the universal opinion that they had acted as the representatives of a particular vested interest. But in the nice balance of parties

which existed in the Senate they were in a position to dictate. The party leaders in the House thought it better to pass some measure of tariff reform than to suffer a total miscarriage; and Mr. Cleveland tacitly consented to their judgment.

The Supreme Court completed the discomfiture of the party by declaring the income tax law unconstitutional. Without that tax there was not revenue enough to meet the expenditures of the government, as presently became evident. Deficiency of revenue, coupled with the obligation of the government to redeem its notes in gold on demand, cut into the gold reserve, and the money question grew acute again. To maintain the gold reserve the administration was obliged again and again to resort to the issue of bonds. The President was in league, the silver men said, with the bankers and the men who controlled the gold of the world everywhere. Mr. Carlisle earnestly urged a radical reform of the currency system: the repeal of the law compelling a constant reissue of the government's legal tender notes, and such legislation as would make provision for a sufficiently elastic currency by means of liberal changes in the banking laws. But his plans were not acted upon; the revenue did not increase; the government was obliged to pay out gold, upon demand, from its reserve; and there was nothing for it but to obtain gold of the bankers, and of those who had hoarded it, by issuing new bonds and increasing the interest charges of the government. The silver men grew every day more hostile to the administration.

The administration bulked very large the while, not only in the business world, but also in the field of foreign affairs. A treaty providing for the annexation of Hawaii was pending in the Senate when Mr. Cleveland came into office in March, 1893; but Mr. Cleveland promptly withdrew it, and, in characteristic fashion, set about finding out for himself the real

situation of affairs in the islands. The outcome showed his transparent honesty and rare courage very plainly, if not his skill in a delicate affair. He found that it was the countenance and apparent assistance of the agent of the United States in Hawaii that had facilitated the dethronement of the Queen and the setting up of a revolutionary government, and he took steps to undo so far as possible the mischievous work of interference. The apologies of the United States were made to the Queen, and the provisional government was informed that the government of the United States would expect it to withdraw and make way for the reestablishment of the legitimate government of the islands. But the provisional government refused to withdraw, and the President was obliged to submit the whole matter to Congress, without whose sanction he did not feel justified in employing force or in taking any further step in the unhappy affair. It seemed a lame ending, and the papers found it easy to scoff, though hard to say what other honorable course could have been taken; and every man who was not a Jingo perceived that the President had not in fact lost credit. He had simply followed his conscience without regard to applause or failure, and given one more proof of his unsophisticated character.

At any rate, everybody forgot Hawaii upon the emergence of Venezuela. Diplomatic relations had been suspended between Great Britain and Venezuela because of a dispute regarding the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, and Mr. Cleveland's administration had intervened, and had insisted that the whole question be submitted to arbitration. The position it took was based explicitly upon the Monroe Doctrine, and the course it proposed was virtually a demand that the United States be accorded the right of intervention in all questions arising between South American states and European powers. Lord Salisbury declined to make any such con-

cession to the United States, or to submit any more of the question between Great Britain and Venezuela to arbitration than he had already expressed his willingness to submit to adjudication in his correspondence with the Venezuelan government; and Mr. Cleveland sent to Congress his startling message of December 17, 1895.

Here again he showed himself a strong man, but no diplomatist. It was like a blunt, candid, fearless man to say that it was the duty of the United States to ascertain for herself the just rights of Venezuela, and resist any encroachment upon her southern neighbor by every means in her power, and to add that he fully realized the consequences that might follow such a declaration of purpose. But only our kinsmen oversea would have yielded anything or sought peace by concession, after such words had been spoken. England presently showed that she would not have taken such a defiance from William of Germany; but good feeling, good temper, good sense, soon brought the two governments to a better understanding. Our commission of inquiry acted with the utmost sobriety and tact; Mr. Olney pursued his correspondence with Lord Salisbury with a strength of good manners, good reasoning, and disinterested purpose that carried its own assurance of victory; we had in Mr. Bayard a representative in London of an old and excellent school of behavior; and the end was a diplomatic triumph for the United States which attracted the attention of the world. The successful settlement of the particular question in controversy was even followed by a treaty of general arbitration between England and the United States, such as multitudes of peace-loving men had prayed for, but few had dared to hope to see. What had at first seemed to threaten to mar Mr. Cleveland's fame once and for all turned out in the end its greatest title to honorable dignity. We are at last enabled to read the famous message aright. There spoke a man as desirous

and capable of peace and moderation as any in the nation, but accustomed, when he spoke at all, to speak his whole mind without reserve, and willing to speak to Europe, if she must hear, as freely as he would speak to his own people. It was the perilous indiscretion of a frank nature incapable of disguises.

The Cuban question has shown us the same man. He has satisfied neither the Democrats nor the Republicans, because neither cared to observe the restraints of international law or set themselves any bounds of prudence; but he has made Spain feel the pressure of our opinion and of our material interest in the Cuban struggle none the less, and by his very self-restraint has brought the sad business sensibly nearer to its end.

In this, as in other things, he has been a man without a party. His friends have been the silent men who watch public affairs without caring too much about the fortunes of parties. He has carried civil service reform to its completion at last; but that did not give him a party. To extend the rules of the classified merit service to all branches of the public business was a work of non-partisanship, and no man need expect a party following because of that. Mr. Cleveland did not do this work hurriedly. At the close of his first administration the friends of reform stood disappointed and not a little disheartened. But he has done the work in his own way and thoroughly, and no man need doubt his record now. He can look back with deep satisfaction upon the fact that while he directed the affairs of the government vast tracts of the public lands were reclaimed for the use of the people; that he was enabled to put system and a little economy into the management of the Pension Bureau; that more than one of the executive departments has received a complete reor-

ganization at his hands; that he gave the country the businesslike administration he promised. None of these things, however, secures any man the support of a party. Mr. Cleveland never seemed so utterly without a party as in the extraordinary campaign which has made Mr. McKinley his successor. But it is the country's debt to him now that he thus stood alone. He forced the fight which drove the silver men to their final struggle for a party. They chose the Democratic party, because it was strong in the West where the silver ore was mined, and in the South and in all the agricultural areas of the continent where those business interests are weak which most sensitively feel the movements of the money market. They drove thousands of men out of the Democratic party when they took it, — Mr. Cleveland, their chief enemy, with the rest. And the Republicans routed them upon the issue which Mr. Cleveland had made definite and final.

We need not pretend to know what history shall say of Mr. Cleveland; we need not pretend that we can draw any common judgment of the man from the confused cries that now ring everywhere from friend and foe. We know only that he has played a great part; that his greatness is authenticated by the passion of love and of hatred he has stirred up; that no such great personality has appeared in our politics since Lincoln; and that, whether greater or less, his personality is his own, unique in all the varied history of our government. He has made policies and altered parties after the fashion of an earlier age in our history, and the men who assess his fame in the future will be no partisans, but men who love candor, courage, honesty, strength, unshaken capacity, and high purpose such as his.

Woodrow Wilson.

MY SIXTY DAYS IN GREECE.

II. A SPARTAN SCHOOL.

I.

ONE rainy June afternoon I found myself in Sparta. The modern Sparta is called a thriving town, and as a token of its thrift the good people were grading some of the principal streets, and it was hard to pick one's way through the mud. Every few yards the contractors had left a pillar of earth, or, as the Greek calls it, a "witness," to show the work that had been done, and the effect of these warts was unpleasing. A space in front of the principal café had been spared, and there the guests were seated on a miniature Ararat rising above a deluge of mire. Sparta is a very modern town, as is evinced by the width of the streets, and this width may have detracted somewhat from the liveliness of the main thoroughfare. Still I do not intend to fly in the face of the guidebook, especially in view of the fact that the day before, at Tripolitza, which is one of the most bustling places in this part of the world, I had met a Spartan gentleman, who was very proud of his home, had much to tell about the town, and in his enthusiasm produced some of the oranges for which Sparta is famous. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." That was the motto of the University of Helmstedt, and a good motto it is for a university. It hardly seems so good a motto for ancient Sparta, and one can no more fancy Leonidas peeling an orange than Alcibiades smoking a cigarette.

The ancient Spartans always figure in school histories as stern ascetics. But they were huge feeders, that is certain, and much of their abstinence was sheer affectation. Your Attic was more frugal than your Spartan. "Spartan diet" was not intended to be a satisfying por-

tion. It was simply a national diet like oatmeal, and was often, doubtless, mere surplusage. Of course it may be said that oranges, which seem so un-Spartan, are a modern innovation, and it is well known that the introduction of a new fruit-tree may change not only the character of the landscape, but the character of the inhabitants. But if the orange is a new-comer the olive is an ancient friend, and the olives of Sparta are suspiciously fine, suspiciously famous. To oranges an American does not need an introduction, but the value of the olive is not made known to the classical student except on classical soil, and once familiar with the swart beauty of the Greek olive he understands better the climax of the soldier's rations in Aristophanes' "something to drink in a flask, dry bread, two onions, and three olives."

The olives of Sparta were a witness to the continuity of historical life. The Spartan gentleman whom I met at Tripolitza was an example of the way in which history repeats itself. The modern Spartans are not averse to emigration, and many of them come to America. Now, every reader of Greek history remembers that the Partheniæ, or maidens' sons, as the name is usually interpreted, went out in a body to Tarentum, for reasons best known to their mothers. True, a recent investigator has undertaken to show that the maiden mothers are a myth, and that the Partheniæ took their name from Parthenion, the Virgin Mountain, but the tradition is there. Tarentum was settled from Sparta; and as Lower Italy was the America of ancient Greece, and the Greeks spoke of Great Greece as we speak of Greater Britain, my Spartan friend might pass for the reincarnation of one of the original Tarentines. Not only had he

lived in America, but he was an American citizen, and to that extent my fellow countryman. To be sure, his speech did not stir any sympathetic chords in my bosom, for *lingua americana in bocca spartana* is apt to be nutcrackerish. Another fellow countryman, at least *in spe*, I was to encounter a few days afterwards, on the long drive from Sparta to Gytheion, a round-headed son of Laconia, whose traveling library consisted of two volumes tied up in a red cotton handkerchief: one a pamphlet which dealt with the army regulations of the kingdom of Hellas; the other a Greek guide to English conversation, from which he would extract from time to time a choice unintelligible morsel. One phrase, however, he had by heart, and fired at me with the solemnity and intensity of a minute-gun. It was somewhat embarrassing to be asked every sixty seconds, "Ow arr you?" On that long drive I could not suppress the wish that Kyrios Triantaphyllópoulos, or whatever his name was, had already joined his brother, the substantial confectioner of Philadelphia, in whom he took such pride.

At Gytheion I lost sight of my intending fellow countryman, but the shadow of America followed me everywhere during my short stay in Laconia; and as I was sitting alone in the hallway of the inn, one of the young sons of the house, who the night before had vainly strewn Persian Insect Powder on my couch, endeavored to divert my supposed melancholy by a rude album of the Columbian Exposition which his American brother had sent home, with an inscription in which he expressed his desire that the rest of the family could have seen "the marvelous buildings." Yes, the shadow of America followed me everywhere. So in the same town I was sitting in front of a restaurant which bore the cheery name Abundance (i Aphthonfa), and taking a very modest part in a triangular conversation with a brilliant German scholar and a prominent local capitalist, when

a coin was submitted for our inspection by a collector of the place. German scholar and local capitalist shook their heads. They could make nothing of the image and superscription. But the battered bit of silver was no puzzle to me. It was a Mexican real, or "ryal," the familiar "seven-pence" of my South Carolina boyhood, and as I looked at the coin long stretches of my life were unrolled before me. Once more I was seated, a lad fresh from college, on the deck of the good ship *Hermina*, bound to Bremen, and reading Calderon's *El Principe Constante*, which I have never looked into from that day to this. In that drama there is a brilliant description of the eagle and his hostility to the poison of the asp, which reminded me at the time of the device on the coins of Mexico. Once more I was a student in Germany, poring over sunshiny Aristophanes in the gray light of a Berlin winter morning, and finding eagle and asp again in the charade that opens *The Wasps*. And there was that other feature of the device, the prickly pear, which, like myself, is a native of America, and flourishes on Greek soil as it does on the Mexican coin.

II.

My new-found fellow countryman, on whom I have turned my metaphorical back so long, had served as an assistant in a Brooklyn florist's shop; but Brooklyn was too slow for a man accustomed to the bustle of Sparta, and so he had returned a couple of years before in order to open an establishment for the sale of ready-made clothing. I cherish his business card; but the ready-made clothing business seemed a strange occupation for a descendant, or at all events a representative, of the men who were harangued by Tyrtaeus. To be sure, at that very time, the ingenious Dr. Verrall was engaged in exploding the myth of Tyrtaeus, but I did not know it, and as I watched my Sparto-American deftly cut-

ting an orange into sixteen parts Tyr-tæus's anapaests were thumping in my brain, and well they might be. Was I not in Sparta, and had I not found in my own experience that the witness of Leonidas was true, and that the verses of Tyr-tæus were well fitted to put an edge to youthful courage? At all events, some of the boys who heard me declaim the stirring lines of the Marching Song had died the death of Spartans, and were sleeping the sleep of the Spartans whose ghosts were about me.

March on, men of warlike Sparta!
True sons of the land of your sires,
With the left put your bucklers before you,
With the right your lances brandish,
And stint ye not of your heart's blood,
For 't is not the wise of Sparta.

"Hand me down," I fancy, would have suggested to an ancient Spartan something else than a suit of ready-made clothing, — would have suggested rather such an armory as that stout fighter Alcæus describes: —

All a-glitter with brass my hall;
All my house is adorned for Ares.
Helmets bright
Glint and glister, and from their crests
Nod defiance the waving horsetails
White as snow,
Fit adornment for warriors brave.
All the pins are concealed by shining
Greaves of brass;
Guards are they from the crushing bolt,
Linen corselets and hollow bucklers
All prepared.
By them lying Chalcidian blades,
By them doublets in store, and doughty
Coats of mail.
These are never to be forgot
Now we've taken this deed of daring
Well in hand.

But other times, other ways, and to judge by the aspect of the modern Spartans, the ready-made clothing business must have been flourishing. In this respect Sparta presented a strong contrast to Tripolitza, the modern capital of Arcadia, from which I had just come. Tripolitza abounded in the *fustanella*, and as my visit fell on St. George's Day, and the

whole population was in holiday attire, the sight of all those clean white kilts was grateful to the eye. In Sparta, on the other hand, everything was rigged out in garments that might have been imported from my own dwelling-place, Baltimore, a great emporium of the business.

The main street of Sparta, thanks perhaps to the grading processes already mentioned, was almost too American for a classical pilgrim, and I soon betook myself to the side-streets, some of which had a more truly Romaic air. In one of these streets was a famous silk factory, into which I peeped, — an establishment guiltless of modern machinery, and designedly so. But the factory was deserted at that hour, and there is nothing more depressing than a silent shop. However, the next day, as I was riding in from Mistrá, I met a procession of the factory girls who were making their way home to the villages about the town. Nowhere else in my short visit to Greece did I see so many bewitching faces, such lustrous eyes, such subtle features. It was as if the handicraft had given these Spartan maidens something of the tingle and the sparkle of American girlhood. How unlike these faces to the stolid countenances of the girls I had seen in Arcadia, crouching close together on the ground, and breaking stones to ballast the railway that is to continue the line beyond Tripolitza! These modern Spartan maidens will always be associated in my mind with the delicate blooms of the olive which lashed my face as I rode along. Not the least did they resemble the commanding and exacting figures that haunt the records of ancient Sparta: Lampito, for instance, well known from the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes: —

Oh, welcome here from Sparta, dearest Lampito!

La, sweetest, what a splendid show your beauty makes!

And what a fine complexion! What a piece of flesh!

Why, you might choke a bull.

To which Lampito responds: —

Gogswouns! 'A think 'a mought.

III.

From the silk factory I proceeded to hunt up the various relics of antiquity in and near the town. It is a town of open conduits, not to say gutters, and the gutter that separated the street from the Leonidæum was sending along a far more ample stream than does the bed of the Ilissus in its ordinary mood; and in lieu of a stepping-stone my attendant threw a pile of prickly-pear stems into one of the shallows, that I might cross dry-shod. The sight of the Leonidæum ought to have called up a number of apt quotations. But apt quotations never come when they are called, and my mind wandered off to the whole system of Greek proper names and the harm that this "Lion" name had done its owners, and finally to the Aristophanic passage in which a Greek father is congratulated on the birth of a bouncing boy: —

A lion, a lion is born to you, your very moral.

All this was not very respectful to the memory of Leonidas, but the guidebook guards us against undue enthusiasm about the remains of this temple *in antis*, which has nothing whatsoever to do with the tomb of Leonidas. It is a fine piece of masonry, but to the untrained eye it looks more like an abandoned bit of modern work than like an ancient ruin. Leonidas having been eliminated, there was nothing about "the 12 yards by $7\frac{1}{2}$ of good Hellenic masonry" to stir the imagination; and I felt instead a perverse interest in the prickly pears, which were just then full of blooms, and pushing their purple and yellow flowers from the edge of the barbed disks with an insulting opulence like so many figs to the universe. No one would expect such insolent, not to say indecent beauty of a plant that is all made up of greenness and prickles, — a plant that might well serve to embody the popular conception of the philological guild.

The Battle of the Amazons over the

house door of the apothecary Kopsomantikos is one of the sights of the town. Another sight is the relief of the Gorgon's head above the door of Diamantópoulos, and in the doorway two women were sitting, who eyed the strangers with something of a stony Spartan stare. Gorgo, or Wideawake, is to a Greek scholar a rather pretty name, and recalls not only the beautiful Medusa Rondanini, but also the clear-eyed little daughter of crazy King Cleomenes, who was to become the wife of that very Leonidas after whom the Leonidæum was named.

Surely something is to be said for those bits of antiquity that are built into houses, and for my part I cannot harbor any resentment against the playful architects of such a church as the Little Metropolitan of Athens, that patchwork quilt in stone. It is, after all, a better fate to be used for no matter what purpose of life than to be stuck up and stared at in a museum. A museum is nothing more than a burial-place, and I had rather live on as a flower than be mewed up in a coffin. Of course I do not desire to lose such standing as I have among the worshipers of the antique, and I am simply speaking from the point of view of the antique object itself, with which I naturally sympathize more and more as time goes on. Professionally I am ruthless, and while a mill-race is assuredly a thing of life, a hundred mill-races might go in order to save one slab of the Laws of Gortyn. But if I personally were a fragment of a column, six or seven feet across, I should not object to having myself hollowed out and made a manner of wine-vat. This is the fate that has befallen some of the columns at Olympia, and there are worse fates. A column that supports nothing is an absurdity, and sweet are the uses of a wine-vat, though there are those who would prefer to be siphons. And so the Battle of the Amazons and the Gorgon's head interested me all the more for the places of their abode. I remember the houses in

which they were imbedded, and I feel as if they were on my visiting-list.

IV.

The next point was the museum. The Greek government, in obedience to the spirit of the people, favors the erection of local museums. If you wish to see the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Nike of Pæonius, you must take the long journey to Olympia, and the treasures unearthed at Delphi are to be seen only by those who are willing to make their way by a circuitous route to the shrine of the god. Foreigners who would like to find everything concentrated at Athens are prone to grumble at this arrangement. But it is a wise measure. It creates local centres of interest, local eddies of pride, and much is preserved that might otherwise be smuggled abroad. The monuments of the museum at Sparta — to which, by the way, American explorers have made some noteworthy contributions — have a decidedly local character. Nowhere do the Dioscuri figure so largely, that loving pair of brothers whose devotion closes with a lingering cadence that Nemean ode which tells how Kastor fell in fight, and how the divine brother renounced half of heaven that he might share the other half with his best beloved.

"Said Father Zeus to Polydeukes: 'Thou art my son. He who lies here was the mortal seed of a hero. A choice I give thee. If, 'scaping death and hateful eld, thou wilt alone inhabit Olympus with me and with Athena and Ares of the sombre spear, this is thy lot. But if thou championest thy brother's cause and art minded to share with him all things alike, half of the time thou mayest draw thy breath beneath the earth, and half in heaven's golden halls.' So spake he. Nor did Polydeukes take unto his will a double counsel. And Zeus set free the eye, and then the voice, of brazen-mailed Kastor."

And Therapne, where the Great Twin
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Brethren are buried, looks down on the museum.

Yes, the monuments had a decidedly local character and a corresponding interest. The marble may have been a poor thing, but it was Laconian; the statuary may not have been consummate artists, but they were Laconian: and this local character reminded me of a visit that I had made sixteen years before to the museum at Treves. For the museum at Treves, like the museum at Sparta, is dominated by the genius of the place, and is full of stumpy figures which seemed to be of the same family as the *Stammgäste* of the Red House, the inn at which I put up in that ancient city. The true way to be interesting is to smack of the soil, — to be Spartan, to be Treviran, to be American. Your cosmopolitan is one of your transportable fruits, your transportable wines, your translatable poets. The dialect writers have found this out, and so has every American who has made the acquaintance of combination room or common room in the great English universities.

V.

In order to see the museum I had to look up the *scholarches* of the place, who deputed the *phylax* to open the building; and soon after the building was open, the *scholarches* himself made his appearance, a tall young man, of wiry figure, of enthusiastic and cordial manners, a typical Greek of his class. Kyrios G. was a graduate of the University of Athens, and, as it soon appeared, a friend of an American professor of my acquaintance, also a graduate of the same university. Our conversation, begun in French, was continued in English, of which the *scholarches* had learned a good deal during a sojourn of some months in the United States; and his only serious difficulty was with the Greek proper names, which did not translate readily into English. Occasionally we went over into ancient Greek,

that tongue which is supposed to be of so much service to the traveler in Greek lands. How far it is of service, and how far the modern Greek of practice corresponds to the modern Greek of theory, and what the emotions of a western Hellenist are when he finds himself amid the whirl and the rush of the spoken Greek of 'Ellás, — these are not matters to be dispatched in the familiar account of a holiday jaunt. The shortest answer would be the production of a washing-list, in which the only word that has any considerable resemblance to ancient Greek is the word for "drawers," *esóvrako*, "inside rag," or else an appeal to a modern bill of fare, with its *soupa* and *makarónia* and *tomátes* and *omelétta* and *patátes*. But the answer would not be fair. True, it stirs a certain rebellion to be told, as one is told over and over again, that there is not so much difference between modern Greek and Xenophon as there is between Xenophon and Homer. But for all that, even in the rudest vernacular there are notes that wake the music of the ancient speech, and out of the level of the modern language the past rises as do the Greek islands out of the level of the Ægean. Attic Greek is still of service to the traveler, if supplemented by gesture. To be sure, gesture alone might serve, but we are not to underrate the conversational value of the Greek of the books. From the newspapers and the signboards many ancient words are becoming more and more familiar to the people, and a certain archaizing process is going forward, so that the foreigner who asks for a commodity under a classic name is more and more likely to get it. Of course, in Kyrios G. I had before me a man whose life was in ancient Greek, a scholar who was so familiar with the old tongue that it slipped perpetually into the new, so that nothing would seem more natural than an occasional resort to Attic speech. But as every one knows who has had any experience in foreign lands, the pronuncia-

tion is everything, the grammar nothing; and what with my efforts to tune my ancient pipes to the modern music, to drop my *h*'s, to transform my diphthongs, to give my *g*'s the right gulp before the right vowel, to come down on my accents with the rap of a bludgeon, and to give quantity to the winds, I cannot say that my part of the performance was a joy to me. But despite my own trouble, I could not keep from noticing that the party of the other part was under some little constraint. He was not unfamiliar with the process, well known to modern Greek as to ancient, of "turning the fair side outward," and he knew too much to be satisfied with the flabbiness of Byzantine Greek. Here in the heart of Sparta Hymettus was to be reproduced, and the frequent substitution of synonyms and the picking and choosing of words reminded me somewhat of the performances of the Latin debates of the German *seminaria* and the hesitating utterance of German "promotions." Still he had no difficulty with the pronunciation, and was consequently very much more at his ease; for although I had surrendered Erasmus immediately upon touching Greek soil, and was actually eager to bow the knee to Baal, my joints had waxed stiff and my genuflections could not have been edifying. However, with French, English, and Attic in varying proportions we came to a pleasant understanding; and when we parted, he to visit his *kaphentón* and I to see a famous Roman mosaic, we promised to meet again before I left Sparta.

Kyrios G. was an enthusiast in his profession, and thinking that there could be no greater treat in the world for a professor of Greek than to listen to a lecture on Greek grammar, he invited me to come the next day to his school-room and be present when he was conducting a class in the ancient tongue. At first I fancied that he had made some special scientific discoveries; but when I reflected that while we were in the mu-

seum he had carefully explained to me the myth of Orpheus (Orféss) I began to dread lest the instruction might after all be of an elementary character, and for a man of my calling I am not an enthusiast as to certain details, unless I myself am the hierophant. But my new friend evidently thought that he was offering me what I should in after-years look back to as the crowning glory of my visit to Greece, and I promised to be at the schoolhouse the next morning at ten. Nor was I suffered to forget my promise, for the next morning, at an early hour, a card was sent to my hotel, — a new one, which had not yet settled into a regular line of *cimices lectularii*, and had not yet assumed a startlingly classic name.

VI.

Of the genuine Greek inn, the typical *xenodochion*, the polite visitor to Athens, who has found quarters in one of the admirable establishments on the Square of the Constitution, has no just conception, and I cherish grateful memories of my days at the Grande Bretagne. New Corinth has of late years felt the influence of foreign travel, and the old capital, Nauplia, has been touched with the grace of comfort, the Anglo-American grace. But the interior of the Pelopónnesos has not been pervaded by these new ideas, and the inns are like the third-class inns of southern Europe. There are none of the modern conveniences which the Swiss, stimulated by English and Americans, have made well-nigh universal; but to a man who, in his time, has endured hardness there is nothing surprising in the character of the Greek inn, and if I introduce the subject here, it is because no account of foreign travel that omits all mention of hotels can give the right perspective. Indeed, in my experience, the merits and demerits of this pension and that hotel are apt to crowd out marvels of art and wonders of nature in the conversation of travelers. Nor would I underrate the importance of the subject

from an historical and anthropological point of view. A comparative study of beds, for instance, might lead to important conclusions. The whole history of the German "Michel" is tucked away in the feather-bed below and the feather-bed above, and the great forerunner of sociological study, Polybius, can find no better illustration of the difference between the poverty of Greece and the wealth of Italy than the fact that in Greece the hotels of his time were kept on the European plan, and in Italy on the American.

In Greece the hotels of the interior follow one general type, — the Italian. There is no common sitting-room. Why should there be? There is no office, but that does not seem to interfere with the presentation of bills. The ground-floor is given up to a café or restaurant, if the innkeeper goes into that line of business. Frequently, however, the master of the Apollo has only rooms to let. The sleeping apartments on the floor above are often approached by an outside stairway, and, as is to be expected in a southern climate, they are scantily furnished. Over-furnishing is a vice anywhere; under a southern sky it is a crime, of which the Greeks are not guilty. There is usually a mirror, though that tribute to human vanity is sometimes lacking, and, like the Turk, the solitary Turkish towel bears no brother near his throne. The bedstead is invariably of iron, and does not offer the same vantage-ground to the assailants of sleep as a wooden framework would do; but the cushions are there and the walls are there, so that small comfort is to be derived from that slight reduction of possibilities. As in primitive United States within my memory, single rooms are rare. Two, three, four, five beds are put in one room, or strung along the corridors. A fastidious person who desires to occupy a room alone has to pay for all the beds therein. In some places special charges are made for sleeping in the daytime, and there is a fixed rate for sleeping on the floor.

That a man should wish to be private when he is asleep seems absurd to a race that sleeps at any time and in any place, regardless of onlookers. But in this whole domain, we Americans, who submit to the abomination of the Pullman sleepers, have no right to find fault with any other nationality, — we have no right to be fastidious about undressing in the eyes of the world; and a large charity ought to cover the divergencies of different regions and different periods in this respect. In the good old times people used to go to bed utterly devoid of raiment, and the bedclothes, as we call them still, were the only clothes.

But I have an appointment with my scholarches, and must not dwell on that other important element on which travelers are wont to dilate, the food, nor yet on the drink, a tempting theme. Indifference to the quality of that which goes to make up the temple in which our souls are lodged cannot be classed among the virtues; and the brave endurance of hardship is not incompatible with the maintenance of gastronomic ideals. A man may munch parched corn in the service of his country and eat raw "middling," may devour tough "flapjacks" and drink new "applejack" out of a tin cup, and yet be true to the memory of better things. Now, traveling in the interior of Greece is still a manner of campaigning, but there is nothing that I encountered in the way of food or drink or lodging that might not have been inscribed with *pejora passus*. A well-known scholar, in a little book on Greece, dwells on the fact that his wife drank tea out of a thick china cup, while he was feasting his eyes on this or that, and the illustrious historian Freeman utters a prolonged grant as he recalls the horrors of the *samári*, or native saddle; but the thickness of the china ought not to raise a wall between the beholder and the loveliness of Greece, and the *samári* is not so bad if one learns to ride sidewise, as the Greeks do. Wherever one can find bread and cheese

and eggs and olives, there is no danger of perishing; and if one must have meat, why, a lamb can be slaughtered in a trice. The lamb of rural Greece represents the chicken of rural America, and what traveler in our Southern country has not been called on to witness the mad chase of the bird that was to furnish forth the midday or the evening meal? Still, it is fair to say that one grows weary of Easter lamb, and I remember a three-course dinner of *arnaki* at Megalopolis which seemed at the time somewhat monotonous. But I remember, too, that the first course was a most excellent broth; and that memory brings me back with a jerk to Sparta.

To Lacedæmon then
You've come, and you must learn to heed their laws.
Go and take dinner with them at the mess-house there,
Enjoy your broth, and suck it down, and never think
Of your mustaches.

This choice fragment of Antiphanes, which I should otherwise have forgotten, figured in a lecture on Sparta which I delivered in my apprenticeship, many years ago, and is eminently appropriate in a paper which has for its heading A Spartan School.

VII.

I have tarried a long time in the xenodochion, but, like La Fontaine, who always took the longest way round to the Academy, I am in no hurry to go to school, and I was in no hurry then. Besides, it was a beautiful morning, and I had a couple of hours before me; for one rises early in Greece. So I wandered about the town first and studied the unfashionable quarters again, — a deserted marketplace, and an ironmonger's shop full of strange bars and bolts and gratings that might have come from a disused Inferno, standing out most distinctly in my memory. Thence to the edge of the town, from which I could gaze at the rifted side of Taygetus. It seemed near

enough to thrust the hand into the scars. I can recollect nothing just like it. The sternness of the rock, its implacability, recalls Delphi; but for rifts Taygetus is solitary, as was the Spartan state, and into these rifts the spirits of the Spartans seem to have fled, leaving the valley of the Eurotas, with its wealth of vegetation and its overflow of water, to the descendants of the Helots, to the hucksters and the traders, to the dealers in ready-made clothing and the dealers in Yankee notions. And yet the ancient Spartans were of all the Greeks the most wolfish in their love of money. Was it not prophesied of old,

Avarice, and naught else, shall ruin the fortunes of Sparta?

In the eyes of a classical traveler this transformation of Sparta into a brisk trading town would seem to be nothing but a fulfillment of the old oracle. Isocrates says of the Spartans that they learned letters only in order to keep accounts, and I could not help thinking of that a day or two afterwards, as I was passing an open door in Gytheion and heard an old man ask his granddaughter in a sharp tone, "How many drachmas are there in a napoleon?" As this is one of the guidebook phrases, I should not have believed my ears if it had not been for the harsh iteration. So after all we have only to substitute "daric" for "napoleon," and the historic continuity of which Mr. Freeman makes so much is restored.

VIII.

I made my way to my appointment, revolving the while a little sketch of a country school which I had recently read in Bikélas' *Discussions and Reminiscences*. In this sketch, the famous author of *Loukes Laras*, a novel which has been translated into a variety of languages, protests against the traditional teaching of grammar and history in the elementary schools of Greece. Why, he asks, should so much time and toil be spent on teaching little country boys all

these pluperfects and all these duals, things that do not occur in the language they use or in any language they are likely to learn? Why stuff their heads with all the speculative matter that masquerades as history? What was the name of the king who sacrificed himself for his country? Codrus. Well and good, says Bikélas. That is a lesson of patriotism. But what is the sense of talking about the Heraclidæ and their mysterious return? What are the royal houses of Argos and Mycenæ to the time that now is? And yet, with all respect for M. Bikélas' judgment, these things are to the Greek all alike indefeasible. To the critical historian Codrus is quite as mythical as Cécrops, and the reason given for favoring Codrus tells the whole story. The passionate patriotism of the Greeks will not allow any severance from the past. They have entered into the inheritance of Hellenism, and the question of actual descent has nothing to do with it. The Greeks do not intend to allow any solution of continuity in that respect, as the names of the streets in any Greek town show. It is true that in Sparta a German baron had the laying out of the streets, but hardly the naming of them. Agesilaus and Leonidas figure side by side with Otho and Amalia, and if the Dioscuri were to come back together, they might ride down their own avenue. King Arthur is perfectly mythical to us, and yet what man is there born to the English tongue who does not feel an especial proprietorship in that noble figure among the noble figures that stand guard around the tomb of Maximilian in Innsbruck? And if we are to have the Great Twin Brethren, why not the dual, which had practically died the death with Demosthenes? To the dispassionate inquirer, what the ancient Hellenes would have thought of their modern representatives is a matter of no moment. As well ask what our colonial and revolutionary ancestors would have thought of the newcomers whose Americanism is of yester-

day, and who undertake to represent America abroad. The Hellenes of to-day have been called by some ill-natured partisans of Fallmerayer the hermit-crabs of history, but no one can come into contact with them and not feel a certain sympathy with their determined hold on the past. They will not give up an alphabet which makes orthography a burden and hampers intercourse with the Western world. Open a Greek newspaper, and you have to guess at many of the names that will not accommodate themselves to the Greek alphabet. *Rózbberis* we know and *Salisbourís* we know, and *Channotó* can be identified from the context, but who is *Phransís Sarm*? Yet inasmuch as the ancient alphabet holds the rudest dialect to the old moorings there is no prospect of change.

However, these reflections were hardly in place, as I was about to visit, not a country school, but the highest school of the region, and the class whose performances I was to witness ranked highest in this highest school. Arriving with due scholastic punctuality, I was received with effusion and presented to the scholars. The room was a facsimile of the one in which I myself had sat some forty-five years before in Göttingen. The long desks and the long benches had doubtless been copied from German models, — the same German models that have been followed in the University of Athens. There were some thirty boys, as nearly as I can remember, all bullet-headed, close-cropped, sunburnt fellows, — unjoyous, as it seemed to me. The ages ranged from fourteen to seventeen, as well as I could make out. On the desk lay a number of slips of paper rolled up like spills. These contained the names of the boys, who were called up by lot, so that no youth could lull himself into security by the reflection that he had recited the day before. It was a review lesson, and after the bustle occasioned by my entrance had subsided, the exercise went on. There was a platform, there was a desk,

but the teacher stood on the same level with the pupils. No pent-up desk or platform confined his powers as he walked backwards and forwards, emphasizing his rapid questions by lively gestures and by flashing eyes. The boys had been well drilled, and showed besides the alertness of their race. There was seldom need of correction, and "*Polí kalá*" (Very good) was the chief comment. In the course of the morning, a potentate in civilian's dress and a potentate in military uniform dropped in and witnessed the proceedings. The soldier interjected a few remarks, the civilian kept a discreet silence. The textbooks were a grammar and a reader. The grammar was constructed on the basis of Curtius, Meyer, and other German authorities; for the Greeks pride themselves on being abreast of the times, and such a journal as the *Nea Iméra* of Trieste often brings out excellent summaries of philological works before they reach America. But there was not the least native flavor about the grammar. It was nothing but German done into conventional modern Greek, and I could not summon up much interest in the behavior of that *varium et mutabile*, that "thing of choppings and changings," the third declension. Not so the scholar as he reviewed with rapture those nouns in which the form of the vocative is as sensitive to the accent as a maiden to her lover's call, and those in which the genitive stands with parted lips, sighing, as it were, for the lost digamma. Somehow, my thoughts were not with accent and hiatus. They were with the rifts in the side of Taygetus.

In the silent watches of the night the fear sometimes comes over me lest, when I have preached grammar so long to others, I myself should be a grammatical castaway. It is a fate that has overtaken many grammarians, and, conscience-smitten, I gathered myself up and listened to the lesson.

The boys gave the orthodox explanations — let us rather say, the orthodox

explanations of yesterday — with the utmost readiness, rattling off the technical rules for accent and inflection, and illustrating them on the blackboard in a way that either showed understanding or simulated it very closely. Only now and then was there a slip, and almost always on the treacherous ground of orthography. For the fox that gnawed the vitals of the Spartan youth of old the modern Spartan has to contend with the seven devils of the vowel signs.

The reader, to which we passed next, had a more native flavor than the grammar. It was largely made up of extracts from Xenophon, who is the great stylistic model of the Greeks of to-day, and from Plutarch, whose *Lives* yield the most interesting matter for that continuous history in which they believe with all their souls. Xenophon and Plutarch still hold their own in the west, but your dainty Dutch Hellenist finds much fault with Xenophon's Greek, and your superfine English Hellenist would rather read Plutarch in North's version, very much as Swinburne prefers Byron in a French prose translation.

The section chosen for the exercises of the morning was the Life of Themistocles; and it was evident that Themistocles was as near to the boys as were any of the heroes of the Greek War of Independence, assuredly nearer to them than the English gentleman Hastings (*Ἀστυξ*), whose effigy I had seen a few days before in the Polytechnic Institute of Athens. Themistocles had many of the characteristics of the modern Greek, and Xerxes might pass for a typical Grand Turk. The chapter attacked was the one in which Themistocles makes overtures to Xerxes, and it was assailed with the utmost vigor, as if Plutarch were a Turkish garrison and the boys were Cretans. It was first read aloud in a high key and at railroad speed, — though the Greek railroad does not suggest great speed, — and then translated into modern Greek which seemed to my unfamiliar ear some-

what archaic. Next, specimens of both ancient Greek and modern version were written on the board, perhaps for my benefit, for it is very probable that the exhibitors were not imposed on by the preternatural gravity and fixedness of attention, such as mark the countenances of school trustees and school examiners the world over.

The few simple questions that I pounded through the teacher were answered satisfactorily, and the lesson went on to its next stage. The passage was taken up word by word and forced to yield a large crop of inflections. Every irregular verb had to give an account of the deeds done in the body, and the principles of "verb formation" were discussed in minutest detail. No chance was lost to improve the occasion except that syntax was not much insisted on. It was the grammar lesson over again, demonstrated on the dissected chapter. Then the boys passed through a running fire of questions as to the contents: "Who? What? When? Where? Why?" and finally the biography of the biographer himself was taken up. The answers came, as a rule, fast enough. When there was a halt or an error, the peccant member was brought up to the blackboard and made to work out the right answer. It was lively teaching, most assuredly, and effective teaching, I doubt not; and as nothing else in the way of Greek is taught in the schools, and the ancient tongue is held up as the ideal, no matter how much the pupils depart from the standard in after-years, the impression must abide.

In the perpetual struggle between the waking tongue of the people and the dormant language of the books, the school is on the side of the sleeping beauty, — one dare not call it the dead language; and while the passionate insistence that it is not dead, but sleepeth, will not recall the past to life, still it is impossible for the classical scholar not to feel touched when the patriotic archaizer apostrophizes

the ancient tongue in the language of the disciple: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The modern tongue is too restricted, too carnal, in its range. To expatiate on moral or æsthetic themes in the language of the Klephts does not seem feasible; and in the to and fro of this struggle the school is a great power. Theoretically we may ask, Why not let the old language die the death? Why not abolish the old alphabet, introduce phonetic spelling throughout, and let things take their course? The processes are very much such processes as the Romance languages have passed through. There would doubtless emerge from the caldron, in which the

disjointed language simmers, a new and beautiful creation. But it is impossible to reason thus with the archaizer. So long as the language of the people receives the grafts that are made on it from the old stock, so long as the dead tree revives at the scent of the waters of Castaly and Pirene, so long the archaizer will not lose courage. And such an archaizer was my friend the scholarches of the Spartan school.

The lesson over, I went out to look at Taygetus again with its riven side, and paced under the olive-trees and considered their graceful and delicate blossoms. For, as I have said, the olive-trees were in bloom when I was in Sparta.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

THE CHARM.

SLIGHT is the thing it needs to wake
The embers that have slumbered long
Within the poet's heart, and make
Them burn again with song.

A rose, a star, a voice, a glance,
Echo or glimpse, — it is the same:
Some mystery of time or chance
That finds the hidden flame.

Embers of song and song's desire,
Hushed in the singer's heart they lie,
And softly kindle into fire
If but a dream go by.

And none may say, since none can know,
Whence comes the vivifying spark
That sends a transitory glow
Of song across the dark.

It is a secret summons, such
As comes unto the spray when spring
Wakens the blossoms with a touch,
That bids the poet, *Sing!*

Frank Dempster Sherman.

MARIGOLD-MICHEL.

I.

MARIGOLD-MICHEL strode down the mountain. It was five o'clock in the morning, and the world was fresh. From his broad-brimmed rush hat, wreathed with marsh-marigolds, streamed long stems of oak leaves dancing and nodding like a cavalier's plumes. His face was brown, gay, and clean-shaved except for a big mustache, rather yellower than his faded hat, or even the straggling ends of fair hair curling loosely on his shoulders. On his arm he carried a large basket covered with plantain leaves; strapped upon his back, a canister; thrust through his belt, a peasant's knife sheathed and a solid bunch of marigolds. Tall, powerfully built, in a weather-beaten brown jacket, his long legs incased in foresters' boots of stout russet leather reaching halfway up the thigh, he swung along as if his soul were singing a blithe tune. The woods were full of birds; he piped to them like a thrush-initiate. The trees were his own familiar friends. He smiled as in response to the vehement babble of the small brook that accompanied his swift feet down the slope.

Not far from the edge of the forest he crossed a few fields and approached a lonely hut. Deftly as he took from his basket and put upon the window-ledge some cresses, mint, mushrooms, *Waldmeister*, and a few flowers, the casement opened slightly, and a voice gruff as that of Red Riding-Hood's pseudo-grandmother croaked, "Is that you, Michel?"

"Yes, granny. I hope you are feeling comfortable this morning?"

"Comfortable? Pray what should make me comfortable, I'd like to know? Old age and poverty and the rheumatism in every bone I've got? Being shunned like poison, and my great-grandson a jail-

bird? Comfortable! That's your fool-talk, Marigold-Michel."

"All right, granny," the man returned cheerily. "Can I do anything for you in town?"

"Oh, it's town-day again, is it? Nothing better to do than to strut about with your weeds dangling, and the folk a-staring?"

"Not much," he said, with an amused laugh.

"Laughing's cheap!" she growled. "Wait till you are a rheumatic old woman neglected of every mortal soul, your own children quarreling with you tooth and nail whenever they cross your threshold, and Hans in jail."

"I know, I know," he answered soothingly, his voice indulgent and mellow. "There's a lot of bad luck in the world."

"You don't know, Marigold-Michel!" retorted the exasperated voice behind the casement. "Nobody knows anything about my rheumatism. Those that never had any better keep still; it stands to reason they know nothing about it. Those that had it once, they've forgotten, and what they say is trash and fibs; they're only making themselves important. And those that have got it, they are thinking of their own pains every breath they draw, and that's why I say nobody on earth knows anything about my rheumatism."

"Come, granny, what do you want to-day? A little snuff?"

"That last was pretty nasty," she grumbled.

"We'll try to get some that's good. And a wee drop of gin? That's a bit comforting for our rheumatism, eh, granny?"

"Any child knows that without asking."

"Coffee?"

"Perhaps you think the last quarter-

pound parcel you brought ought to last forever?" she rejoined acrimoniously.

"Fuel you have for a month, at least, and beer and potatoes; bread and milk and eggs the child Genoveva brings. As to Hans, poor little chap, I shall go to see him to-day, if they'll let me in. But he's all right. He had no more to do with the burglary than I had. If he refuses to explain why he was lurking in the neighborhood, it's a sure case of sweetheart."

"Minx!"

"But I think he will tell me about it. He's rather fond of me. He inherits it from his great-grandmother."

"Rubbish!"

"And he'll be up to see you before long."

"If he dare to show himself, I'll tell him he's disgraced the family, and I'll slam the door in his face."

"And drive away the only one of your children's children that still comes to brighten you up a bit? The youngest, — little Hans! Oh, you'll never do that. I know you better. You'll be very amiable and affable, and awfully nice, granny, and you'll give him a mug of beer, and bid him come again as soon as ever he can — and bring his sweetheart."

"H'm! Michel, I want a hank of yarn, gray yarn: plain, not mottled; dark, not light; and medium, neither coarse nor fine. Here's a sample, which of course you'll lose, and you'll come back empty-handed and say you forgot. It's a mean sort of world for a poor lone lame old woman. If you're young and strong and go-as-you-please, with a hoity-toity and a whoop and hurrah and hulla-baloo, and" —

"Now I'm off. I'll fetch all your things, never fear. And I would n't be quite so solitary, day in, day out. Why do you not talk with Genoveva?"

"You live alone yourself, Marigold-Michel!"

"Quite true. She's a jolly little maid,

and might amuse you. Can't you tell her a story or something?"

"Her mother, the last time she ever came, said in my very face that I" —

"Oh, but the child is not to blame that all you people have spicy tongues. Tomorrow I'll come down and spend the afternoon with you, if I may, being, as you say, so alone myself. I'm weaving a new basket, and will bring my work along."

"Then see that you wipe your great dirty boots. I'll not have my floor littered with rushes or tracked with black slime from the woods."

The tall man stood bending toward the tiny curtained casement, which screened his amused smile.

"We'll have a famous gossip."

"If you bring any news worth hearing. Your talk is mostly as dull as a son-in-law."

"Good-by, granny. Take care of yourself."

"If I don't, nobody else will, that's pretty clear."

"Michel!" she called presently.

He stopped and turned. "Well, granny?"

"Those last mushrooms were vile."

He let loose a long-suppressed chuckle before calling back politely, "These to-day are better, I hope."

"You'll poison me yet!"

He went on a few steps.

"Michel!"

"Yes."

"Plain gray."

"Not mottled," he returned jovially.

"Dark."

"Not light."

"Medium," she insisted.

"Neither coarse nor fine."

"Michel!"

"Yes, granny, but say it all, this time."

"Well, you need n't be so impatient. Men-folks never have the least control of their tempers." Her grim and wizened face, framed by a nightcap, peered

out of the window. "Tell Hans he may come up when he gets out. You'll get the lad out sure, won't you, Marigold-Michel? And tell him not to be such a dyed-in-the-wool idiot another time!"

Michel swung his hat, and shouted in a great sonorous voice, "I'll tell him you know he is innocent, and long to see him!"

"Well, don't roar the roof off."

Her suspicious, thankless gaze mustered his offerings on the window-ledge.

"Michel!" she screamed, "these cresses!" and again, "Michel!" or some other sound of rasping protest jarred across the quiet fields.

But he, going on at a great pace, took care not to pause again or turn his head.

"Hullo there! Stop that, will you? Stop, I say!" he commanded, as he reached the main road, where, at the foot of a steep byway, a peasant stood pomeling his nag with the butt end of his whip, and had already lifted a hobnailed boot.

Presently he crawled from the gutter, and rubbed various portions of his person as he advanced, red and scowling, toward Michel, who remarked, "Directly, directly," in an amiable and slightly preoccupied tone.

Having propped the cart-wheels, Michel was engaged in inspecting the animal, freeing his head, loosening straps, giving him a little water, and, with a wet sponge from the botanical canister, wiping the dust from his eyes and nostrils.

"What the devil are you doing to my horse?"

"Encouraging him."

"What do you mean by pitching me into the gutter?"

"It was necessary."

"I'll teach you!" blustered the peasant, squaring.

"Do," said Michel pleasantly.

But eying his size and shape, the man came no nearer.

"I'll complain of you. I'll have you up for it. Who are you, anyhow, with

your silly looks and woman's hair, and posies like a lovesick maid? Why, wait! I say! I've heard of you. Your name's Michel, — Wildflower-Michel."

"That is one of my names."

"Marigold-Michel."

"That is another."

"Fool-Michel."

"At your service."

"Well, I'll not fight a fool."

"Nor I," returned Michel genially.

The man stared and slowly grinned, watched him awhile, and said at last, "Just leave me my own horse, will you, Fool-Michel? I must get on."

"You've lost no time. He'll go now without blows. I've whispered in his ear."

"Oh yes, I've heard of your tricks," muttered the peasant, reluctantly credulous. "See here. It's my horse, and none of your business, but even a fool can see there's nothing the matter with him."

"He's a good little beast, not ill fed, but overloaded and fagged. Galled here, too, see? I've protected it. You've come far, I presume?"

"I've been on the road four days, and not hit him once until he was *jalous* just now."

Michel repressed a smile at the odd foreign word, a relic of the French occupation, and used in all seriousness by peasants of that region exclusively for balky horses.

"Then why did you begin?"

"Because I've got an ill boy. He's all the boy I have. Perhaps it would get into your own nerves, Fool-Michel, to see the nag go *jalous* so near home."

"What ails your boy?"

"As if I knew! He hangs his head and moans, my wife writes. There never was anything the matter with him before," the man exclaimed indignantly.

"How old is he?"

"Eight years old next September."

"Your name and village."

The peasant gave them.

"I'll come to see him to-morrow morning. Send for the doctor at once. See, the horse pulls well. It's only the start that's steep. Take care of him. You'll have to pay somewhere, somehow, for every blow you give him. A good wash-down and extra feed, eh? I'm sorry about your boy. But cheer up. You may find him brighter than you expect."

Michel had walked a short distance with the cart. In his manner was a certain benevolent authority, an innocent lordliness, and he no longer spoke in dialect. With a friendly tap on the man's shoulder, he turned back.

"I say, you're no fool, are you, now?" demanded the peasant, staring curiously.

But Michel merely smiled, and walked off swiftly. The other, looking after him, noted the waving oak plumage and all the yellow bravery, and grinned.

"Anybody'd know he was a fool! Get along, old fellow. We're almost home." Cheerfully cracking his whip, he slapped with harmless palm the willing horse, now pulling stoutly up the hill.

Down the long road to the town went Michel, now and again branching off to the right or left to leave a rare botanical specimen with a world-forgotten old professor, a bunch of wood violets, anemones, or ferns at the doors of humble and mostly cross-grained invalids. Certain sylvan wares he sold at early market for fair prices, and jested in dialect and rough humor with old wives who hailed him jovially.

Everywhere he was greeted with nods, smiles, and chaff. A coarse fellow on a tram, winking at his mates, called out as Michel sat rearranging his basket, "What's that yellow M for in that bunch of wildflowers?"

Michel, silent foolish and sly, with half-closed lids, bent over his posies and moss.

"What does it cost, Michel?"

"Fifty pfennigs."

"But for my sweetheart, because her name is Marie, you'll sell it me cheaper?"

"Is his sweetheart's name Marie?" inquired Michel of another man.

"It really is," several asserted, laughing.

"Give it me for twenty pfennigs because her name begins with M," urged the red-faced jester.

Michel extended the bouquet. "Give it her, for comfort," he added gravely, amid the laughter of the men. "And keep your twenty pfennigs. You look as if you'd need them when you go to housekeeping."

"When he is in a good vein he makes very fair shots. Such foolish fellows often can," a solemn gentleman explained as Michel stepped off the tram.

Passing rapidly by an hotel entrance, he nearly ran into an immaculate man of fashion emerging languidly in clothes of which the elbows and knees knew no derogatory wrinkles, and the shirt-collar was like unto a high and shining tower, so that when the wearer turned his head he had to turn his toes. The two exchanged brief glances. An involuntary smile of amazement crept into the stranger's eyes.

"Good Lord!" reflected the emancipated one, stretching himself in his lazy woollens, "to think I too used to thrust my body into broadcloth tubes and hang a glazed platter on my breast!"

In a sculptor's studio he posed long.

"Ah, give me another hour, Michel. I'll make it worth your while."

"Not for your weight in gold."

"Ah, Michel, an idle, devil-may-care, happy vagabond like you!"

"Not to-day."

"But to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow. Saturday all day, if you like."

"Is it a sweetheart that makes you so inflexible?"

"Sweethearts, — yes."

"I cannot make head or tail of the fellow," said the sculptor to his friend.

"At all events, you are making a glorious Siegfried of him."

The two studied the wet clay in silence

for some time, pacing solemnly round it, hands behind them, chins in the air.

"It's great."

"Well," the artist returned, drawing a deep breath and smiling, "at least it's the best I've done yet. I'm superstitious about it," he added, covering it with a damp cloth. "I scarcely dare look at it when Michel's not here. I posed him several times. No good. 'How's this?' he asked suddenly. 'Don't budge for your life!' I cried, and worked like a madman. It's a superb body the queer fellow's got."

"But a bee in his bonnet."

"If he is half-witted, I wish I had the other half. That is why I tell you I don't know what to make of him. You meet him in the street, where he wears, for reasons of his own, a foolish countenance. What of that? Do not even the pillars of society the same, and never suspect it? Here, hour after hour, though he is silent and keeps a wonderfully straight face, the spirit of the man speaks. He simply cannot disguise intelligence and education. I'd swear he knows the meaning of everything here, of all our talk and traps. He likes it. He knows authors. The other day, I caught in the mirror there his quick smile as some of us were quarreling over a quotation from Pindar,—Leo mangling it awfully, and old Arnim spouting Greek like a schoolboy. The man's a gentleman, or I'm daft. The first day he posed he did n't like it, you know, and he hated the money for it. I cannot explain why, but when he got up there stripped, and turned his eyes on me, I had a vision of a soldier marched out to be shot by his comrades."

"Oh, come, you are fanciful! Of course he gathers up the crumbs that fall from your table. He continually hears the art-chatter of you men here. But you are off the scent, I assure you. You are not yet acquainted with all our landmarks. Marigold-Michel is a public character, who has been roaming about

here ten or fifteen years; twenty, for all I know to the contrary. Children adore him. He's a sort of Pied Piper minus the pipe. Always looks the same. Nobody knows his age. But he's a bit gray at the temples, I noticed to-day."

"On one side only. He may have been that at twenty."

"Well, my dear fellow, he may be less foolish than he acts, I grant you; although I incline to the current belief in his silliness, he does get himself up so like a male travesty of Ophelia, don't you know?"

"He's a better dressed man than you or I."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "If you mount that hobby, I yield at discretion. But anyhow he's a simple rustic: you cannot rout me on that point."

"It is possible you are right," returned the sculptor, lighting another cigarette; "but then, you see, I know better. However, since he elects to travel incognito, I shall be precious careful to respect his whim."

"Yes, for either there is nothing behind the mask, or there is something monstrously unsavory."

"Exactly. Whereas my model, Michel the marvelous, Michel the magnificent"—

"Non olet!" suggested the other, smiling. "Suppose we go to lunch."

Meanwhile, Michel was passed along with due ceremony by liveried servants through the courtyard, portals, stairways, and corridors of a palace. These men, although, being the lackeys of a duke, very great men indeed, were less haughty to Michel than to small tradespeople and such trash. The ducal retainers even smiled upon him, with a certain contemptuous tolerance of his vagaries. Men growing rotund upon the bread and beer of idleness, and displaying the splendors of scarlet and gold raiment and opulent calves, naturally found Michel's costume ludicrous, and his habit of tramping over hill and dale fatuity. Still, he too was

a sort of vassal of the palace. At all events, he came often, and was always admitted. Then he could do an obliging thing for one, as many of them knew from experience. So the languid great men were not more than phenomenally insolent, as Michel was announced along the line and advanced in proper form from pillar to post, until he stood on the threshold of a large and somewhat darkened room, where from a cot-bed a long "Ah!" of intense relief greeted him, and a child's voice, sharp and imperious, cried, "Everybody go except Michel!"

A nurse, a maid, and a man obediently stole out.

"Where you left off!" commanded the small pale tyrant. "Begin exactly where you left off, Michel!"

II.

"So the King and his fifty glittering knights rode ever on and on, day after day, month after month, in the Strange Country," began Michel, advancing slowly down the long room, his green leaves nodding, his marigolds and bright hair shining, as he crossed some fugitive sunbeam that stole in despite Venetian blinds and draperies. Smiling, moving very slowly, telling the tale as if born for the purpose, he came on, his eyes fixed upon the child, who, with the habitual frown of pain on his forehead and drawn lines of pain about his mouth, watched breathless, exultant—"in the Strange Country, which became ever stranger. The trees and the grass were sapphire blue. The birds were snow white, marvelous in song, and not one was smaller than an eagle. Voices called, one knew not from whence, in words no man had ever heard. Jewels grew on stalks, and the knights, as you may believe, were not too proud to fill their pockets. But as all the streams ran molten silver, and the noble company, having ridden far without resting, were

consumed with thirst, and ready, man and beast, to drop from weariness, even diamonds and rubies as big as your fist began to pall upon them, and they would have given all that they possessed for a cup of cold water. Encircling the vast plain loomed the blood-red smoking mountains of the Strange Country, and as yet was no sign of a town or any human habitation. So the knights were despondent, and the King no less, but no man uttered his thought.

"Presently they heard a delicious splashing. Hastening past a luxuriant mass of beautiful aluminum shrubbery, to their exceeding joy they discovered a fountain of purest water playing into a tiny lake.

"As quick as a flash the King's cup-bearer whipped out his tray and golden cup.

"'Nay, lad,' quoth the King, 'rather thus!' Promptly kneeling upon his royal knees, he drank with his kingly lips from the refreshing stream, thereby proving what an exceptionally clever and enlightened monarch he was, while the fifty glittering knights stood in a row with courtly mien, each wishing for all he was worth that his Majesty would be quick about it.

"But when the King had drunk copiously, thoroughly quenched his thirst, and would fain withdraw his august head, he found that his great beard, five and a half feet long, was clutched and held immovable in the water by hands that seemed to weigh a ton, and a voice from the depths cried:—

"'You are in my power, O King, and the swords of your knights are naught against my spells. Speak not to them. If you call, they will immediately become aluminum. There they will stand, and here you will remain, until you accede to the request I shall shortly make, as soon as I think you able to bear it.'

"Now only a king with a beard five and a half feet long, the pride of the kingdom, can appreciate the subtle awk-

wardness of this situation; not to mention the obvious indignity of having one's royal mane pulled at all, and the embarrassing consciousness that fifty good knights and true are thirstily drawn up on the shore, and etiquette forbids them to cool their parched throats and those of their red roan and other colored steeds, until the sacred person of royalty rises from its knees and gives them a chance.

"Listen, O King," said the awful gurgle in the depths. "I will release you upon one sole, single, and solitary condition. You will pledge your sovereign word that on your return to your own realm, to your people, your palace, and your queen, you will" —

Across Michel's mouth the child suddenly clapped his hand, exclaiming, "Time's up! Halt!"

The tale stopped short. The boy closed his eyes and sighed. "Oh, Michel, nobody's got any sense but you."

Michel inspected him closely and said nothing.

The child seized the rustic hat and patted the marigolds. "Nice!" he murmured. His gaze wandered with gloating delight over the details of the man's costume. "The others bore me so. They are all idiots — except mamma. I say, Michel, how long could you rattle on like that, — miles?"

Michel laughed. "Like that? Well, yes, I rather think so."

"Some time I'll try you a whole day."

"All right. In the woods. But there we'll have better things to do than to spin that rubbish."

"It is rubbish if you hear a lot," the boy remarked dispassionately.

"I should say so."

"But a little of it is nice, and I stopped you at exactly the right place. For I shall be wondering until next time what old Gurgle was going to make King Long-beard promise. So I shall enjoy it three times, don't you see? — now, and next time, and all the time between."

"Little sybarite!"

"I know what that means."

"You know a lot too much. Wait till I get you in the woods ten miles from your books."

"Ah, Michel, the woods! But in this stupid place a fellow has to read, you know."

"Such awfully old books for such a little man."

"Wait, Michel!" cried the boy eagerly. "How would you account for this? Solon said, *Call no man happy till he dies*. But Socrates said, *No harm can befall the truly wise man*. Now, I think Solon was a coward and afraid of life, and Socrates was brave: and that is how I account for it, Michel, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Michel gravely.

The child's hands strayed like a baby's over his big friend's face, patting it, pulling and remodeling.

"I say, Michel, why don't you wax the ends of your mustache, like papa? Would n't you be a guy! No, don't. Don't do a single thing different. Just stay so, Michel, exactly as you are, your hair, your clothes, and all of you, do you hear?"

"All right, my lord duke. I'll not budge an inch, I promise you, from the ways I find most comfortable."

"Michel," demanded the boy, with a sudden gleam of malice on his sensitive, mobile, and far too clever face, "how do you know anything about Socrates and Solon?"

"Oh, that amount of wisdom one can buy for a penny at the first bookstall."

"Why do you speak peasant dialect before the servants, and like a gentleman when you are alone with me?"

"Do I?" asked Michel placidly.

"Michel, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the boy triumphantly.

"Oh come, now, Azor! Do I like you because you are his Gracelessness the little Duke of Spitzfels - Höchstberg - Aussicht-über-Alles?"

"Oh, what a funny name! It does sound like ours, though," laughed Azor.

"Or because you happen to be a little chap I like? And suppose I were the Emperor of Japan in disguise, would you like me better?"

"I could n't like you any better, Michel," Azor answered, with extreme simplicity and sweetness. "I like you best — except mamma."

"Besides" —

"Well?" the boy said sharply, divining Michel's thought.

Smiling, tender, ironical, boundlessly indulgent, the big man continued: "There's no possible doubt that Konstantin Albrecht Azor Karl Eugen is a gentleman, I presume?"

"No," returned the little duke haughtily.

"And you and I are friends, are we not?"

"Yes, Michel."

"Well, then."

The boy's eyelids drooped an instant. Presently he looked up into the face bending over him, and said peevishly, "You are awfully unkind not to come here and live."

"I could not, dear boy. I have explained that before. I have other things to do and other people to see."

"Other boys with hips?" asked Azor jealously.

"No. Besides, if I were always here, you'd not like me as well. You'd get tired of me."

"Mamma is always here."

"Your mamma is a most lovely lady."

"And you are Marigold-Michel!"

"But you'd not get tired of me in the woods, little man. That I promise. When once they let you come, when once you are well enough."

"I've waited so long," wailed Azor. "I'm always waiting. I'm dead tired of everything — except mamma. I hate this nasty room; I hate to be carried about the garden in an old box in a footman's arms; I hate to drive in the stupid park. Oh, I do want to go and live in the woods with you! Oh dear! Oh

dear!" he moaned, all his precocious wisdom fled.

"You are very tired to-day, my poor little Azor. You slept badly, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I would n't let nurse know."

I hate her fussing and the horrid-tasting things she gives. Oh, how they all bother! I hate the whole business. It is so slow, Michel! It is so nasty to live in a box!"

His slight hands fluttered restlessly. Michel took them in his quiet grasp and leaned close to the child.

"Look in my eyes, Azor, and listen," said the strong man's low, loving voice.

"Look straight in my eyes. There is a place in the woods where some day you shall be. The way is steep and there is no path. It is a hidden place, only for you and me. But I will carry you softly in my arms, and nothing shall harm you; and you shall lie in a hammock under a great beech-tree, and squirrels will come and throw bits of bark at you and scamper off and chatter. It is a cool, green place. Its name is Azor's Camp. The sunshine flickers down in patches on velvety warm moss where last year's nuts are beginning to grow tails and two little ears in front. All day long you can watch the birds. There are oaks centuries old, a big solemn fir now and then, and lovely white stems scattered about. Out beyond in the heather are hares sitting on their haunches and looking as wise as the School Board. Sometimes a deer will point his nose at you and wonder what sort of queer new animal you are. Down below is a wet, shady place where long grasses and reeds and rushes grow and Solomon's-seal stretches up ever so high. You shall weave a hat and a basket like mine. And I will fetch you lizards and flat-headed salamanders with very wriggly tails, and little toads speckled orange and blue, and wee bright green baby frogs. There are splendid bright green beetles, too, hundreds of them, and daddy-long-legs and beautiful spiders with crosses on their backs will take imperti-

nent walks on you and tickle your nose, and never so much as say, 'By your leave, Azor.' The air is warm and the breeze is cool, and it's all fragrant and silent and full of murmurs, — exactly as you love it best. A little rill comes tumbling over steep rocks, and lulls you with many voices when you wish to sleep. Under all the bending ferns, among the dead oak leaves of last year, are innumerable little shy things rustling, and I will tell you stories about them from morning till night, — how they live and work and play, and what they like and dislike. Whatever I know I'll tell you. There's not a thing in the woods, not a leaf, not an insect, that has not its story. And if you watch them and love them, they will tell you their stories themselves, and that is the best of all. The main thing is to love them. They do the rest."

The little hands were tranquil. On the wan face was restfulness. With a rapt smile the child gazed straight into the clear eyes that held him in thrall. Health, strength, serenity, the living breath of the woods, had subtly encompassed his frail being with brief but potent blessing. He basked in the generous sunshine of the man's presence. Michel's calm, controlling hands, his blue eyes smiling steadily, never varied, and the low voice ran on ceaselessly: —

"When they begin to tell you their stories, old Solon and Socrates can take a back seat. Azor's library will be full to bursting without those gentlemen. I never could tell you the distinguished names of all your authors and their works: —

"The History of the Ant Republic; The Glorious Reign of her Majesty Queen Bee; Butterfly's Intimations of Immortality; The Ascent of the Acorn; The Commonwealth of Frogs; Carols by A Lark and Wood Thrush, M. A., and Principles of Harmony by Signor Blackbird; The Rise and Fall of Dewdrops; Nightingale on Love, and Breeze on Liberty; Brook's Voyages and Adventures;

The Tail of a Tadpole; Anemone's Secret; Wild Rose and her Wooers; Owls' Night-Thoughts; The Emancipation of Miss Moss; Reincarnation, by Lizardius, F. R. S., and The Mystery of Wings, both published by the Soaraway Society; Bullfrog's Commentaries; Bunny's Pilgrim's Progress, and Fox's Martyrs; Black Beetles' Digest; Snakes' Lives; Cuckoo's Essays on Domesticity; Dr. Snail, D. D., on Races; and Urwald's Architecture.

"The beauty of these books is, they have no horrid little black letters that spoil one's eyes, but voices that will speak sweetly to my little Azor, and tell him lovely stories in the cool greenness of the place in the woods that is only for Azor and me. Everything will tell its tale: the swarms of insects, the flickering patches of sunlight, the patter of millions of leaves, the ceaseless trickling of the brook, and all the sleepy, droning tones from far and near in the warm summer noon that is yet silent and cool and restful in the heart of the great woods. For the myriad murmuring leaves, and innumerable fluttering wings, and legions of humming, buzzing things, and the sweet breath of earth — and ferns — and breeze — and — trees" —

Michel's voice became lower — slower — ceased. He waited awhile, rose noiselessly. Azor's dark lashes swept his sunken cheeks. The broad eyelids had begun to droop in happy languor long before, had opened, closed, and fluttered drowsily; the flexible mouth had smiled faintly but a moment gone. Now he was sleeping profoundly.

As Michel went out, the nurse at the door stole in. A valet informed him, as usual, that the duchess desired to speak with him. To-day, instead of his stereotyped answer that he "could n't stop," he intimated in shy, rustic fashion that he "did n't mind."

Shown into the presence of her Grace, he bowed gravely and stood by the door hat in hand, his oak leaves trailing,

Neither the old crone nor the peasant, neither the sculptor nor little Azor, had ever seen Marigold-Michel bear himself with this fine deference.

For some minutes after the door closed there was no sound or movement in the room.

III.

"Guido," began the lady, hardly above her breath.

He merely looked at her.

She rose and came forward a few steps, a slight, small woman with Azor's eyes. "Ah, Guido!" she faltered.

"The youth Guido is dead," he answered gently. "I read his death in the papers years ago. They said he died in India."

"Is it worth while to speak so to me?" she said, trembling. "Do you imagine you deceived me for one moment? Did I not know you were innocent? Could I doubt you a second, in spite of all you did to prove yourself guilty? So mad — so good — so glorious — so unheard of — so senseless — so like you, Guido!"

Over his face flashed the sudden light of great joy. "Madam," he returned quietly, "I could almost at this moment wish it were possible for me to have the honor to receive your commands in my castle, where are neither doors nor servants, — not for the sake of the youth Guido, since he is dead and nothing can harm him, but on account of all who were dear to him years ago."

"No one will hear. I have given orders we are not to be disturbed. Was it well to let me wait years to tell you I understood? Why, if it were not for my poor little Azor's whim, I might never have been able to speak with you at all. And why only to-day? Why not months ago, Guido?"

"Your Grace will pardon me. I venture to present myself to-day to entreat a special favor."

"Ah," she said most sorrowfully, "not even now because you wanted to speak with *me*?" She sat down, looked at him drearily, covered her face with her hands and dropped her head on a table.

Michel stood a few moments irresolute before he crossed the room and said, "Forgive me, Erika."

She wept on softly. At last she murmured, "Tears are rare with me. But it is all so utterly hopeless." Turning towards him abruptly, "The favor. Let us get it out of the way, for we two have long accounts to settle."

"Two favors, indeed. First the child Azor. May I interfere?"

"You? All you like."

"Ought he not to have more air? Is he not too cooped up?"

"Of course. He ought to live outdoors from morning till night. How can I manage it in town, and with the sort of life I lead? I am going off with him. Konstantin has at last consented. The doctors say Azor must follow the sunshine round the world."

"Bravo! Then I need say no more. I had designs on the boy. When you return and he is stronger, if you could trust him to me for a while, I dare to believe you would never repent it."

"I would have trusted him to Guido."

"Trust Michel no less," he replied quietly. "The other favor is this. A word from the duke, if that were possible, would, I suppose, induce the proper authorities, whoever they may be, to permit me to see a young fellow in prison. Appearances are against him, and he is obstinately silent. I am sure he is innocent, and I think he would speak freely to me. It is a pity for him" —

"To sacrifice himself outright? I agree, Guido. Let us save him, by all means. Why should silly boys insist upon self-destruction? Give me his name and the necessary facts."

Having written a few words, she rang for a servant.

"Konstantin is in his study, I believe.

He will be eager to do, not this, but a real service for you. He often speaks of your devotion to our boy, and your strange reluctance to meet us."

Replying to the sudden question in Michel's eyes, "No, Guido," she continued, "I have never intimated to my husband that you are other than you seem. I have respected your secret. How could I do otherwise when you guarded it so jealously, when you have shunned me all these years, and let me gaze at you with a great heartache as you walked the streets in your cap and bells? How often I have driven past you and longed to stop my carriage and say, 'Guido, cousin, playmate, dear old friend, best of men, come up where you belong, come to your own'! But you went flaunting by, the crowd grinning. It is incredible! It is heart-breaking!" she exclaimed, frowning. "Don't stand there, Guido, like an errand-boy. It is distressing. It annoys me. Sit down."

"It is better so till the calves-in-waiting have returned, is it not?" he suggested tranquilly.

"I am glad," he said, as she presently handed him a cordially worded message from the duke. "I thank you. I had no other way. I know one man of influence here who would befriend me in need, but I cannot see him to-day."

"Does he know you?"

"He may suspect."

"But is discreet?"

"Perfectly."

"Ah," retorted the duchess with spirit, "he has no reason to intrude! He never was your comrade, your other self, your shadow, through all the young, happy years."

"No, little Erika, he was not."

"Sit here and talk to me, dear Guido, now that I have you at last."

"If I may talk in my own way," he said simply, and went on, pausing a little between his sentences: "It is not easy to bridge over the years. I knew it would be terribly painful, yet I could

not refuse Azor. I knew too, of course, coming to your house, that this meeting must sooner or later take place. I could not put it off forever."

"Well," she said impatiently, "you did very nearly, and here you are, temporizing."

"I cannot bear to pain you, Erika, but for the past there is no explanation, and I have lived this sort of life so long" — he glanced down good-humoredly at his clothes — "it really seems odd to me that it should need justification."

"Oh," she cried, surprised and indignant, "a mountebank! You!"

"Not quite that," he returned, with gentleness.

"You, with your talents," she continued bitterly, "leading this utterly wasted life! Forgive me. You are so sweet to Azor. You have a marvelous influence over him. You help him when none else can. I know it. I feel it. But how forgotten, how ignoble, is your existence! Ah, when I look back! Why, there was nothing beyond your grasp. What a general you might have become, what a statesman!"

He smiled. "I am not of much use, I admit, but upon the whole I do little harm. Perhaps the generals and the statesmen cannot always say as much."

"A man should serve his country."

"I am totally without patriotism," he replied, with a certain sweetness of voice and expression. "I hold it to be a gross error. I have reverence for few national or social rubrics. But I'll not bore you with my theories. They wax strong in solitude."

"Guido, tell me this: when you are not displaying yourself in town for fools to gape at, how do you spend your days?"

"Oh, I don't know. Doing odd jobs."

"What sort of odd jobs?" she asked sharply.

"Well, I mended a man's roof the other day. Don't groan. I did it very well."

"They say," her face expressed repug-

nance and distress, "but this I refuse to believe, — that you pose for artists."

"I do sometimes. Why not?"

"Oh, Guido! oh, Guido!"

"I wish I could comfort you, Erika," he said very kindly. "You see, I think one can so easily do worse things. If I keep my body wholesome and strong, it seems to me I do my duty by it. I don't know that I owe it any special obsequiousness."

"A gentleman born" —

"I admit I had some scruples at first. It is odd how tenacious certain sentiments are. But all you have to do is to change your point of view and shake off a few husks. I assure you I don't mind it an atom now."

"They say you sleep on the ground in the woods or in a cave; at any rate, like a beast of the field. Is that true, too?"

"Sigh no more, lady," he returned, with a laugh. "I've got a capital little cabin, originally a forester's lodge, which suits me perfectly. It is not a large establishment. You could put it in that bay window. But it's really got a bed in it, Erika; oh dear, yes, a most respectable sort of bed, which I greatly esteem — in winter, sometimes, and in long storms. But I confess, at the risk of your displeasure, I have a graduated set of bunks in the open, — nicely adjusted to my whims and the Lord's seasons, — and I'd be more explicit, but you'd never understand. You're not educated up to it. You see I am terribly epicurean."

It was true, then, all true, — the impossible tales people told of Marigold-Michel; yet there he sat, brown, handsome, superb in strength, his blue eyes shining with mirth as in the old days. He had spoken in the old, boyish, jesting way. His voice had a mellow, contented ring. The tragedy of facts seemed persistently set aside by his comfortable unconcern. It was stupendous, but she felt herself yielding, against knowledge

and conviction, to the potent cheerfulness of his interpretation of things. Not thus had she pictured this interview.

"Guido," she persisted, "tell me, how can you live so out of the movement, with no refinements, no advantages, no society of your kind, no talk of the day, no politics, no art, no books? Or have you books? I suppose you do not ever read the papers?"

"Papers? Not habitually, thank Heaven!" he replied devoutly. "Books I have, — not many, but sufficient, — the masters. After all, the best of our reading most men get young, and then we keep mammaling it the rest of our lives, as an old sailor his old quid. Still, perhaps you'd not be quite displeased with me in that one respect, Erika. It is not difficult in this electrical year of our Lord to keep somewhat in touch with vital things, even if one is uninformed by the gossip of drawing-rooms and clubs. You do not suspect what wisdom is in the air, on the road, on the lips, it may be, of the unknown workingman with whom one chances to walk as one goes home in the dusk. Besides, I do not live in a desert, but near a large town. I can get what I want. I am only a pinchbeck hermit, you see. But I am spared, oh, such a lot of jibber-jabber that you have to put up with, my poor little duchess!"

"I believe you," she returned wearily, with a strange look. After a long silence she resumed: "There are many detestable social functions, I admit; machinery so cumbersome, arduous, inexorable, soul-stiffing, that I, even I could comprehend your glee in being able to snap your fingers at it, if — if only your mask were less ignoble."

"Ah, my marigolds!"

"Your whole position. The crucial step once taken, your great renunciation made, I grasp the sad necessity of self-effacement, but not of self-abasement, not the choice of your low, grotesque garb and clown tricks."

"Is it so bad?" In his smile was a

wealth of affection and serenity. "See, Erika, my cap and bells, as you call them, give me the right of way everywhere and disarm suspicion. Dear cousin, before I go let me comfort you, if I can; let me try to reconcile you to my fate."

"You will reconcile me to nothing, Guido, — neither to your insensate magnificent self-immolation nor to this motley anti-climax."

"Erika," he pleaded, "there are things you say which it is impossible for me to answer. I entreat you to let sleeping dogs lie. Let me talk to you a little about the evolution of the cap and bells. Let us suppose, merely by way of illustration, a young fellow" — he paused an instant — "commits some sort of crime and" —

"Never will I suppose that!" she broke in passionately. "Let us suppose instead that a quixotic boy assumes the onus of a felony committed by his older brother. Let us suppose things look most ominous for the older. Suddenly the younger disappears like a thief in the night. He too had access to the room where the deeds were. 'This is guilt!' cry the wiseacres. 'This is Guido,' says one girl, but only to herself. To what end speak? To whom? When did she ever reveal any prank of his? His monstrous flight throws inquiry off the scent. The scandal is gradually hushed up out of consideration for so old and influential a family. All people in general know is that there was some mystery about a scapegrace who disappeared. And the much respected older brother lives in peace on the lands of his forefathers; and much good may it do him, for Philip was not worth so much love, Guido, — not worth heroism, exile, crucifixion, like yours!"

"Don't, Erika!" exclaimed the listener sternly. "He was always a good brother to me." His face half averted and concealed by his hand, he had drunk in every word thirstily, though once or twice he had sought to restrain her by

word or gesture. After a long pause, "In the hypothetical case under discussion," he continued imperturbably, "it is immaterial why the young fellow finds it imperative to leave home suddenly. The point is, he goes off. Another young fellow is with him, ostensibly his servant, but always his best friend, — a gardener's son brought up with him. The boy follows without permission; gives no sign until it is too late to send him back."

"Michel always worshiped you," said the duchess softly.

"Three years later the poor lad dies in India, and is buried — it is all very simple, you see — under the name of the other man, who is not much of a fellow, for after the death of his companion he grows so deadly homesick he is literally good for nothing, and droops like an anæmic girl. He has a tremendous admiration for strong men who can orientalize or occidentalize themselves at will, turn sheik or cowboy, and carve their way anywhere. But he's not that sort. Lacks character or something. Finds no rest, pines for his home, cannot recover his strength. You see, he left behind — much that he cared for."

"Go on, dear Guido," murmured the duchess.

"Well, after looking about in pretty much all the hemispheres there are, he finally sneaks back to his own land, — to a corner of it where he is unknown. Remember he is legally dead, and appears under the name and papers of the dead boy. He is bound, in the nature of the case, to lie more or less *perdu* forever. He has always loved the woods, and naturally enough drifts thither. He does a good turn now and then for an old forester, and wins his confidence. Slowly, very slowly the wanderer learns to shape his life anew.

"But a serious man who lives alone in the woods is of course, to the general public, a suspicious character, planning the assassination of monarchs or con-

structing dynamite bombs. Ergo the cap and bells. I spare you obvious historical examples, but trust me, judicious fooling is the only complete disguise. For some occult reason, silliness — the 'childish-foolish' — is ingratiating; sense repels. What if the man looked wise, studious, or even respectable? He could not escape probing and embarrassment from all quarters. As it is, no mortal enjoys such unbounded freedom. Every policeman in town grins at him for a harmless fool, and at midnight as at high noon he is protected by the beneficence of his cap and bells."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Almost you persuade me you are happy."

"I am content. I have space."

"You might die all alone up there."

"Everybody dies alone."

"It is marvelous," she sighed.

"And you," he said gently, after a while, "are you happy, Erika?"

"Oh, Konstantin is very considerate and good," she replied, rather indifferently. "He is always much occupied, of course, with affairs of state. We see each other less than one expects before marriage. Azor's condition is a great blow to his ambition." Replying to his slightly elevated eyebrows, "Oh, you know how men are, what they want. It is natural they should be ambitious, particularly a man in his position. It is an unfree, artificial world we live in. We all are forced to work and strive so hard. I sometimes ask myself for what. Court life is thankless business. My only real happiness, strangely enough, my little ill boy gives me."

Michel was silent, smiling faintly, his eyes regarding her thoughtfully. Presently he asked, "And your brothers? Jolly little beggars, how have they turned out?"

"It is certainly not their fault that they are not beggars in earnest," she answered dryly. "Papa storms periodically, and calls upon the gods to witness he'll not put up with this sort of thing

a day longer, then pays their bills like a holy martyr. Oh, they are not bad fellows; only a little selfish and terribly gay, like all their set. When cavalry lieutenants dine, and play, and keep racers — well, you know how it is."

"Yes, I know."

Michel paced the room once or twice before asking, rather low, "Are Philip and Aline happy?"

"In their own way. They jog along together pretty much like the rest of the world."

His look was still wistful.

"They have three fine boys and a charming little girl."

"Thank God," he broke out, "there's life and laughter still on the old place!" And his jubilant heart sang, "For them — it was for those children — even then, and in all dark hours, though I knew it not — for them!"

"Philip has named his last boy Guido," she said suddenly, and wondered at Michel's face, touched, grateful, and strangely illumined.

Still transfigured, he approached with extended hand.

"You are not going?"

"I must."

"But you will come again? Surely, Guido!"

"When you consider," he said gently, "you will see it is inexpedient. From this time let me be only Marigold-Michel. I beg, dear Erika, I implore you."

She hesitated long, deeply agitated. "But if you should need me" —

"For myself or another, I will let you know. If you need me, you have but to command."

"Oh, Guido," she said as they stood hand in hand, "I see I may not interfere with the strange course you have chosen, no more than with the orbit of a planet. But it is sad to say farewell. Still, it is better than before you came. At least, I know now you have not avoided me from want of affection."

"Never that!"

"You dared not see me because you dared not deny your innocence," she declared, with sudden vehemence. "You have not denied it. You cannot deny it. You can do all the rest, but you cannot look me in the eyes and lie. Thank God, your honor is spotless. Thank God, I always knew it."

He breathed deep; across his face flitted swift reflections of varying emotions, as if he fain would respond a thousand things to her sweet turbulence, yet he merely stooped and slowly kissed her hands, and said in his kind and simple way, "Little Erika was always a loyal little thing;" and in answer to her troubled gaze, "It is not really good-by. I shall always come to Azor. We will make him a strong man yet. Some time you will trust him to me. And you and I are always at heart the old" —

"Rascals!" she suggested, smiling with wet eyes.

"And we shall see each other now and then, if only to pass with a good thought and the memories that will always live. But Guido is dead. These marigolds grew on his grave. There is

nothing at all gloomy about them. See how gay and sunny they look. Let us never mourn or resurrect him again. Now give Michel one good word before he goes."

"It is inconceivable, humiliating," she exclaimed, between a sob and a laugh, "but I am actually beginning to like Michel and his marsh-marigolds!"

"Always my generous little Erika, so straight and honest, so utterly her old self, so like Azor! Marigold - Michel thanks you from his heart that you could say that. It will help him in hours when he is not jingling his bells."

"Ah, such hours come!"

Again he bent over her hands. "Farewell, dear little duchess."

"Farewell — Michel," she faltered.

"Now smile, Serenissime; and ring and hand me over to the tender mercies of the calves."

"Show Marigold - Michel out," said her Grace languidly.

Turning away, she paid no further attention to the tall bright figure crossing the room, but bent over a bunch of yellow flowers lying on her writing-table.

Blanche Willis Howard.

VENUS IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

I.

At first sight, it may certainly seem strange that of all the heavenly bodies the one hitherto the least known to the world should have been her nearest neighbor, the planet Venus. When we consider that men have succeeded in finding out the physical constituents of stars so distant that light, with its amazing swiftness, takes centuries to bring the news; that they have been able to recognize the presence in those far-off suns of such familiar substances as iron, magnesium, and the like, and to make

very plausible inference as to the condition those same suns may be in, it is surprising, to say the least, that next to nothing should have been known of the body which, reckoned in light years, is at times but two minutes away from us.

Nor does the wonder stop here. If we compare what we know of her with what we know of the other planets, instead of the stars, a like seemingly unaccountable discrepancy is patent. Of Jupiter we had learnt much, and could infer more; of Saturn, even, we knew something; while of Mars we had knowledge beyond what some people will be-

lieve. Yet Jupiter never approaches us within a fourteenth part of the distance that Venus does, and Mars at his nearest is a third farther away than is at times the beautiful body well named by the ancients after the Goddess of Love. But in spite of proximity, and as if in justification of her name, the planet of love remained as much of a mystery as love itself.

That we knew so little of one who is both our nearest neighbor and our next of kin was chargeable to a combination of causes. Chief of these is her position. So situated is the orbit of Venus with regard to the orbit of the earth as to put the planet always in a more or less unfavorable position for observation. This comes from the fact that she is what is called an inferior planet; that is, her orbit lies within that of the earth. Therefore, when nearest to us she lies between us and the sun; and as the side toward the sun is the illuminated one, she then turns earthward her unilluminated half. Although near us at the time, she might for all visual purposes be infinitely far off.

As a next untoward consequence of the relative position of her orbit, she appears to observers on earth never to depart far, even at her farthest, from the sun's neighborhood; contenting herself with oscillating, pendulum-wise, back and forth through a swing of 47° on either side of him. The result of this is that she is more or less hidden by his rays when the two are above the horizon together; more or less obscured by horizon mists and tremors after he has set. Hence observers have a choice of evils: either to seek her through a sunlit sky, or to watch her low down against a twilight one. Nor is this the end of the list of difficulties with which observation of her is invested. In addition to being drenched in light, the day sky is usually in an atmospheric condition most ill adapted to astronomical research. Owing to the heating to which it is exposed,

the day air is in anything but a steady state. The result of all these difficulties has been that until now the planet has showed to earthly observers nothing but a fair blond face devoid of any features more salient than shading here and there. To this absence of identifiable traits it is due that, with the single exception of our knowing that Venus had an atmosphere, — revealed by the aureole seen about her when in transit across the sun, — the planet, so far as we knew her, might have been but the particle of matter recognized by gravitational astronomy whose sole distinction is ponderosity.

What we did not know about the planet would take too long to tell, since, with the single exception of atmosphere, it was everything. The planet, indeed, was one of the enigmas of astronomy. We not only did not know what she was like; we did not even know what she was likely to be. For we lacked the basic facts to a solution of the question. We were ignorant of such essentials to any real knowledge of her as whether she had seasons, or even, fundamental point of all, whether she had a day.

That we should have been ignorant of this fundamental fact, her day, shows how absolute our nescience was; for the possession or non-possession of a day is the most vital factor to the determination of a planet's condition. To the fact of having a day are due, so far as we can see, all the phenomena upon a planet's surface which we know as life. Without a day life could not exist. It is not only that no life of which we have cognizance could continue everlastingly awake. The objection to a lack of night on the score of insomnia is one which might be overruled by our learning to sleep by day, as many men already do professionally, and many others *en amateur*. It is that perpetual motion is as impossible to our machinery as to any other. The chain of changes we know as life depends upon general alternations in nature for its continuance. All growth,

be it animal or vegetal, turns, for instance, for its possibility, upon a recurrent supply of water. According to its kind each plant must be furnished by nature with a sufficiency, and yet not an excess of it. Too much or too little is alike fatal. Now, the alternation of day and night produces a periodic cycle of meteorological change which makes rain possible. If there were no variation in the cause, there could be no variation in the effect. By a continuance in perpetuity of the same state of things a condition of equilibrium must eventually be brought about, in which all change would cease, and with the absence of change all life would become an impossibility.

The possession by a planet of a day depends upon how fast the planet turns on its own axis in the course of its yearly circuit about the sun. If it turn at any rate except one, it will have a day of greater or less duration; but if it turn at one special rate, it will have no day at all. This special rate is the rate at which its orbital revolution carries it around the sun. For if it turn upon its own axis just as fast as, and no faster than, it appears to turn in the reverse manner about the sun, in consequence of its circuit of that body, the one turning will offset the other, and relatively to the sun the planet will not seem to turn at all. It will present the same face to the sun in perpetuity. Eternal day will be the lot of one side of it, and eternal night the lot of the other. But of days, properly speaking,—that is, of the periodic alternations of light and darkness,—there will be none.

Next to the possession of a day comes the possession of seasons. A planet without seasons would be to us, although not an impossible place of abode, at least a singular one,—no spring, no summer, no autumn, no winter, anywhere; instead, an intemperately hot belt about the equator, intemperately cold ones round the poles, and, except for storms,

temperately same regions between; and all in perpetuity.

Whether a planet have seasons or not depends upon the tilt of its axis to the plane of its orbit. If the axis be perpendicular to that plane, it will have none. If it be moderately inclined to the perpendicular, it will have them; while if it be immoderately inclined to it, a most curious jumble of the seasons will result: into this it is not necessary here to go.

And all this is but the beginning of the nescience which follows from our inability to make out the features of a planet's surface. Not to see them bears poignantly upon the water problem, for example, as well as upon all the other questions that naturally arise. But to pursue such nescience farther would be futile. It is more interesting to turn from what we did not know to what we have just learnt. To do this we may best begin with a short account of previous astronomical research in the case.

II.

Owing to the impossibility of making out any certain markings upon her disk, the physical condition of Venus, up to the present time, has been matter of speculation, and her rotation period matter of doubt. Study of her has been interesting, viewed negatively, for it has been singularly inconclusive.

Francesco Bianchini was the first to attempt the study of her surface with even the semblance of success. During the later twenties of the eighteenth century he made a series of observations in which he thought he saw some shadelike markings on the disk. From these he constructed a map, and deduced a rotation period of 24 days and about 8 hours. His map suggests a very early geologic age, being *informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*. It consists solely of four indefinite patches, darker than the rest of the disk. Two of these occupy the centre, one being a long oval and one

more nearly round; the other two belt each pole respectively. In 1779 the indefatigable Schroeter came to the conclusion that the rotation period was something quite different, namely, 23 hours, 21 minutes, and 19 seconds. In 1809, from phenomena observed by him about the southern horn of the planet, he deduced with still more marvelously minute inaccuracy, as it has turned out, the period of 23 hours, 21 minutes, 9.977 seconds. In 1842 De Vico attacked the question at Rome. He and his assistants made a very great number of observations, taking some eleven thousand measurements in all. In the course of these they recovered all Bianchini's spots, added a new one, and deduced for the rotation period the value 23 hours, 21 minutes, 21.9345 seconds, a superb superstructure on, unfortunately, an insecure basis.

Practically nothing more was done until quite recently, when several observers took up the matter again, notably Schiaparelli, whose insight — as well as eyesight — made him the first to suspect and to render highly probable a period very different from anything approaching twenty-four hours. The history of the subject up to 1893 is thus summed up by Stanley Williams in the last edition of Webb, published in that year: —

"The question of the duration of the rotation of Venus is still a disputed one, and several very elaborate though contradictory investigations upon the subject have been published within the last few years. In 1890 Schiaparelli came to the conclusion, after a very exhaustive discussion of all the existing material, including some observations of his own, that the rotation of Venus is very slow; and that whilst being very probably equal to the time taken by the planet in making one revolution round the sun (225 days), it is certainly not less than 6 months or greater than 9 months. Perrotin confirms this slow rotation from observations of the markings on the disk made by him at Nice in 1890, and fixes

it at from 195 to 225 days. In the same year Terby published a number of observations made by him in 1887-89 which appeared to him to still further confirm the slow duration of the rotation. But in 1891 appeared an important memoir by Niesten, giving the results of many observations made by himself and Stuyvaert at Brussels between 1881 and 1890. These observers, instead of supporting the slow rotation, strongly confirm the short rotation period of De Vico. They also found the markings so evident and apparently permanent that they were able to construct a map of them. This map, however, does not bear the slightest resemblance to that of Bianchini. More recently still, Trouvelot has discussed the subject, and decides that the rotation is performed in about 24 hours. . . . With results so contradictory, and obtained, too, by some of our very best observers, it is difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion upon the subject. The balance of the evidence appears at present, however, to be in favor of a rotation in about 24 hours."

Since the above was written, Leo Brenner has entered the field on the short-period side. In 1895 he published several papers affirming strongly the rotation period of about 24 hours. Upon this Schiaparelli attacked the planet again, and from his observations of the practical motionlessness of four markings in July, 1895, concluded that the determination of the period of rotation which he had previously arrived at, one of 224.7 days, was now put entirely beyond reasonable doubt. Mascari in Sicily, notably upon Mount *Ætna*, and Cerulli in the north of Italy, made observations which led them to the same period; Mascari's having been made at intervals from 1892 to 1895.

But all of the markings observed partook of a certain indefiniteness of character, which weakened their testimony except to the observers themselves. To the keen insight of Schiaparelli they were

sufficiently determinate to enable him to detect the rotation period, but they were not sufficiently so to carry conviction or proof of it to others.

Doubt of like character has enveloped the planet's physical condition. From the fact that they could make out next to nothing upon her surface observers have inferred the existence of dense clouds floating in her atmosphere, and obscuring to a greater or less degree any markings that might chance to lie underneath.

It has been supposed that the conditions prevailing on the planet were analogous to those of our own carboniferous period, when dense vapors overhung a vast tropically luxuriant vegetation. In consequence, the actual surface has been thought to be for the most part hidden during the greater portion of the time, and only occasionally revealed as through clouds and vapors, doubtfully and ill defined.

III.

Such was the state of our knowledge of our neighbor when, last August, occurred the observations I am about to describe. At the time they began the planet was just starting to be evening star. She was evening star, however, only in a technical sense; for so near was she yet to the sun that she was invisible to the naked eye unless it was carefully directed by calculation to her place in the sky. She had, in short, just passed what is known as superior conjunction, or that position, as viewed from the earth, in which she lies directly beyond the sun. She had passed it by only twelve degrees, or fifty minutes in time, at the date of the first observation. On account of this proximity to the sun it was necessary to observe her during the daytime, as she set too soon after him for even twilight observations to be possible. But even had it not been necessary to seek her by day, it would have been advisable to do so; for the atmospheric conditions near the horizon

are never of the best, and if a heavenly body is to be seen well it must be observed when tolerably high above the horizon. Now, Venus, even at her farthest, departs so little from the sun that to see her well she must be sought before the sun has set.

Whether the day air would prove serviceable was the question. That the air was steady by night was no guarantee that it would be so by day; for not only is the atmosphere by day rarely so favorable to astronomical investigation as it is by night, but also the condition at the one period affords no criterion of the condition at the other. A place may be phenomenally good by night, and worthless by day. That the day air is worthless is the rule. Fortunately, Flagstaff proved the exception. The atmosphere by day there proved to be much better than I had anticipated. At times it was so excellent as to reveal the planet as if cut in steel against the sky.

The next open sesame was the use of low powers. This is a very important point in all planetary work, and one which is not generally appreciated. Misinformed by textbooks, most persons are under the erroneous impression that the higher the power used, the more will be seen; and the first question usually asked about a telescope is, How much will it magnify? There could hardly be a worse mistake. No planet will bear high magnification: partly from defects in the atmosphere, partly from optical effects of the interference of the light pencils refracted by the glasses. But true as this is of all the planets, it is especially the case with Venus, where the illumination is dazzling and the contrast of the details faint. Of the powers I tried, the best results came from one which magnified the planet's disk to about the size of the moon as seen with the naked eye. Any power which made her look more than four times as large as this was impracticable. And this not from lack of steadiness in the air, — for

I have seen her when, as I have said, her image approached the perfection of a steel engraving, — but from the faint contrast presented by different parts of her surface.

The planet entered the field of view looking much as the moon does when a day and a half from the full, only that the planet was much the more brilliant of the two; for in spite of the dazzle of the day its disk shone as the moon's does on a dark sky, while the latter, when seen by day after having been up all night, appears, as we all know, symptomatically pale.

The planet's disk was not equally bright throughout. It was brightest in the centre, and next brightest at the middle point of its full side, — what is technically called its limb. The side opposite this, known as the terminator, — because it is there that the light terminates, — looked shaded, in consequence of the fading away of the illumination; while the points where the limb and the terminator met, called the cusps, were brighter than the latter, but not so bright as the former. Now, the noting of these points may at first seem unimportant. We shall see later that it is far from that, and that from the concurrence of just such bits of evidence is conviction as to the planet's physical condition brought about. Our knowledge of our neighbor planets is, indeed, a bit of detective work. Simply to see is little or nothing without the brain behind to interpret the retinal images which are produced.

As for optical purposes all astronomical views are upside down, south upon the planet lay at the top of the disk, north at the bottom, west to the right, and east to the left. Such would be the orientation to one standing upon the planet in its northern hemisphere, in a position analogous to our own position upon the earth. The limb lying to the left hand marked, therefore, the east; the terminator on the right, the west.

So soon as the face of the planet came to be scanned, on the afternoon of August 24, it was evident that there were markings upon it. Especially was a certain spot apparent, situate in the lower left-hand portion of the disk. This spot was not only the first marking chronicled, but the first to be chronicled a second time, and thus admit of definite location. It was first seen just before three o'clock in the afternoon, and was drawn repeatedly till the close of observation, a little before six. Other markings, too, were drawn on the same day, but none of them with the certainty or precision due to the repetition observable in the spot.

The spot was considerably darker than the other markings, which was the cause of its repeated visibility. Being the first marking to be identified, it seemed fitting to call it Eros, a name it turned out to merit for another peculiarity, presently to be described.

The next marking to be identified was a long, curved band lying near the limb to the southeast of the spot, some six times as long as it was broad, and concave to the limb. This I called Psyche.

Almost contemporaneous with the unmistakable recognition of these markings was the detection of a projection near the upper end of the terminator; and a most salient one it was, — as large, to all appearance, as the irregularities upon the terminator of the moon, if not larger. A part of its height was doubtless due to irradiation, inasmuch as irradiation increases the apparent size of any bright object, but, as doubtlessly, a part of it was intrinsic, real. What it probably was we shall see a little later, when we come to consider it in the light of what was afterward observed. It was not the only prominence. Another, less high, showed near the northern cusp; while a less certain third could be made out about midway along the edge.

So much for what was visible from the start; interesting as all beginnings

are interesting, but also because something was seen so soon. As time went on, however, study of the planet's surface became absorbing on its own account, for gradually more and more details became visible on the disk. Whether it were owing to increased faculty of perception born of constant attention, whether to increased size of image due to the planet's continual approach, or whether to possible improvement in the seeing that is in the state of the atmosphere, certain it is that as summer passed into autumn, features upon the face of the planet, at first will-o'-the-wispy and doubtful, grew unmistakably distinct. What had been fleeting and therefore questionable visions turned to indisputable facts. The markings which, to begin with, although patently there, had been undelineable because of the bo-peep-like character of their revelation, came to stand out with undeniable definiteness, absolutely differentiated each from its fellows. And a very curious and interesting map they combined to make.

It appeared that they were for the most part in the form of broad lines, lines of which the length was from five to ten times the breadth. Many of them were seemingly straight, and, roughly speaking, of the same width throughout. Others were curved and tapering. But what was the most surprising thing about them was the radiation of no less than eleven of them, and these among the most prominent, from a certain central point to the south and west of the centre of the illuminated disk. In spite, however, of their more or less regular form and singular association, they bore the look of being perfectly natural formations; that is, they had none of the appearance of artificiality, such as distinguishes the finer markings on Mars. They were much more like the markings on the moon, except that in form they bore the latter no resemblance, and were at the same time both more definite and less dark. In the best seeing, they were

perfectly contoured; that is, their edges were sharp, causing the marking, notwithstanding the faintness, to stand out distinctly from the brighter surrounding portions of the disk.

This faintness was perhaps their next most striking trait, if the absence of conspicuousness may be considered a conspicuousness by the very fact of its absence. The markings on Venus are by far the least dark of all the planetary markings. It is for this cause that they have so long contrived to escape detection. Compared with the markings on Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, and Mercury, those on Venus are in tone delicate to a degree. Nor is this their only peculiarity on the score of faintness. It is not simply that the dark markings are less dark than one might expect, but also that the remaining bright portions are brighter. The disk looks as if over whatever markings or absences of them there might happen to be, underneath, a brilliant covering had been drawn, which made the dark ones seem less dark and the bright ones brighter than in reality they were. The reader may perhaps already surmise what this seeming covering was.

In addition to the long markings there were spots; some of them darker than the long markings, some not. Nor were all the long ones of equal tone, by any means, some being less faint than others. In places the spots lay on the long markings; in other places, off them.

Another very striking and very interesting feature about the planet was the complete absence of colors. The disk was one universal straw color throughout, a chiaroscuro in pale yellow. It was as if the markings made a background of black and white, over which lay drawn a straw-colored veil. None of the diversified tints of Jupiter and Saturn, none of the beautiful hues of Mars, were visible there. Compared with the other members of the solar family, Venus appeared a very drablike thing.

Such, with minor changes, was the general appearance of the planet during the period of observation, from August 24 to November 9. During this time a great number of drawings were made of her; and for the last six weeks of it so very distinct were the markings that they could be seen almost without exception, wherever she was looked at.

IV.

Having thus seen what the telescope revealed of the markings on the planet, we will now proceed to see what these markings tell us of the physical characteristics of the planet, and as a first stepping-stone to such knowledge what they have to say about the planet's day.

If it be possible to detect markings upon a planet's disk which are permanent and permanently visible, it is at once possible to determine the planet's rotation period. For if we make drawings or measurements of the positions of the markings at different times, and then compare the several drawings or deduced positions with one another, we shall be able, by the shift of the markings thus disclosed, to tell how they have moved in the interval; and since they are all upon one and the same globe, by the principles of spherical trigonometry we can deduce the position of the axis round which they turn and the rate at which they are turning. Not only can we do this with accuracy, if we take our intervals sufficiently far apart, but it will probably surprise most readers to learn in how short an interval it is possible to detect in this manner, in one of our neighbor planets, a rotation like that of our own earth. If an observer armed with one of our modern large telescopes were placed at a distance of forty millions of miles from the earth, the distance that Mars was from us at the last opposition, two minutes would suffice to show him that the earth was rotating under his gaze. In two minutes, supposing our seas and conti-

nents to be free from cloud and not too much obscured by atmosphere, it would be apparent to him that these seas and lands had shifted in position with regard to the centre of the visible disk. We know this because this is precisely what happens in the case of Mars. Roughly speaking, Mars rotates in the same time as the earth, — taking, instead of about twenty-four hours, about twenty-four hours and forty minutes in the process; that is, about a thirty-sixth part longer than the earth does. But Mars being much smaller than the earth, only about one half as big, his surface is carried round more slowly, in just the same proportion; that is, about one half as swiftly. Now, to one watching the planet in good air, four minutes suffice to show that the markings have moved. So accurately, indeed, may one detect such change of position in the surface of the planet, that if our own air be steady it is possible to time the passage of a marking across the planet's central meridian to within a minute, one way or the other; and this, be it remembered, at a distance of forty millions of miles away.

In fact, in the case of Mars, it is scarcely possible to make consecutive drawings of his disk without having them show the effect of the rotation unmistakably, inasmuch as some time is necessary to make each drawing. To one who looks at the drawings of Venus made at Flagstaff, the very first glance will be enough to disclose a totally different state of things. Instead of showing an unmistakable shift in the markings, consecutive drawings display the same marking in the same place. Not only is no variation perceptible from minute to minute, but none is discernible from hour to hour, nor from day to day. As the most instantly convincing instance of this immovability we may take the portraits of the planet made on the afternoon of October 15. On that day I made a series of drawings covering a period of five hours, — the first at noon,

and the others at from one to two hours' interval afterward, until just before five o'clock. The air was good throughout, and the markings came out distinctly in all. On comparing these drawings, the identity of the several markings presented by them is evident at a glance, and in all of them the markings appear depicted in the same places.

But during these five hours the planet, on the supposition of a twenty-four-hour period, like that of Mars or our own earth, would have rotated through 75° . Such a change of angle would have caused the markings near the centre of the disk to travel five eighths of their apparent course across it. They had not shifted at all. Consequently, not only was a twenty-four-hour period for Venus's day out of the question, but any period at all approaching it was clearly impossible. It was evident that in the case of Venus the rotation period was to be reckoned, not in hours, but in days. It being thus demonstrated what it was not, it remains now to determine what it was.

In regard to this a certain feature in the presentation of the markings served to make the positive determination as unmistakable as the negative one had been. This feature was the following one:—

If the rotation of a planet be performed in any less time than the planet takes to complete its circuit of the sun, the markings will appear to cross the disk, irrespective of how much or how little of that disk be illuminated. They will first become visible upon the boundary of the light and shade, and will then proceed to advance across the face of the planet, if the boundary of the light and shade be the sunrise one, and the rotation be from west to east as with the earth, until they sink out of sight beyond the visible edge upon the other side. They will travel more and more slowly in proportion as the rotation is less swift. But they will always gain

upon the phase, and travel faster than the illumination or the lack of it over the face of the planet, so long as the period of their rotation is less than that of the planet's revolution in its orbit.

If, now, we suppose the rotation to be performed in a longer and a longer period, there will come a time when this will cease to be the case, and the markings will no longer gain upon the advancing phase. This seeming halt will occur when the angular rapidity of the rotation and the angular rapidity of the revolution become the same.

If a planet move in a circular orbit about the sun, and rotate on an axis perpendicular to its orbital plane once during the time it takes to perform its circuit, a curious result will follow in the appearance the planet will present to an observer watching it from without: the markings upon it will always hold the same position with regard to the terminator. They will seem to cling to it as origin, no matter how much or how little of the illuminated disk be presented to view. The same feature will be visible on the terminator when the disk is nearly full, and still be upon the terminator when that disk has diminished to a slender crescent. All the markings will disappear over the limb in due course, those farthest from the terminator going first, the others in their order, but each will preserve throughout its own distance from the boundary of light and shade. The terminator, in short, will be a sort of natural origin of longitudes. Reckoned from it, the position of the markings will never change.

That such a curious case of immovable movability must result in the aspect of the markings from the given relation of the rotation to the revolution will appear when we consider that if the rotation and the revolution be performed in the same time, the planet must continuously present the same face to the sun; and since the sun is not only the attracting but the illuminating body, this means

that the illuminated hemisphere of the planet must forever be the same. However, therefore, an observer be situated with regard to the planet in question, the position of the markings on the illuminated hemisphere, being continually the same, must maintain the same relative distance from its boundaries. Curious as this result is, we shall see farther on that it is yet more curious in the results it brings about.

If we compare this case of coincident rotation and revolution with another with which we are more familiar, namely, that of the moon in her monthly journey about the earth, we shall be struck by an interesting difference. The moon always keeps the same face toward her primary. But in the case of the moon the markings seem fixed, while the illumination seems movable, and consequently the light and darkness appear to sweep slowly over them, making a complete circuit in the course of a lunation. Now, this difference of aspect in the two cases comes from the fact that with the moon the attracting and illuminating bodies are not the same. Her primary is not also, as with Venus, the cause of her illumination. The moon, indeed, turns always the same face to the earth, but that face is not necessarily her illuminated one, because her illuminated one is always directed to the sun, and sun and earth are not always in the same direction as seen from the moon. The moon, in fact, instances the second out of three possible phenomena due to coincident rotation and revolution, — the three differing from one another solely in consequence of the point of view. The three cases are these: the observer may be situated at the centre of both the attraction and the illumination, or at the centre of attraction alone, or at neither. In the first case, neither the illumination nor the position of the markings will ever change; in the second, the position of the markings will not change, but the position of the illumination will; in the

third and last, the position of the markings and that of the illumination will change together. The first of these standpoints is for us impracticable, constituted as we are, inasmuch as we cannot put ourselves upon the surface of the sun, and should doubtless object to making the experiment, even if we could; the second of them is the one we hold with regard to the moon; while the third and last is the one we are placed in with regard to the planet Venus.

That this last is the fact the drawings disclosed unmistakably. Drawing after drawing, and day after day, showed the same features at the same relative distance from the boundary of the light and the darkness. Although with time the boundary itself shifted slowly across the face of the disk, the markings still kept their relative distances from it unchanged. With its shift they shifted too, and so closely did the two keep pace that not only could the eye detect no disagreement, but none was shown by careful measurements, afterward, of what the eye had seen. For on examining critically the markings in the several drawings it appears that the one point about all of them which is invariable is their relation to the terminator.

As the planet came out of the neighborhood of the sun, getting daily farther and farther off from him, the phase increased; that is, the line of demarkation between the illuminated and unilluminated portions of the disk shifted slowly across it to the left. As it did so, the markings, as I have said, shifted with it, *pari passu*. Those that had at first appeared upon its edge remained upon its edge, and those that were originally at a distance from it kept that distance, except for the effect of perspective, unchanged. This is conclusively shown by the drawings. But it is even more conclusively shown by them than it seems to be. The drawings are even more telltale than they look. And for the following reason: during the period of

time in which the drawings were made, our earth was not stationary, but in the act of running away, as it were, from Venus, which was following at a yet more rapid rate, and in consequence gradually catching up with us. Had we been stationary, the increase of phase in Venus would have exactly marked the amount of her change of place in her orbit, the angle through which she had revolved about the sun in the course of the interval. As we were not stationary, her increase of phase marked only the amount she had gained upon us during that time, which of course was something far less than the distance she had actually traversed. It was what she had traversed less what the earth had traveled in the mean time. But as the earth's angular movement around the sun is about two thirds that of Venus, the difference between the two was only about one third of the actual revolution of Venus herself. In other words, three times the changes recorded by the drawings really took place in the angle of revolution. But as no such factor affected the perception of her rotatory motion, the latter had a chance to show its full effect except as the angle between the two planets altered it, and this angle bore a smaller and smaller proportion to the other, the increase of phase, as the period of the supposed rotation differed from the period of revolution. Only in the event of synchronism between the two could it attain the same value as in the case of the phase. Consequently, in the event of disagreement the markings would have shown a divergence greater than the drawings would seem at first to be able to indicate.

Although the drawings thus testified conclusively to the synchronism of the two motions, I was minded to ascertain just how great the accuracy of their testimony might be. For this purpose I took the drawings from October 1 to November 9 and measured upon all of them the consecutive positions of a cer-

tain spot. The spot I chose was the one from which the eleven lines previously described radiate, a spot which I have called Bilit. In order to insure as great accuracy as possible, I did not trust to the eye for the amount of the phase; for to tell at a glance just how much a gibbous disk lacks of being full is not an easy matter. Instead, I calculated the theoretical amount of the phase for each day, and then made upon it the following necessary practical correction.

As the light fades away gradually at the boundary of light and shade, it is not possible, in the case of a bare globe, for the eye to see quite out to the limit of illumination, as we perceive in the case of the moon. On the other hand, if a globe be encompassed by an atmosphere, that atmosphere, by producing the phenomenon of twilight, will sensibly increase the apparent limit of the light. This we have evidence of in the case of Mars. To tell, therefore, what in any special case that limit may be, it is necessary to make measures of it for the particular planet at the particular time. This is done by measuring the phase diameters, — that is, the diameters perpendicular and parallel to the loss of light, — and comparing the consequent result with the calculated value. This I did. The result, combined with the measure of the position of the particular marking on the visible part of the disk, gave me its true observed position.

Now, the positions so deduced agreed surprisingly with one another. They came out so closely the same with regard to the terminator as to show that as concerned that terminator the markings had evidently not moved in the mean time; for it appeared that the difference in longitude of the first and last values agreed within half a degree with the difference in longitude of the terminator during the same period. At the same time, the average error of the drawings for any one day proved to be about a degree. In other words, the agree-

ment of the markings with the terminator at the beginning and at the end of the interval turned out to be about half of the probable error of any one determination of the position of the markings. Such a remarkable coincidence was of course fortuitous, since it was actually closer than the degree of possible accuracy in the observations, but it showed that the agreement exceeded the possibility of detecting its error.

The advantage of selecting Bilit for measurement lay in the fact that during the interval taken it passed the central meridian of the disk. Therefore, from being viewed less obliquely, its apparent shift was the greatest possible, and was also the least exposed to faulty eye estimates.

V.

The fact that the planet of love turns always the same face to her lord, the sun, has very far-reaching consequences. As a preliminary to a consideration of them we may note one result of the fact which, although possessing no cosmic importance, has a very direct interest from a terrestrial point of view. That Venus shows always the same face to the sun means that we shall never see more than one half of her; for although she turn toward us all parts of her surface in the course of her circuit of the sun, her illuminated half, which is the only part of her that we can see, remains forever the same. Thus one hemisphere of hers alone shall we ever be able to scan; of the condition of the other we shall only be able to make inference. With increasing appliances for gathering knowledge, we may come to prediction of what it would look like could we look upon it, but see it with our bodily eyes we never shall. The night side of the planet of love must remain something of a mystery forever.

What is true for us in this case is true for every other outsider in space. It would not help us to travel to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter for increase of

vision in the matter. What is true for one outsider is true for all. The side the sun does not light up must remain hid in perpetuity from observers everywhere.

Such, however, is but a third-person detail. The isochronism of rotation and revolution has very much more important because very vital consequences for the planet herself. As the planet possesses an atmosphere, some of the most weighty of these consequences would come from the meteorologic conditions which must result upon her.

What these are it is well-nigh startling to consider. The same hemisphere being continuously illuminated, the same parts of that hemisphere would be exposed to the sun to the same extent in perpetuity. To begin with, then, whatever the effect at any point of the surface, that effect must be a constant one at that point, since like conditions prevailing perpetually must in the course of ages, if not before, result in bringing about a state of stable motion.

The part of the surface to receive the greatest amount of heat — insolation, as it is technically called — must be that directly under the sun, which would be the centre of the illuminated hemisphere. This, therefore, would be the most heated. In consequence, the air above it would be the most expanded and would rise most rapidly, while the air from the regions round about would rush in to fill its place. The spots they left would in turn be filled from regions more remote, and this state of replacement would continue till the night side was reached.

There would thus be set going a funnel-like indraught of air from the centre of the dark side to the centre of the bright one. The surface air would flow from the one to the other. Meanwhile, a counter umbrella-like current would set overhead in the opposite direction, to restore the equilibrium to the other hemisphere.

If there were water present on the planet, and, we will suppose, originally on both sides alike, it seems probable that its career would be as follows: As the heated air ascended from the centre of the illuminated side, it would become chilled as it expanded, and, being unable to hold its moisture, would proceed to deposit it in the form of showers. Most of the moisture it held would thus at once be parted with, but not all. A little would be carried round by the air to the dark side, where, experiencing a yet greater degree of cold, it would be left as ice, and as ice there it would remain; for the amount of moisture which the exceedingly cold air, on its return journey, could support would be a minute quantity; so that although the ice would tend slowly to evaporate, very little of the water vapor would find its way back to the bright side.

There would thus be a constant drain of water from the bright side to the dark; for however little might go over at a time, practically none would ever come back. Eventually, therefore, under this continued state of things, all the water would be withdrawn from the illuminated side, and piled up on the dark one in the form of glacier ice.

On the bright side of the planet there would thus be no oceans or seas or rivers or ponds, not even water vapor in the air, while glaciation would more or less completely cover the other. The side we see would be one vast desert; the side we do not, fields of perpetual ice.

Some corollaries from this are interesting. One of these is that there should be no visible polar caps, since there would be, not polar caps, but a polar hemisphere. And this would be forever hid from us, for nothing but orbital or axial libration — that is, a swing of the portion of the disk under illumination — could bring it into view; and in the case of Venus the orbital libration is insensible, and the axial one apparently so.

Another ingenious corollary has been

suggested by my friend Mr. Godfrey Sykes. It is that the phosphorescence, as it is called, of the dark side, a faint light upon it which has hitherto evaded explanation, may be caused by the reflection from the ice-fields there of the light received from the earth, the other planets, and the stars.

VI.

From the determination of the planet's day, and the deductions from its duration as to the physical conditions of the planet's surface, we may now turn to what the aspect of the planet's disk in general and of the markings upon it in particular has to say about these same physical characteristics.

The initial noteworthy point about the markings was their faintness, and, furthermore, the fact that this faintness was general. It was not confined to any special markings or set of markings, but was common to all. Next, it was not even confined to the markings themselves, but was shared by the bright portions of the disk as well. It was, in fact, as we have seen, as if some bright covering had been drawn over the whole disk. Now, from what we know in other ways about the planet, it is pretty evident what this bright veil was; namely, nothing more nor less than atmosphere. That Venus has an atmosphere we know from the bright aureole seen about her in transit, and from the extension of her horns beyond their due limits when she is a crescent. In the case of a planet with an atmosphere, that atmosphere, to an observer looking plumb down upon the disk, would make itself apparent in precisely such a brightening of the whole disk as we here observe. Atmosphere enveloping the planet would produce just such an effect, and nothing else that we can think of would. This, taken in connection with the aureole and the extended horns, is about as conclusive evidence as we could have that what brightens her disk and gives to Venus her surpassing

lustre to the naked eye is an atmosphere about her.

As the atmosphere of Venus has generally been thought to be dense, and as there is as yet no reason to suppose that it is not, in density at least, much like our own, the visibility of the markings through it leads us to infer that perhaps our own, on a clear day, are not so hidden as some recent investigations with regard to the concealing capacity of our air have given us reason to think.

The next suggestive fact in connection with the markings is their permanent visibility. The markings were never invisible save when our air was too bad to show them. Such perpetual appearance proves that there is nothing between us and them to shut them off from view at any time. Therefore there are no clouds in the planet's air, over any part of the planet's surface, at any time. It is not wholly ill fitting that Venus should thus be ever fair.

At this point we may take up the consideration of what the prominences may have been, notably the striking one a little to the west of the southern cusp, seen not only at the start, but on to the close of observations, months afterward. *A priori*, two suppositions are open to us in explanation of it: one that it was cloud, the other that it was mountains. But from the two facts, first that there are no clouds otherwise visible upon the planet's surface, and second that the prominence remained always visible in the same place for months, the supposition that it was cloud becomes inadmissible, and we are left with the sole alternative that it was mountains.

So much for air. As for water, there is, to begin with, no sign of any polar caps. What has hitherto been taken for such caps is, I think, the effect of the two projections: one near the southern, the other at the northern cusp. I infer this from the Flagstaff observations. Although I have thought I saw bright regions at the cusps, I have much more

frequently noticed none; and what is yet more to the point, even those semblances markedly lacked the certainty and brilliancy of the caps of Mars. Furthermore, they were seen early in the observations of Venus, before I had got accustomed to her. On the other hand, as recorded above, I have noted the centre of the disk to be the brightest part, and the centre of the limb to be more brilliant than the cusps. The outcome of my observations is that Venus has no polar caps.

Not only is there no evidence of polar caps; there is no evidence, either direct or indirect, of water in any form on the illuminated part of the planet. This inference is, rather interestingly, I think, a question of color; for color as well as form may prove a telltale thing. Now, the surface of Venus, as we saw a little way back, is practically colorless. The beautiful hues which make of Mars an opal, a fire-opal, are wanting on her. There is neither red, nor blue, nor green; only a universal palish yellow, diversified in form, but the same in tint. And even the pale yellow is but her atmosphere, through which we look, since it colors all alike.

Such lack of color means much more than mere absence of personal beauty as a planet. It shows, indeed, to begin with, that the surface has no very distinctive color anywhere. But it connotes a deal more; for it betokens, first the absence of water, and secondly the lack of vegetation there. This means the absence of life, for it means the presence of conditions under which all life that we wot of must be impossible.

How strikingly destitute of local color Venus is becomes particularly patent on comparison with Mars. We might suppose, *a priori*, that atmosphere itself might be responsible for the resulting sameness of tint. But Mars shows it to be otherwise; for though Mars possesses an atmosphere, this atmosphere proves no bar to the recognition of his surface tints. In good air the colors on Mars are

most marked. Daylight intensifies them. So that the fact that Venus has presumably more air is to a certain extent offset by the fact that she was observed by day. If there were upon her surface any decided tints, they should, it would seem, come out under these conditions. Yet they are conspicuous only by their absence. All of the observers at Flagstaff have noted the planet's lack of color, the singular lack of color on her disk. She is as colorless as the moon to the naked eye. Any color she may possess is not more than would be given by the hue of different rocks or soils, and not very variegated ones at that. The look of the whole of her illuminated half is that of one vast desert. This perfectly agrees, it will be remembered, with what we deduced as the result of the duration of her day.

VII.

After having thus seen the effect of isochronous rotation and revolution upon the physical condition of a planet, it becomes interesting to inquire into its cause.

What does such a turning always of the same face to the sun mean? We have seen what it probably has produced, — for the planet a living death; now arises the question whether this death be of the nature of a cosmic accident, or whether it be a death due to natural causes, the inevitable ending of the planet's term of life. The answer to the question leads us to the latest advance in our knowledge of cosmic evolution.

When La Place wrote his masterly paper on the tides, which he himself accounted the greatest part of his analysis of the mechanism of the heavenly bodies, he little thought that the tides he was considering, those raised by the moon in the ocean, were a comparatively insignificant manifestation of a fundamental force. He little dreamed that the researches of his successors would prove tidal action to have been the most important factor in the fashioning of the

universe. Yet so it has been. The recognition of tidal action has worked the greatest advance that has been made in celestial mechanics since La Place's time, and it is to the younger Darwin, in our own day, that the world is indebted for it.

The general principles of the matter may be understood without any call upon mathematics, such as their pursuance into proof and detail demands. To begin with, it must not be supposed that the subject is limited to our everyday tides, or even chiefly concerned with them. It should be said at the outset that the tidal action under consideration is something far more important, because far more effective and far more comprehensive, than what we are commonly accustomed to consider as typical tidal action, the tides raised in our seas and oceans by the sun and moon. Superficial tides such as these upon a planet, although they seem to be of some magnitude to dwellers upon that planet, are of much less account, relatively speaking, than are another class of tides, — those, namely, which affect the bodies as a whole; substantial tides, as they may be called. The forces brought into action in the two cases are indeed the same, and their effects differ only in amount and in detail. At present, upon the earth, we have evidence only of the superficial kind, but beyond a doubt there was a time in her history when such was not the case, a time when she was swayed by bodily tides; and these same bodily tides have left their imprint upon the whole earth-moon system. More than this, they have made it what it is.

Suppose two rotating masses of fluid matter, — those which were to form the earth and moon, for instance, — the one revolving about the other and in close proximity to it. Each would set up tides in the other; because each, by attracting the parts of the other unequally, would disturb their uniform rotation. This is worth stating correctly, inasmuch

as in textbooks on astronomy it is almost universally stated wrong. Even in the very best of them the reader is given to believe that the effect of the unequal attraction to which the body is subjected would be the production of bulges upon it in a line joining the centres of the two bodies, which bulges would then be caused by friction to lie a little ahead of that line. This, however, is quite erroneous; it is an explanation of the tides that will in no sense hold water. Bulges would be caused, indeed, but they would not lie in a line joining the centres of the two bodies, but nearly at right angles to such a line; and friction, instead of causing them to lie a little ahead of where they otherwise would lie, would cause them to lie somewhat farther back. That position being, however, some ninety degrees ahead of the line joining the centres of the bodies, the result would be that the protuberances would still lie ahead of the line. The double error of the textbooks explains in part its non-detection. As the tide-protuberances would lie somewhat in advance of the line joining the centres of mass of the two bodies, each would tend to pull the other ahead of where it otherwise would be, thus directly increasing its orbital speed, and so indirectly the size of its orbit. In other words, the tides would tend to separate the bodies farther and farther, until their action ceased.

Such, then, was the genesis of the earth-moon system.

Now, Dr. See has shown that this has undoubtedly been the mode of genesis of the double-star systems as well. In La Place's time it was not supposed that a nebula could break up ordinarily into two masses of anything like equal size, but since then Poincaré and Darwin have proved that it is possible, and the further researches of See have shown that it actually has happened in the case of the binary stars. So potent a factor, then, is tidal action in the beginnings of solar system evolution.

In a different way tidal action must be an equally potent factor in bringing the careers of the two bodies to a close. Just as tidal action makes of one body two, so does it tend eventually to make both, physically speaking, dead; for the same force which causes them to grow farther and farther apart causes, reversely, each to turn more and more completely the same face to the other. Just as the action of the tides accelerates the one in its orbit, so does it retard the other in its rotation; for it is evident that as the main part of the body turns while the bulge is held relatively stationary, friction will cause a slowing up of the speed with which the main part turns. It is furthermore evident that this brake upon the body's rotation will continue to act so long as the body turns at a rate faster than the bulge itself does. But the bulge turns only as fast as the second body moves in its orbit, the bulge pointing constantly a trifle ahead of the place that body occupies. Consequently, the rotation of the one body will steadily be made slower and slower, until in course of time it is brought down to the same angular speed as that of the other body in its orbit. When the body has once attained this rate of rotation it will continue to keep it, inasmuch as then there will be no force acting to change it further.

This effect will be visible first in the smaller body, owing to its less moment of rotation. This is precisely what we observe in the case of the earth-moon system. The isochronism of rotation and revolution has already taken place in the case of the moon, and is in process of taking place in the case of the earth. For Darwin calculates that originally they may both have rotated, at the moment of separation, in about two hours and forty-one minutes; while now the moon has been slowed down from this to twenty-eight and a half days, and the earth only to twenty-four hours. It is possible, indeed, that so potent was the

earth that the moon may never have been allowed to rotate faster than she revolved. So that the moon may have been, so to speak, born dead.

It was the earth-moon system that suggested to Darwin's mind to investigate the cause; and that resulted in the detection of tidal action as a cosmic constructive force. No other instance, however, was then known or even suspected, except in the case of Iapetus, the eighth satellite of Saturn, which was conjectured, from the variability in its light, to turn always the same face to its primary. The fact, therefore, that Venus and Mercury — for as we shall see in another paper the same is true of him — turn out always to face their primary, the sun, is of great theoretical interest, for it is the first certain specimen of tidal friction, other than the moon, presented to us, and is of proportionate moment toward proving the universality of the law.

That Venus and Mercury should be the first planets to show this ultimate sign of decrepitude is what was to have been expected, if such sign were to be shown at all. This is so for the following reasons: The tide-raising force exerted by the sun is not the same for the several planets. It diminishes very rapidly with the distance from him; more rapidly, indeed, than the force of gravity itself. For it is a differential effect of gravity, since it depends upon the difference of the sun's attraction upon different parts of the planet. In consequence of this it varies, not as the inverse square of the distance, but as the inverse cube of it.

Even this does not measure the full proportionate effect of the tidal force in slowing up the spin of the several

planets. For the couple produced by the two bulges is itself proportionate to the inverse third power of the planet's distance from the sun. So that the effective tidal action varies inversely as the sixth power of that distance. We see, therefore, how very rapidly it diminishes as we leave the vicinity of the sun. For Mercury it is between two and three hundred times, and for Venus about seven times, as great as it is for the earth; while for the earth, again, it is much greater than it is for Mars, and very much greater than for any of the planets outside of him.

We can understand, therefore, how it came about, in the case of Venus, that the axial machinery ran down so soon. We can see why long ago it went more and more slowly, until, her axial and her orbital motion coinciding, she was left motionless, changeless, dead.

In Venus, then, we gaze upon a world which as a world has run its course. Beautiful as she appears to us, as she glows and sparkles on the twilight sky, it is distance alone that gives her her seeming loveliness and endows her with eternal youth. In truth she is far otherwise. All the comeliness she may have had in the morning of her prime, when the solar system itself was young, has gone from her never to return. As the Japanese prettily put it of a woman, the cherry blossom has passed into the leaf. For she is no longer young; she is old, wrinkled, dead. Or shall we not better say she sleeps, though it be with the sleep from which there is no awakening? For it is fitting that she should still seem so fair to us, when she glows athwart the gloaming in the slowly fading sky, — fitting that the planet of love should seem lovely to the end.

Percival Lowell.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

V.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE PERIOD.

"I canna think the preacher himself wad be heading the mob, tho' the time has been they have been as forward in a bruilzie as their neighbors." — SCOTT'S *The Heart of Midlothian*.

NOTHING did more to strengthen my anti-slavery zeal, about 1848, than the frequent intercourse with Whittier and his household, made possible by their nearness to Newburyport. It was but a short walk or drive of a few miles from my residence to his home; or, better still, it implied a sail or row up the beautiful river, passing beneath the suspension bridge at Deer Island, to where the woods called "The Laurels" spread themselves on one side, and the twin villages of Salisbury and Amesbury on the other. There was something delightful in the position of the poet among the village people: he was their pride and their joy, yet he lived as simply as any one, was careful and abstemious, reticent rather than exuberant in manner, and met them wholly on matter-of-fact ground. He could sit on a barrel and discuss the affairs of the day with the people who came to the "store," but he did not read them his poetry. I was once expressing regrets for his ill health, in talking with one of the leading citizens of Amesbury, and found that my companion could not agree with me; he thought that Whittier's ill health had helped him in the end, for it had "kept him from engaging in business," and had led him to writing poetry, which had given him reputation outside of the town. That poetry was anything but a second choice, perhaps a necessary evil, did not seem to have occurred to my informant. Had he himself lost his health and been unable to sell groceries, who knows but

he too might have taken up with the Muses? It suggested the Edinburgh citizen who thought that Sir Walter Scott might have been "sic a respectable mon" had he stuck to his original trade of law advocate. To me, who sought Whittier for his poetry as well as his politics, nothing could have been more delightful than his plain abode with its exquisite Quaker neatness. His placid mother, rejoicing in her two gifted children, presided with few words at the hospitable board whose tablecloth and napkins rivaled her soul in whiteness; and with her was the brilliant "Lizzie," so absolutely the reverse, or complement, of her brother that they seemed between them to make one soul. She was as plain in feature as he was handsome, except that she had a pair of great luminous dark eyes, always flashing with fun or soft with emotion, and often changing with lightning rapidity from one expression to another; her nose was large and aquiline, while his was almost Grecian, and she had odd motions of the head, so that her glances seemed shot at you, like sudden javelins, from each side of a prominent outwork. Her complexion was sallow, not rich brunette like his; and whereas he spoke seldom and with some difficulty, her gay raillery was unceasing, and was enjoyed by him as much as by anybody, so that he really appeared to have transferred to her the expression of his own opinions. The lively utterances thus came with double force upon the auditor, and he could not fail to go out strengthened and stimulated. Sometimes the Whittiers had guests; and "Lizzie" delighted to tell how their mother was once met at the door by two plump maidens who announced that they had come from Ohio mainly to see her son. She explained that he was in Boston. No matter; they would come in and await

his return. But he might be away a week. No matter; they would willingly wait that time for such a pleasure. So in they came. They proved to be Alice and Phœbe Cary, whose earlier poems, which had already preceded them, were filled with dirges and despair; but they were the merriest of housemates, and as the poet luckily returned next day, they stayed as long as they pleased, and were welcome.

The invigorating influence of the Whittier household supplied the tonic needed in those trying days. The Fugitive Slave Law had just passed, and a year or two after Garrison had proudly showed a row of escaped negroes sitting on the platform of an anti-slavery convention, and had defied the whole South to reclaim them, these very men were fleeing to Canada for their lives. When the storm first broke, on February 15, 1851, in the arrest of Shadrach, Boston had a considerable colored population, which handled his rescue with such unexpected skill and daring that it almost seemed as if Garrison were right; yet it took but a few days for their whole force to be scattered to the winds. The exact story of the Shadrach rescue has never been written. The account which appears most probable is that on the day of the arraignment of the alleged fugitive, the fact was noted in a newspaper by a colored man of great energy and character, employed by a firm in Boston and utterly unconnected with the Abolitionists. He asked leave of absence, and strolled into the Court-House. Many colored men were at the door and had been excluded; but he, being known and trusted, was admitted, and the others, making a rush, followed in behind him with a hubbub of joking and laughter. There were but a few constables on duty, and it suddenly struck this leader, as he and his followers passed near the man under arrest, that they might as well keep on and pass out at the opposite door, taking among them the man

under arrest, who was not handcuffed. After a moment's beckoning the prisoner saw his opportunity, fell in with the jubilant procession, and amid continued uproar was got outside the Court-House, when the crowd scattered in all directions. It was an exploit which, as has been well said, would hardly have furnished a press item had it been the case of a pickpocket, yet was treated at Washington as if it had shaken the nation. Daniel Webster called it "a case of treason;" President Fillmore issued a special proclamation; and Henry Clay gave notice of a bill to lend added strength to the Fugitive Slave Law, so as to settle the question "whether the government of white men is to be yielded to a government of blacks." More curious even than this was the development of anti-slavery ethics that followed. The late Richard H. Dana, the counsel for various persons arrested as accomplices in the rescue of Shadrach, used to tell with delight this tale of a jurymen impaneled on that trial. To Dana's great surprise, the jury had disagreed concerning one client whose conviction he had expected; and this surprise was all the greater because new and especial oaths had been administered to the jurymen, pledging them to have no conscientious scruples against convicting, so that it seemed as if every one with a particle of anti-slavery sympathy must have been ruled out. Years after, Dana encountered in a country farmhouse the very jurymen whose obstinacy had saved his client, and learned that his unalterable reason for refusing to condemn was that he himself had taken a hand in the affair, and had driven Shadrach, after his rescue, from Cambridge to Concord.

I fear I must admit that while it would have been a great pleasure to me to have lent a hand in Shadrach's rescue, this feeling did not come wholly from moral conviction, but from an impulse perhaps hereditary in the blood. Probably I got from my two soldier and sailor grandfa-

thers an intrinsic love of adventure which haunted me in childhood, and which threescore and thirteen years have by no means worn out. So far as I can now analyze it, this early emotion was not created by the wish for praise alone, but was mainly a boyish desire for a stirring experience. No man so much excited my envy during my whole college life as did a reckless Southern law student, named Winfield Scott Belton, who, when the old Vassall House in Cambridge was all in flames, and the firemen could not reach the upper story with their ladders, suddenly appeared from within at an attic window, amid the smoke, and pointed out to them the way to follow. Like most boys, I had a passion for fires; but after this the trophies of Belton would not suffer me to sleep, and I often ran miles towards a light in the horizon. But the great opportunity never occurs twice, and the nearest I ever came to it was in being one of several undergraduates to bring the elder Professor Henry Ware out of his burning house. It was not much of a feat, — we afterwards risked ourselves a great deal more to bring some trays of pickle-jars from the cellar, — but in the case of the venerable doctor the object was certainly worth all it cost us; for he was the progenitor of that admirable race upon which, as Dr. Holmes said to Professor Stowe, the fall of Adam had not left the slightest visible impression.

This combination of motives was quite enough to make me wish that if there should be another fugitive slave case I might at least be there to see, and, joining the Vigilance Committee in Boston, I waited for such an occasion. It was not necessary to wait long, for the Shadrach case was soon to be followed by another. One day in April, 1851, a messenger came to my house in Newburyport and said briefly, "They have arrested another fugitive slave in Boston, and wish you to come." I went back with him that afternoon, and found the Vigilance

Committee in session in the Liberator office. It is impossible to conceive of a set of men, personally admirable, yet less fitted on the whole than this committee to undertake any positive action in the direction of forcible resistance to authorities. In the first place, half of them were non-resistants, as was their great leader, Garrison, who stood composedly by his desk preparing his next week's editorial, and almost exasperating the more hot-headed among us by the placid way in which he looked beyond the rescue of an individual to the purifying of a nation. On the other hand, the "political Abolitionists," or Free-Soilers, were extremely anxious not to be placed for one moment outside the pale of good citizenship. The only persons to be relied upon for action were a few whose temperament prevailed over the restrictions of non-resistance on the one side, and of politics on the other; but of course their discussion was constantly damped by the attitude of the rest. All this would not, however, apply to the negroes, it might well seem; they had just proved their mettle, and would doubtless do it again. On my saying this in the meeting, Lewis Hayden, the leading negro in Boston, nodded cordially and said, "Of course they will." Soon after, drawing me aside, he startled me by adding, "I said that for bluff, you know. We do not wish any one to know how really weak we are. Practically there are no colored men in Boston; the Shadrach prosecutions have scattered them all. What is to be done must be done without them." Here was a blow indeed!

What was to be done? The next day showed that absolutely nothing could be accomplished in the court-room. There were one or two hundred armed policemen in and around the Court-House. Only authorized persons could get within ten feet of the building. Chains were placed across the doors, and beneath these even the judges, entering, had to

stoop. The United States court-room was up two high and narrow flights of stairs. Six men were at the door of the court-room. The prisoner, a slender boy of seventeen, sat with two strong men on each side and five more in the seat behind him, while none but his counsel could approach him in front. (All this I take from notes made at the time.) The curious thing was that although there was a state law of 1843 prohibiting every Massachusetts official from taking any part in the restoration of a fugitive slave, yet nearly all these employees were Boston policemen, acting, so the city marshal told me, under orders from the mayor and aldermen. Under these circumstances there was clearly nothing to be done at the trial itself. All sorts of fantastic and desperate projects crossed the minds of those few among us who really, so to speak, meant business. I remember consulting Ellis Gray Loring, the most eminent lawyer among the Abolitionists, as to the possibility of at least gaining time by making away with the official record from the Southern court, a document which lay invitingly at one time among lawyers' papers on the table. Again, I wrote a letter to my schoolmate Charles Devens, the United States marshal, imploring him to resign rather than be the instrument of sending a man into bondage, — a thing actually done by one of the leading Boston policemen. It is needless to say to those who knew him that he answered courteously and that he reserved his decision. No other chance opening, it seemed necessary to turn all attention to an actual rescue of the prisoner from his place of confinement. Like Shadrach, Thomas Sims was not merely tried in the United States Court-House, but imprisoned there, because the state jail was not opened to him as he had not been arrested under any state law, and the United States had no jail in Boston. In the previous case, an effort had been made to obtain permission to confine the

fugitive slave at the Navy Yard, but Commodore Downes had refused. Sims, therefore, like Shadrach, was kept at the Court-House. Was it possible to get him out?

There was on Tuesday evening a crowded meeting at Tremont Temple, at which Horace Mann presided. I hoped strongly that some result might come from this meeting, and made a vehement speech there myself, which, as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe honored me by saying, was bringing the community to the verge of revolution, when a lawyer named Charles Mayo Ellis protested against its tone, and threw cold water upon all action. It was evident that if anything was done, it must be done by a very few. I looked round, during the meeting, for a band of twenty-five men from Marlborough, who had seemed to me to show more fighting quality than the rest, but they had probably gone home. Under this conviction half a dozen of us formed the following plan. The room where Sims was confined, being safe by reason of its height from the ground, had no gratings at the windows. The colored clergyman of Boston who alone had the opportunity to visit Sims, Mr. Grimes, agreed to arrange with him that at a specified hour that evening he should go to a certain window, as if for air, — for he had the freedom of the room, — and should spring out on mattresses which we were to bring from a lawyer's office across the way; we also providing a carriage in which to place him. All was arranged, — the message sent, the mattresses ready, the carriage engaged as if for an ordinary purpose; and behold! in the dusk of that evening, two of us, strolling through Court Square, saw men busily at work fitting iron bars across this safe third-story window. Whether we had been betrayed, or whether it was simply a bit of extraordinary precaution, we never knew. Colonel Montgomery, an experienced guerrilla in Kansas, used to say, "It is always best to take for

granted that your opponent is at least as smart as you yourself are." This, evidently, we had not done.

I knew that there was now no chance of the rescue of Sims. The only other plan that had been suggested was that we should charter a vessel, place it in charge of Austin Bearse, a Cape Cod sea-captain and one of our best men, and take possession of the brig *Acorn*, on which Sims was expected to be placed. This project was discussed at a small meeting in Theodore Parker's study, and was laid aside as impracticable, not because it was piracy, but because there was no absolute certainty that the fugitive would be sent South in that precise way. As no other plan suggested itself, and as I had no wish to look on, with my hands tied, at the surrender, I went back to my home in deep chagrin. The following extract from a journal written soon after is worth preserving as an illustration of that curious period:—

"It left me with the strongest impressions of the great want of preparation, on our part, for this revolutionary work. Brought up as we have all been, it takes the whole experience of one such case to educate the mind to the attitude of revolution. It is so strange to find one's self outside of established institutions; to be obliged to lower one's voice and conceal one's purposes; to see law and order, police and military, on the wrong side, and find good citizenship a sin and bad citizenship a duty, that it takes time to prepare one to act coolly and wisely, as well as courageously, in such an emergency. Especially this is true among reformers, who are not accustomed to act according to fixed rules and observances, but to strive to do what seems to themselves best, without reference to others. The Vigilance Committee meetings were a disorderly convention, each having his own plan or theory, perhaps stopping even for anecdote or disquisition, when the occasion required the utmost promptness of decision and the most

unflinching unity in action. . . . Our most reliable men were non-resistants, and some who were otherwise were the intensest visionaries. Wendell Phillips was calm and strong throughout; I never saw a finer gleam in his eyes than when drawing up that stirring handbill at the anti-slavery office."

During the months which followed, I attended anti-slavery conventions; wrote editorially for the newly established Commonwealth, the Boston organ of the Free Soil party; and had also a daily "Independent Column" of my own in the Newburyport Union, a liberal Democratic paper. No other fugitive slave case occurred in New England for three years. The mere cost in money of Sims's surrender had been vast; the political results had been the opposite of what was intended, for the election of Charles Sumner to the United States Senate practically followed from it. The whole anti-slavery feeling at the North was obviously growing stronger, yet there seemed a period of inaction all round, or of reliance on ordinary political methods in the contest. In 1852 I removed to Worcester, into a strong anti-slavery community of which my "Free Church" was an important factor. Fugitives came sometimes to the city, and I have driven them at midnight to the farm of the veteran Abolitionists, Stephen and Abby Kelley Foster, in the suburbs of the city. Perhaps the most curious case with which we had to deal was that of a pretty young woman, apparently white, with two perfectly white children, all being consigned to me by the Rev. Samuel May, then secretary of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society, and placed by him, for promptness of transportation to Worcester, under the escort of a Worcester merchant, thoroughly pro-slavery in sympathy, and not having the slightest conception that he was violating the laws in finding a seat for his charge and holding the baby on his knee. We had them in our care all winter. It was one of those cases of romantic incident

which slavery yielded. She was the daughter of her former master, and was the mistress of her present owner, her half-brother; she could scarcely read and write, but was perfectly ladylike, modest, and grateful. She finally married a tradesman near Boston, who knew her story, and she disappeared in the mass of white population, where we were content to leave her untraced.

All this minor anti-slavery work ended when, on Thursday evening, May 25, 1854, I had a letter by private messenger from the same Samuel May just mentioned, saying that a slave had been arrested, and the case was to be heard on Saturday morning; that a meeting was to be held on Friday evening at Faneuil Hall, and it was important that Worcester should be well represented. Mr. A. B. Alcott also came thither on the same errand. I sent messages to several persons, and especially to a man of remarkable energy, named Martin Stowell, who had taken part in a slave rescue at Syracuse, New York, urging them to follow at once. Going to Boston on the morning train, I found myself presently in a meeting of the Vigilance Committee, not essentially different from those which had proved so disappointing three years before. There was not only no plan of action, but no set purpose of united action. This can be imagined when I say that at one moment when there seemed a slight prospect of practical agreement, some one came in to announce that Suttle and his men, the slave-catchers, were soon to pass by, and proposed that we should go out and gaze at them, "pointing the finger of scorn," — as if Southern slave-catchers were to be combated by such weapons. This, however, had an effect in so far that the general committee adjourned, letting those alone remain who were willing to act personally in forcible resistance. This reduced our sixty down to thirty, of whom I was chosen chairman. Dr. Howe was then called on to speak, and gave some general advice,

very good and spirited. Two things were resolved on, — to send the names of those willing to act, and to have definite leadership. One leader would have been best, but we had not quite reached that point, so an executive committee of six was chosen at last, — Phillips, Parker, Howe, Kemp (an energetic Irishman), Captain Bearse, and myself; Stowell was added to these at my request. Even then it was inconceivably difficult to get the names of as many as twenty who would organize and obey orders. The meeting adjourned till afternoon, when matters were yet worse, — mere talk and discussion; but it seemed to me, at least, that something must be done; better a failure than to acquiesce tamely as before, and see Massachusetts henceforward made a hunting-ground for fugitive slaves.

All hopes now rested on Stowell, who was to arrive from Worcester at six P. M. I met him at the train, and walked up with him. He heard the condition of affairs, and at once suggested a new plan as the only thing feasible. The man must be taken from the Court-House. It could not be done in cold blood, but the effort must have behind it the momentum of a public meeting, such as was to be held at Faneuil Hall that night. An attack at the end of the meeting would be hopeless, for the United States marshal would undoubtedly be looking for just that attempt, and would be reinforced accordingly; this being, as we afterwards found, precisely what that official was planning. Could there not be an attack at the very height of the meeting, brought about in this way? Let all be in readiness; let a picked body be distributed near the Court House and Square; then send some loud-voiced speaker, who should appear in the gallery of Faneuil Hall and announce that there was a mob of negroes already attacking the Court-House; let a speaker, previously warned, — Phillips, if possible, — accept the opportunity promptly, and send the whole

meeting pell-mell to Court Square, ready to fall in behind the leaders and bring out the slave. The project struck me as an inspiration. I accepted it heartily, and think now, as I thought then, that it was one of the very best plots that ever—failed. "Good plot, good friends, and full of expectation." Why it came within an inch of success and still failed will next be explained.

The first thing to be done — after providing a box of axes for attack on the Court-House doors, a thing which I personally superintended — was to lay the whole matter before the committee already appointed and get its concurrence. This committee was to meet in the ante-room of Faneuil Hall before the general meeting. As a matter of fact it never came together, for everybody was pushing straight into the hall. The moments passed rapidly. We caught first one member of the committee, then another, and expounded the plot. Some approved, others disapproved; our stout sea-captain, distrusting anything to be attempted on land, utterly declining all part in it. Howe and Parker gave a hasty approval, and — only half comprehending, as it afterwards proved — were warned to be ready to give indorsement from the platform; Phillips it was impossible to find, but we sent urgent messages, which never reached him; Kemp stood by us: and we had thus a clear majority of the committee, which, although it had been collectively opposed to the earlier plan of an attack at the end of the meeting, was yet now committed to a movement half way through by way of surprise. We at once found our gallery orator in the late John L. Swift, a young man full of zeal, with a stentorian voice, afterwards exercised stoutly for many years in Republican and temperance meetings. He having pledged himself to make the proposed announcement, it was only necessary to provide a nucleus of picked men to head the attack. Stowell, Kemp, and I were each to fur-

nish five of these, and Lewis Hayden, the colored leader, agreed to supply ten negroes. So far all seemed ready, and the men were found as well as the general confusion permitted; but the very success and overwhelming numbers of the Faneuil Hall meeting soon became a formidable obstacle instead of a help.

It was the largest gathering I ever saw in that hall. The platform was covered with men; the galleries, the floor, even the outer stairways, were absolutely filled with a solid audience. Some came to sympathize, more to look on, — we could not estimate the proportion; but when the speaking was once begun, we could no more communicate with the platform than if the Atlantic Ocean rolled between. There was then no private entrance to it, such as now exists, and in this seemingly slight architectural difference lay the failure of the whole enterprise, as will be presently seen.

Those of us who had been told off to be ready in Court Square went there singly, not to attract attention. No sign of motion or life was there, though the lights gleamed from many windows, as it happened — a bit of unlooked-for good fortune — that the Supreme Court was holding an evening session, and ordinary visitors could pass freely. Planting myself near a door which stood ajar, on the east side of the building, I waited for the trap to be sprung, and for the mob of people to appear from Faneuil Hall. The moments seemed endless. Would our friends never arrive? Presently a rush of running figures, like the sweep of a wave, came round the corner of Court Square, and I watched it with such breathless anxiety as I have experienced only twice or thrice in life. The crowd ran on pell-mell, and I scanned it for a familiar face. A single glance brought the conviction of failure and disappointment. We had the froth and scum of the meeting, the fringe of idlers on its edge. The men on the platform, the real nucleus of that great gathering, were far in the

rear, perhaps were still clogged in the hall. Still, I stood, with assumed carelessness, by the entrance, when an official ran up from the basement, looked me in the face, ran in, and locked the door. There was no object in preventing him, since there was as yet no visible reinforcement of friends. Mingling with the crowd, I ran against Stowell, who had been looking for the axes, stored at a friend's office in Court Square. He whispered, "Some of our men are bringing a beam up to the west door, the one that gives entrance to the upper stairway." Instantly he and I ran round and grasped the beam; I finding myself at the head, with a stout negro opposite me. The real attack had begun.

What followed was too hurried and confusing to be described with perfect accuracy of detail, although the main facts stand out vividly enough. Taking the joist up the steps, we hammered away at the southwest door of the Court-House. It could not have been many minutes before it began to give way, was then secured again, then swung ajar, and rested heavily, one hinge having parted. There was room for but one to pass in. I glanced instinctively at my black ally. He did not even look at me, but sprang in first, I following. In later years the experience was of inestimable value to me, for it removed once for all every doubt of the intrinsic courage of the blacks. We found ourselves inside, face to face with six or eight policemen, who laid about them with their clubs, driving us to the wall and hammering away at our heads. Often as I had heard of clubbing, I had never before known just how it felt, and to my surprise it was not half so bad as I expected. I was unarmed, but had taken boxing lessons at several different times, and perhaps felt, like Dr. Holmes's young man named John, that I had "a new way of counter-in' I wanted to try;" but hands were powerless against clubs, although my burly comrade wielded his lustily. All

we could expect was to be a sort of clumsy Arnold Winkelried and "make way for liberty." All other thought was merged in this, the expectation of reinforcements. I did not know that I had received a severe cut on the chin, whose scar I yet carry, though still ignorant how it came. Nor did I know till next morning, what had a more important bearing on the seeming backwardness of my supposed comrades, that, just as the door sprang open, a shot had been fired, and one of the marshal's deputies, a man named Batchelder, had been killed. Nor did I know — nor did even the public know — for more than twenty-five years who killed him, or even by what weapon it was done.

It was one of those curious incidents which for a time baffle all conjecture. There had been other fugitive slave rescues in different parts of the country, but this was the first drop of blood actually shed. In all the long procession of events which led the nation through the Kansas struggle, past the John Brown foray, and up to the Emancipation Proclamation, the killing of Batchelder was the first act of violence. It was, like the firing on Fort Sumter, a proof that war had really begun. The mob outside was daunted by the event, the marshal's posse inside was frightened, and what should have been the signal of success brought check and ultimate failure. The theory at the time was that the man had been stabbed by a knife, thrust through the broken panel. The coroner's inquest found it to be so, and the press, almost as active as now, yet no more accurate, soon got so far as to describe the weapon, — a Malay kris, said to have been actually picked up in the street. For years I supposed all this to be so, and conjectured that either my negro comrade did the deed, or else Lewis Hayden, who was just behind him; the latter supposing in the same way, as I found after his death, that I did it. Naturally, we never exchanged a word on the subject, as it was

a serious matter ; and it was not till within a few years (1888) that it was revealed by a well-known Worcester and Boston journalist, the late Thomas Drew, that it was Martin Stowell who shot, not stabbed, Batchelder ; that Drew had originally given Stowell the pistol ; and that when the latter was arrested and imprisoned, on the night of the outbreak, he sent for Drew and managed to hand him the weapon, which Drew gave to some one else, who concealed it till long after the death of Stowell in the Civil War. This vital part of the facts, at the one point which made of the outbreak a capital offense, remained thus absolutely unknown, even to most of the participants, for thirty-four years. As to the coroner's verdict, it turned out that there was no surgical examination of the body, but that it was hastily assumed that the deed was done by a certain light mulatto in the crowd who had been foolishly brandishing a knife. As Drew had seen the revolver loaded in Worcester, and had found, after its restoration, that one barrel had been discharged, and as he was also in the attacking party and heard the firing, there can be no reasonable doubt of the correctness of his view.

All this, however, was unknown till later ; we only knew that we were gradually forced back beyond the threshold, the door standing now wide open, and our supporters having fallen back to leave the steps free. Mr. C. E. Stevens, in his *Anthony Burns, a History*, published in 1856, says that I said on emerging, "You cowards, will you desert us now?" And though his narrative, like most others heretofore printed, is full of inaccuracies, this may be true ; it was certainly what I felt, not knowing that a man had already been killed, and that Stowell and others had just been taken off by the police. I held my place outside, still hoping against hope that some concerted reinforcement might appear. Meanwhile the deputy marshals retreated to the stairway, over which we could see

their pistols pointing, the whole hall between us and them being brightly lighted. The moments passed on. One energetic young lawyer, named Seth Webb, whom I had known in college, ran up the steps, but I dissuaded him from entering alone, and he waited. Then followed one of the most picturesque incidents of the whole affair. In the silent pause that ensued there came quietly forth from the crowd the well-known form of Mr. Amos Bronson Alcott, the Transcendental philosopher. Ascending the lighted steps alone, he said tranquilly, turning to me and pointing forward, "Why are we not within?" "Because," was the rather impatient answer, "these people will not stand by us." He said not a word, but calmly walked up the steps, — he and his familiar cane. He paused again at the top, the centre of all eyes, within and without ; a revolver sounded from within, but hit nobody ; and finding himself wholly unsupported, he turned and retreated, but without hastening a step. It seemed to me that, under the circumstances, neither Plato nor Pythagoras could have done the thing better ; and the whole scene brought vividly back the similar appearance of the Gray Champion in Hawthorne's tale.

This ended the whole affair. Two companies of artillery had been ordered out, and two more of marines, these coming respectively from Fort Warren and the Charlestown Navy Yard. (Here again I follow Stevens.) Years after, the successor of the United States marshal, the Hon. R. G. Usher, said to me that his predecessor had told him that the surprise was complete, and thirty resolute men could have carried off Burns. Had the private entrance to the platform in Faneuil Hall existed then, as now, those thirty would certainly have been at hand. The alarm planned to be given from the gallery was heard in the meeting, but was disbelieved ; it was thought to be a scheme to interrupt the proceedings. Phillips had not received notice of it.

Parker and Howe had not fully comprehended the project; but when the latter could finally get out of the hall he ran at full speed up to the Court-House, with Dr. William Francis Channing at his side, and they — two of our most determined men — found the field lost. Had they and such as they been present, it might have been very different.

The attempt being a failure and troops approaching, I went down the steps. There is always a farce ready to succeed every tragedy, and mine occurred when a man in the crowd sidled quietly up to me and placidly remarked, "Mister, I guess you've left your rumberill." It flashed through my mind that before taking hold of the beam I had set down my umbrella — for it was a showery day — over the railing of the Court-House steps. Recapturing this important bit of evidence, I made my way to Dr. W. F. Channing's house, had my cut attended to, and went to bed; awaking in a somewhat battered condition the next morning, and being sent off to Worcester by my advisers. Then followed my arrest after a few days, — a matter conducted so courteously that the way of the transgressor became easy.

Naturally enough, my neighbors and friends regarded my arrest and possible conviction as a glory or a disgrace according to their opinions on the slavery question. Fortunately it did not disturb my courageous mother, who wrote, "I assure you it does not trouble me, though I dare say that some of my friends are commiserating me for having a son 'riotously and routously engaged,' " — these being the curious legal terms of the indictment. For myself, it was easy to take the view of my old favorite Lamennais, who regarded any life as rather incomplete which did not, as in his own case, include some experience of imprisonment in a good cause. ("Il manque toujours quelque chose à la belle vie, qui ne finit pas sur le champ de bataille, sur l'échafaud ou en prison.") In my im-

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mediate household the matter was taken coolly enough to suggest a calm inquiry, one day, by the lady of the house, whether all my letters to her from the prison would probably be read by the jailer; to which a young niece, then staying with us, replied with the levity of her years, "Not if he writes them in his usual handwriting."

It was left to my honor to report myself at the station in due time to meet the officers of the law; and my family, responding to this courtesy, were even more anxious than usual that I should not miss the train. In Boston, my friend Richard Henry Dana went with me to the marshal's office; and I sat in a chair to be "looked over" for identification by the various officers who were to testify at the trial. They sat or stood around me in various attitudes, with a curious and solemn depth of gaze which seemed somewhat conventional and even melodramatic. It gave the exciting sensation of being a bold Turpin just from Hounslow Heath; but it was on a Saturday, and there was something exquisitely amusing in the extreme anxiety of Marshal Tukey — a dark, handsome, picturesque man, said to pride himself on a certain Napoleonic look — that I should reach home in time for my Sunday's preaching. Later the long trial unrolled itself, in which, happily, my presence was not necessary after pleading to the indictment. Theodore Parker was the only one among the defendants who attended steadily every day, and he prepared that elaborate defense which was printed afterwards. The indictment was ultimately quashed as imperfect, and we all got out of the affair, as it were, by the side-door.

I have passed over the details of the trial as I omitted those relating to the legal defense of Burns, the efforts to purchase him, and his final delivery to his claimant, because I am describing the affair only as a private soldier tells of what he personally saw and knew.

I must, however, mention, in closing, a rather amusing afterpiece to the whole matter, — something which occurred on October 30, 1854. A Boston policeman, named Butman, who had been active at the time of Burns's capture, came up to Worcester for the purpose, real or reputed, of looking for evidence against those concerned in the riot. The city being intensely anti-slavery and having a considerable colored population, there was a strong disposition to lynch the man, or at least to frighten him thoroughly, though the movement was checked by a manly speech to the crowd by George Frisbie Hoar, now United States Senator, but then a young lawyer; the ultimate result being that Butman was escorted to the railway station on Mr. Hoar's arm, with a cordon of Abolitionists about him, as a shelter from the negroes who constantly rushed at him from the rear. I was one of this escort, and directly behind Butman walked Joseph Howland, a non-resistant of striking appearance, who satisfied his sensitive conscience by this guarded appeal, made at intervals in a sonorous voice: "Don't hurt him, mean as he is! Don't kill him, mean though he be!" At Howland's side was Thomas Drew, a vivacious little journalist, already mentioned, who compounded with his conscience very differently. Nudging back reprovingly the negroes and others who pressed upon the group, he would occasionally, when the coast was clear, run up and administer a vigorous kick to the unhappy victim, and then fall back to repress the assailants once more. As for these last, they did not seem to be altogether in earnest, but half in joke; although the scene gave the foundation for a really powerful chapter, called *The Roar of St. Domingo*, in the now forgotten novel *Harrington*, by W. D. O'Connor. Nevertheless, when we reached the station just as the express train moved away, thus leaving Butman behind, there began to come up an ugly shout from

the mob, which seemed to feel for a moment that the Lord had delivered the offender into its hands. As a horse with a wagon attached was standing near by, it was hastily decided to put Butman into the wagon and drive him off, — a proposal which he eagerly accepted. I got in with him and took the reins; but the mob around us grasped the wheels till the spokes began to break. Then the owner arrived, and seized the horse by the head to stop us. By the address of the late William W. Rice, I think, — since member of Congress, — a hack was promptly substituted for the wagon; it drove up close, so that Butman and I sprang into it and were whirled away before the mob fairly knew what had happened. A few stones were hurled through the windows, and I never saw a more abject face than that of the slave-catcher as he crouched between the seats and gasped out, "They'll get fast teams and be after us." This, however, did not occur, and we drove safely beyond the mob and out of the city towards Westborough, where Butman was to take a later train. Having him thus at my mercy, and being doubtless filled with prophetic zeal, I took an inhuman advantage of Butman, and gave him a discourse on the baseness of his whole career which would perhaps have made my reputation as a pulpit orator had my congregation consisted of more than one, or had any modern reporter been hidden under the cushions. Leaving him a mile or two out of town, I returned home, pausing only at the now deserted station to hunt up my wife's india-rubber overshoes, which I was carrying to be mended when the *émeute* broke out, and which I had sacrificed as heroically as I had nearly relinquished my umbrella at the Boston Court-House.

The Burns affair was the last actual fugitive slave case that occurred in Massachusetts, although for some years we kept up organizations and formed plans, and were better and better prepared for

action as the call for it disappeared. I was for some years a stockholder in the yacht *Flirt*, which was kept in commission under the faithful Captain Bearse, and was nominally let for hire, though really intended either to take slaves from incoming vessels, or, in case of need, to kidnap the claimant of a slave and keep him cruising on the coast of Maine until his claim should be surrendered. It all now looks very far off, and there has been time for the whole affair to be regarded in several different aspects. After the Civil War had accustomed men to the habitual use of arms and to military organization, the "Burns riot" naturally appeared in retrospect a boyish and inadequate affair enough; we could all see how, given only a community of veteran soldiers, the thing might have been more neatly managed. And again, now that thirty years of peace have almost extinguished the habits and associations of war, still another

phase of feeling has come uppermost, and it seems almost incredible that any condition of things should have turned honest American men into conscientious law-breakers. Yet such transitions have occurred in all periods of history, and the author of the *Greville Journals* records the amazement with which he heard that "Tom Grenville, so mild, so refined, adorned with such an amiable, venerable, and decorous old age," should be the same man who had helped, sixty years before, to carry the Admiralty building by storm in the riots occasioned by the trial of Admiral Keppel, and had been the second man to enter at the breach. Probably, if the whole truth were told, the sincere law-breakers of the world are the children of temperament as well as of moral conviction, and at any period of life, if the whirligig of time brought back the old conditions, would act very much as they acted before.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE RATIONAL STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

DEAN SWIFT, in his description of the battle between the ancient and the modern books in the king's library, has very wisely refrained from telling the outcome of the encounter. No violent polemic is in progress to-day as in the time of Swift, but the conflict itself between ancients and moderns has not got much beyond the point where he left it at the end of the *Battle of the Books*; it is not yet fought to a finish. The advantage, indeed, would seem of late to be rather on the side of the moderns. By its unconscious drift not less than by its conscious choice of direction, the world at present appears to be moving away from the classics. Even from England, that ancient stronghold of the humanities, we hear complaints that Latin and Greek

are losing ground. The modern mind, as the number of subjects that solicit its attention increases, tends, by an instinct of self-preservation, to reject everything that has even the appearance of being non-essential.

If, then, as may be inferred from the foregoing, the teacher of the classics is at present put more or less upon the defensive, the question arises how far the position he thus occupies is an inevitable one, and how far it springs from a failure on his part to conform his methods to existing needs. During the past twenty years, the methods of classical teaching in this country have undergone a modification corresponding to the rapid evolution that has taken place within that time in our whole college and uni-

versity system. Of the curious period of transition through which the higher education of this country is now passing it would be quite unsafe as yet to predict the outcome. There is one phenomenon, however, connected with the new development, that cannot escape the most casual observer; the rise, namely, in all of our great centres of learning, of graduate schools organized with a view to the training of specialists on the German plan, and superimposed on undergraduate systems belonging to an entirely different tradition. The establishment of the first of these graduate schools, that of the Johns Hopkins University, and the impulse there given to work of the type leading to the German doctor's degree, may be regarded as an event of capital importance in the history of American education. President Gilman contemplated with something akin to enthusiasm the introduction of the German scientific spirit, of *wissenschaftliche Methode*, the instinct for research and original work, into the intellectual life of the American student. The results have more than justified his expectations. In all that relates to accurate grasp of the subject in hand, to power of strenuous application and mastery of detail, the standard of American scholarship has risen immensely during the last few years, and will continue to rise. Our universities are turning out a race of patient and laborious investigators, who, for scholarship of the accumulative type, may claim to have rivaled the Germans on their own ground, as Horace said the Romans had come to rival the Greeks:

"Venimus ad summum fortunæ; pingimus atque

Psallimus et luctamur Achivis doctius unctis."

There are, however, even among those who recognize the benefits of the German scientific spirit, some who feel at the same time that it is not without certain dangers and drawbacks, especially when exhibited in the field of ancient or modern literature. A reaction is beginning to manifest itself of late, in some

quarters, against a too crude application of German methods to American educational needs. There are persons at present who do not believe that a man is fitted to fill a chair of French literature in an American college simply because he has made a critical study of the text of a dozen mediæval beast fables and written a thesis on the Picard dialect, and who deny that a man is necessarily qualified to interpret the humanities to American undergraduates because he has composed a dissertation on the use of the present participle in Ammianus Marcellinus. It is held by others, who put the matter on broader grounds, that German science, in some departments at least, is beginning to show signs of a decadence similar to the decadence that overtook Greek science in the schools of Alexandria. Matthew Arnold declares the great Anglo-Saxon failing during the present century to have been an excessive faith in machinery and material appliances. May we not with equal truth say that the great German failing during the same period has been an excessive faith in intellectual machinery and intellectual appliances? What else but intellectual machinery is that immense mass of partial results which has grown out of the tendency of modern science to an ever minuter subdivision and analysis? The heaping up of volumes of special research and of investigations of infinitesimal detail has kept pace in Germany with the multiplication of mechanical contrivances in the Anglo-Saxon world. One sometimes asks one's self, in moments of despondency, whether the main achievement of the nineteenth century will not have been to accumulate a mass of machinery that will break the twentieth century's back. The Harvard College library already contains, for the special study of Dante alone, over eighteen hundred volumes; about three fourths of which, it may be remarked in passing, are nearly or quite worthless, and only tend to the confusion of good counsel. Merely to master

the special apparatus for the study of Dante and his times, the student, if he conforms to the standard set for the modern specialist, will run the risk of losing his intellectual symmetry and sense of proportion, precisely the qualities of which he will stand most in need for the higher interpretation of Dante.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this disposition to forget the end of knowledge in the pursuit of its means and appliances more apparent at present than in the study of the classics. There is no intention, in saying this, to underrate the immense services that nineteenth-century scholars, especially those of Germany, have rendered the cause of classical learning. In their philological research and minute criticism of texts they are only following a method which, though first formulated and systematically applied by Bentley, goes back in its main features to the great scholars of the Renaissance. Is there not, however, a fallacy in assuming that material so strictly limited in amount as that remaining to us from classical antiquity is forever to be primarily the subject of scientific investigation? The feudal institutions which saved France from anarchy during the Middle Ages had come, in the eighteenth century, to be the worst of anachronisms; and in like manner, the type of scholarship which, at the beginning of the Renaissance, was needed to rescue and restore the texts of the classical writers will, if persisted in after that work has been thoroughly done, come to be a no less flagrant anachronism. The method which in the sixteenth century produced a Stephanus or a Casaubon will only give us to-day the spectacle of the "German doctor desperate with the task of saying something where everything has been said, and eager to apply his new theory of fog as an illuminating medium." As the field of ancient literature is more and more completely covered, the vision of the special investigator must become more and more microscopic. The pre-

sent generation of classical philologists, indeed, reminds one of a certain sect of Japanese Buddhists which believes that salvation is to be attained by arriving at a knowledge of the infinitely small. Positions, it is said, have recently been given in American colleges to men who have shown their assimilation of the classical spirit by writing theses on the ancient horse-bridle and on the Roman door-knob.

Doubtless the time has not yet come for what may be called the age of research in the ancient languages to be finally brought to a close. Of Greek literature especially we may say, in the words of La Fontaine, "That is a field which cannot be so harvested that there will not be something left for the latest comer to glean." But while there may still be subjects of research in the classics that will reward the advanced student, it is doubtful whether there are many such whose study the beginner may profitably undertake as a part of his preparation in his specialty. It may be questioned whether, in doing the work necessary under existing conditions to obtain the doctor's degree in the classics, a man has chosen the best means of getting at the spirit or even the letter of ancient literature, or of qualifying himself to become an exponent of that literature to others. It is claimed by the advocates of research that the training the student gets in his investigation, even though he fail to arrive at any important result, is in itself valuable and formative to a high degree. He is at least initiated into that wissenschaftliche Methode on which, as we have seen, President Gilman lays such particular stress. We must recognize a large measure of truth in the claims thus put forward by the advocates of research. It is by his power to gather himself together, to work within limits, as Goethe has told us in a well-known phrase, that the master is first revealed. In so far, then, as the German scientific method forces us to gather ourselves together and

to work within limits, thereby increasing our power of concentration, our ability to lay firm hold upon the specific fact, we cannot esteem it too highly. There can be no more salutary discipline for a person who is afflicted with what may be termed a loose literary habit of mind than to be put through a course of exact research. The lack of the power to work within limits, to lay firm hold upon the specific fact, is a fault of the gravest character, even when it appears in a mind like that of Emerson.

The question arises, however, whether an unduly high price has not been paid for accuracy and scientific method when these qualities have been obtained at the sacrifice of breadth. Would it not be possible to devise a series of examinations, somewhat similar in character, perhaps, to those now held for honors at Oxford and Cambridge, examinations which would touch upon ancient life and literature at the largest possible number of points, and which might serve to reveal, as the writing of a doctor's thesis does not, the range as well as the exactness of a student's knowledge? Certainly, some test is needed which shall go to show the general culture of a candidate as well as his special proficiency, his familiarity with ideas as well as with words, and his mastery of the spirit as well as of the mechanism of the ancient languages.

It is precisely in the failure to distinguish between the spirit and the mechanism of language, in the unwillingness to recognize literature as having claims apart from philology, that the danger of the present tendency chiefly consists. The opinion seems to be gaining ground that the study of literature by itself is unprofitable, hard to dissociate from dilettanteism, and not likely to lead to much except a lavish outlay of elegant epithets of admiration. A professor of Greek in one of the Eastern colleges is reported to have said that the literary teaching of the classics would reduce it-

self in practice to ringing the changes on the adjective "beautiful"! It is rigorous scientific method that needs to be painfully acquired. If a man has a certain right native instinct, his appreciation of the literature will take care of itself; and if this native instinct is lacking, it is something that no pressure from without will avail to produce. It is, then, *wissenschaftliche Methode* with its talismanic virtues that our every effort should be directed to impart, whereas the taste for literature is to be reckoned in with Dogberry's list of the things that come by nature. It is in virtue of some such sentiment as this that the study of philology seems at present to be driving the study of literature more and more from our Eastern universities. Do not the holders of this view, we may ask, emphasize unduly the influence their method will have upon individuals, and at the same time fail to consider the effect it may have in the formation of a tendency? In the long run, the gradual working of any given ideal upon the large body of average men, who simply take on the color of their environment, will produce a well-nigh irresistible movement in the direction of that ideal. If the minutiae rather than the larger aspects of the classics are insisted upon, the taste for small things will spread like a contagion among the rank and file of classical scholars, and we shall soon be threatened with an epidemic of pedantry. A particular type of scholar is as much in need of a congenial atmosphere in which to flourish as a plant is in need of a congenial soil and climate in which to flower and bring forth fruit. We cannot readily imagine a Professor Jowett appearing under existing conditions at the University of Berlin. Besides, the danger is to be taken into account that if present methods are pushed much further, the young men with the right native instinct for literature are likely to be driven out of the classics entirely. Young men of this type may not all care to be educated

as though they were to be "editors, and not lovers of polite literature;" they may not feel the fascination of spending months in a classical seminary, learning how to torment the text and the meaning of a few odes of Horace, "And torture one poor word ten thousand ways."

There is, to be sure, a very real danger in some subjects, especially in English literature, that the instruction may take too belletristic a turn. The term "culture course" has come to mean, among the undergraduates of one of our Eastern colleges, a course in which the students are not required to do any work. It is one of the main advantages of Latin and Greek over modern languages that the mere mastering of an ancient author's meaning will give to a course enough bone and sinew of solid intellectual effort to justify the teacher in adding thereto the flesh and blood of a large literary interpretation. In a civilization so hard and positive in temper as our own, it is not the instinct for philology, but rather the instinct for literature and for the things of the imagination, which is likely to remain latent if left to itself. A certain dry, lexicographical habit of mind is said by Europeans to be the distinctive mark of American scholarship. Instead of fostering this habit of mind in the classics by an undue insistence on philology, it should rather be our endeavor to counteract it by giving abundant stimulus and encouragement to their study as literature. In the classics more than in other subjects, the fact should never be forgotten that the aim proposed is the assimilation, and not the accumulation, of knowledge. In the classics, if anywhere, there is need to insist on a scholarship that will lay hold on some faculty higher than the memory. In the classics, if nowhere else, mere erudition should be held of comparatively little account except in so far as it has been converted into culture; and culture itself should

not be regarded as complete until it has so penetrated its possessor as to become a part of his character. Montaigne has said somewhere in his essays that he loved to forge his mind rather than to furnish it. The metaphor of Montaigne's phrase is somewhat mixed, but the idea it embodies is one that men born into a late age of scholarship cannot ponder too carefully. As the body of learning transmitted from the past increases in volume, it becomes constantly more difficult for one to maintain that exact relation between the receipt and the assimilation of knowledge which has been declared by the greatest of the Hindoo sages to be the root of all wisdom. "Without knowledge," says Buddha, "there is no reflection, without reflection there is no knowledge; he who has both knowledge and reflection is close upon Nirvāna." The risk we run nowadays is that of having our minds buried beneath a dead-weight of information which we have no inner energy, no power of reflection, to appropriate to our own uses and convert into vital nutriment. We need to be on our guard against allowing the mere collector of information to gain an undue advantage over the man who would maintain some balance between his knowledge and reflection. We are, for instance, putting a premium on pedantry, if we set up as the sole test of proficiency in the classics the degree of familiarity shown with that immense machinery of minute learning that has grown up about them. This is to exalt that mere passive intellectual feeding which is the bane of modern scholarship. It is to encourage the man who is willing to abandon all attempt at native and spontaneous thought, and become a mere register and repertory of other men's ideas in some small department of knowledge. One of the college comic papers recently published a cathode ray photograph of a very modern type of university professor, with the result, alas, of revealing inside the professor's head only a set of wheels. The

man who is willing to reduce his mind to a purely mechanical function may often thereby gain a mastery of facts that will enable him to intimidate the man who would make a larger use of his knowledge; for there are among scholars, as Holmes says there are in society, "fellows" who have a number of "ill-conditioned facts which they lead after them into decent company, ready to let them slip, like so many bulldogs, at every ingenious suggestion or convenient generalization or pleasant fancy." There has always existed between the man of the literal fact and the man of the general law, between the man of the cold understanding and the man of thought and imagination, an instinctive aversion. We can trace the feud that has divided the two classes of minds throughout history. They were arrayed against each other in fierce debate for centuries during the Middle Ages, under the name of Realists and Nominalists. The author of one of the oldest of the Hindoo sacred books pronounces an anathema on two classes of people, the grammarian and the man who is over-fond of a good dinner, and debars them both from the hope of final salvation. A similar animus is betrayed in an ancient Sanskrit epigram which Mr. Paul E. More, of Bryn Mawr College, renders as follows:—

"I saw an ass who bore a load
Of sandal-wood along the road,
And almost with the burden bent,
Yet never guessed the sandal scent:
So philologists bear a mass
Of books they comprehend not, like the ass."

The remark has frequently been made that quarrels would not last long if the fault were on one side only. We may apply this truth to the debate in question, which, considered in its essence, springs from the opposition between the lovers of synthesis and the lovers of analysis. Now, Emerson has profoundly said, in his essay on Plato, that the main merit of the Greeks was to have found

and occupied the right middle ground between synthesis and analysis; and in like manner, the true scholar will find and occupy the Aristotelian mean between the pure grammarian and the pure humanist.

The purely humanistic ideal of the classics, indeed, has in it much that is admirable; but at present, in some respects at least, it has become antiquated and inadequate. It makes the mistake of treating the classical writers too much as isolated phenomena, of not paying enough attention to the essential relations they bear one another and to modern life and literature. Mr. Walter Pater, one of the most distinguished humanists of these recent times, fell under the suspicion of being a dilettante, if not a decadent, and there are some who think they detect a touch of dilettantism even in a book like that of Professor Jebb on Greek poetry. This defect, so far as it exists, comes from a failure on the part of the interpreter of the classics to relate them in a large and vital way to modern life; it springs from his disposition to retire, as Sainte-Beuve would say, into his tower of ivory, and to seek in ancient literature merely a source of exquisite solace for his æsthetic faculty. It would seem, then, that new life and interest are to be infused into the classics not so much by a restoration of humanism as by a larger application to them than has heretofore been made of the comparative and historical methods. Especially in the case of a language like Latin, whose literature is so purely derivative, and which has in turn radiated its influence along so many different lines to the modern world, any mere disconnected treatment of individual authors is entirely insufficient. The works of each author, indeed, should first be considered by themselves and on their own merits, but they should also be studied as links in that unbroken chain of literary and intellectual tradition which extends from the ancient to the modern

world. It is by bringing home to the mind of the American student the continuity of this tradition that one is likely to implant in him, more effectually, perhaps, than in any other way, that right feeling and respect for the past which he so signally lacks. For if the fault of other countries and other times has been an excess of reverence for the past, the danger of this country to-day would seem rather to be an undue absorption into the present. No great monument of a former age, no Pantheon or Notre Dame, rises in the midst of our American cities to make a silent plea for the past against the cheap and noisy tendencies of the passing hour. From various elements working together obscurely in his consciousness, — from the theory of human perfectibility inherited from the eighteenth century, from the more recent doctrine of evolution, above all from the object lesson of his own national life, — the average American has come to have an instinctive belief that each decade is a gain over the last decade, and that each century is an improvement on its predecessor; the first step he has to take in the path of culture is to realize that movement is not necessarily progress, and that the advance in civilization cannot be measured by the increase in the number of eighteen-story buildings. The emancipation from this servitude to the present may be reckoned as one of the chief benefits to be derived from classical study. Unfortunately, this superficial modernism, appearing at the outset under the form of prejudice or at least indifference, turns many away from the study of the classics altogether, and tends to diminish even in those who do study them that faith and enthusiasm so necessary to overcome the initial difficulties.

The American, it is true, is often haunted, in the midst of all his surface activity, with a vague sense that, after all, his life may be deficient in depth and dignity; it is not so often, however, that he succeeds in tracing this defect in his

life to its lack of background and perspective, to the absence in himself of a right feeling for the past, — that feeling which, as has been truly said, distinguishes more than any other the civilized man from the barbarian. As has already been remarked, this feeling is to be gained, in the case of the classics, not so much by treating them as isolated phenomena as by making clear the manifold ways in which they are related to the present, by leaving no chasm between ancient and modern life over which the mind is unable to pass. One of the important functions, then, of the classical teacher should be to bridge over the gap between the Greek and Roman world and the world of to-day. No preparation can be too broad, no culture too comprehensive, for the man who would fit himself for the adequate performance of such a task. His knowledge of modern life and literature needs to be almost as wide as his knowledge of the life and literature of antiquity. The ideal student of the classics should not rest satisfied until he is able to follow out in all its ramifications that Greek and Latin thought which, as Max Müller says, runs like fire in the veins of modern literature. In the case of an author like Virgil, for instance, he should be familiar not only with the classical Virgil, but also with the Virgil of after-centuries, — with Virgil the magician and enchanter who haunted the imagination of the Middle Ages, with Virgil the guide of Dante, and so on down to the splendid ode of Tennyson. If he is dealing with Aristotle, he should be able to show the immense influence exercised by Aristotle over the mediæval and modern European mind, both directly through the Latin tradition and indirectly through Averrhoës and the Arabs. If his author is Euripides, he should know in what way Euripides has affected modern dramatic art; he should be capable of making a comparison between the Hippolytus and the Phèdre of Racine.

If he is studying Stoicism, he should be able to contrast the stoical ideal of perfection with the Christian ideal of the perfect life as elaborated by writers like St. Bonaventura and St. Thomas Aquinas. He should neglect far less than has been done heretofore the great patristic literature in Greek and Latin as giving evidence of the process by which ancient thought passed over into thought of the mediæval and modern types. These are only a few examples, chosen almost at random, of the wide and fruitful application that may be made of the comparative method.

How much, again, might be done to enhance the value of classical study by a freer use than has hitherto been made of the historical method! The word "historical" is intended to be taken in a large sense: what is meant is not so much a mere cataloguing of the events of ancient civilization as an investigation of the various causes that led to the greatness or decline of ancient societies, — history, in short, as understood by Renan, "theoretical" rather than "curious." The last word on the reasons for the rise and fall of the Romans has not been spoken by Montesquieu. An investigation of the kind referred to would allow the application of many of the theories of modern science, but its results would have far more than an abstract scientific interest; they would provide us with instruction and examples to meet the problems of our own times. From the merest inattention to the teachings of the past, we are likely, in our national life, to proceed cheerfully to

"Commit the oldest sins the newest kind of ways."

A sober reflection on the history of the ancient republics might put us on our guard against many of the dangers to which we ourselves are exposed. It might cure us in part of our cheap optimism. It might, in any case, make us conscious of that tendency of which Machiavelli had so clear a vision, — the ten-

dency of a state to slip down an easy slope of prosperity into vice: —

"Et in vitium fortuna labier æqua."

How much light might be shed — to give but a single illustration of what is meant — on contemporary as well as on Roman politics by a course, properly conducted, on the correspondence of Cicero!

The method just suggested of studying the classics might possibly render them less liable to the complaint now made that they are entirely remote from the interests and needs of the present. It is this feeling of the obsolescence of the classics, joined to the utilitarian instinct so deeply imbedded in the American character, that is creating such a widespread sentiment in favor of giving, at least in part, the place they now hold to modern languages. It was interesting to note with what general approval Professor Grandgent's strong plea for this substitution was received at a recent meeting of the Harvard Teachers' Association. At so conservative an institution as Williams it is already possible to get the bachelor's degree without Greek, by taking in its place a sufficient amount of French and German before and after entering college. The American student of the future is evidently going to have a chance to follow in the footsteps of that remarkable young woman, Miss Blanche Amory of Pendennis, who, it will be remembered, "improved her mind by a sedulous study of the novels of the great modern authors of the French language." It would appear, from a comparison of the catalogues of one of our Eastern universities, that its undergraduates now have an opportunity to read *La Débâcle* of Emile Zola, where twenty years ago they would have been required to read the *Antigone* of Sophocles.

Space will not permit a full discussion of this important question as to the relative educational value of ancient and modern languages, but a few reasons may be given briefly in support of the

view that modern languages, however valuable as a study supplementary to the classics, are quite inadequate to take their place.

M. Paul Bourget, in a recent autobiographical sketch, tells us that, as a young man, he steeped his mind in the works of Stendhal and Baudelaire and other modern literature of the same type. He fails to explain, either to himself or to others, the fact that these modern books, though written, as he says, in all truth and sincerity, should yet have given him a view of life which later led only to bitter disappointment and disillusion. M. Bourget's difficulty might have been less if he had taken into account that the authors of whom he speaks, so far from serving as a stimulus to his will and reason, merely invited him to retire into a corner and try strange experiments on his own emotional nature, and draw new and novel effects from his own capacity for sensation; that they held out to him, in short, the promise of a purely personal and sensuous satisfaction from life, — a promise which life itself may be counted upon not to keep. Now, modern authors are not all, like Baudelaire, of the violently subjective type, but the intrusion of the author and his foibles into his work, the distortion of the objective reality of life by its passage through the personal medium, is much more frequent in modern than in ancient literature. So much of modern literature merely encourages to sentimental and romantic reverie rather than to a resolute and manly grappling with the plain facts of existence. Romanticism may not mean the Commune, as Thiers said it did, but we may at least say that literature of the romantic type, compared with that in the classical tradition, is so deficient in certain qualities of sobriety and discipline as to make us doubt its value as a formative influence upon the minds of the young. Classical literature, at its best, does not so much tend to induce in us a certain state of

feelings, much less a certain state of the nerves; it appeals rather to our higher reason and imagination, — to those faculties which afford us an avenue of escape from ourselves, and enable us to become participants in the universal life. It is thus truly educative in that it leads him who studies it out and away from himself. The classical spirit, in its purest form, feels itself consecrated to the service of a high, impersonal reason. Hence its sentiment of restraint and discipline, its sense of proportion and pervading law. By bringing our acts into an ever closer conformity with this high, impersonal reason, it would lead us, although along a different path, to the same goal as religion, to a union ever more intimate with

"our only true, deep-buried selves,
Being one with which, we are one with the
whole world."

By a complete and harmonious development of all our faculties under the guidance and control of this right reason, it would raise us above the possibility of ever again falling away

"Into some bondage of the flesh or mind,
Some slough of sense, or some fantastic maze
Forged by the imperious, lonely thinking
power."

This high message contained in classical literature calls for the active exercise of our own best faculties, of our intellect and imagination, in order to be understood. It may be because of this purely intellectual appeal of the classics that there is so much initial inertia to overcome in awakening an interest in them, — especially if it be true, as Mr. Goschen claimed in a recent address, that the modern man is losing more and more his capacity to think; and indeed, to transform into a Greek scholar the average young man of to-day, whose power of attention has been dissipated in the pages of the American newspaper, whose mind has been relaxed by reading the modern erotic novel, — this, to borrow one of Phillips Brooks's phrases,

would sometimes seem about as promising an enterprise as to make a lance-head out of putty. The number of those who can receive the higher lessons of Greek culture is always likely to be small. The classical spirit, however, is salutary and formative wherever it occurs, and if a man is not able to appreciate it in Pindar, he may in Horace; and if not in Horace, then in Molière. French literature of the seventeenth century is, as a whole, the most brilliant manifestation of the classical spirit in modern times, and one might teach French with considerable conviction, were it not for the propensity of the American student to confine his reading in French to inferior modern authors, and often, indeed, to novels of the decadence.

Decadent novels and other fungous growths of a similar nature are not peculiar to French, but are multiplying with alarming rapidity in all the great European literatures. Modern literature has been more or less sentimental since Petrarch, and a morbidly subjective strain has existed in it since Rousseau, while of late a quality is beginning to appear which we cannot better describe than as neurotic. We may say, to paraphrase an utterance of Chamfort's, that the success of some contemporary books is due to the correspondence that exists between the state of the author's nerves and the state of the nerves of his public. Spiritual despondency, which under the name of *acedia* was accounted one of the seven deadly sins during the Middle Ages, has come in these later days to be one of the main resources of literature. Life itself has recently been defined by one of the lights of the French deliquescent school as "an epileptic fit between two nothings." It is no small resource to be able to escape from these miasmatic exhalations of contemporary literature into the bracing atmosphere of the classics; to be able to rise into that purer ether

"where those immortal shapes
Of bright, ærial spirits live inspired
In regions mild of calm and serene air."

We can, then, by no means allow the claims of those who find in modern languages an adequate substitute for the classics. We must, however, agree with those who assert that if the classics are to maintain their traditional place, they must be related more largely to the needs and aspirations of modern life. With this end in view, it would seem desirable that classical study take a somewhat new direction: we need to emulate the spirit of the great scholars of the Renaissance, but to modify their methods. As to the present excess of German tendency in American classical scholarship, it may, so far as it exists, be left to remedy itself. The German research method appeals, indeed, to certain hard, positive qualities in the American mind, but other sides of the German ideal the American will find distasteful, on closer acquaintance; above all, he will prove incapable, in the long run, of the sublime disinterestedness of the German specialist, who, so far from asking himself whether his work will ever serve any practical purpose, never stops to inquire whether it will serve any purpose at all. Some reaction, then, against the exaggerations of the German method will do no harm; but the scientific spirit itself, in the study of the classics, we need to retain. Let the classics benefit by the fullest application of the scientific spirit, but let that spirit be directed less toward philological research than toward a freer use of the comparative and historical methods. There is needed in the classics to-day a man who can understand the past with the result, not of loosening, but of strengthening his grasp upon the present. There is needed a type of scholar intermediary between the high school pedagogue and the university specialist, who can interpret the classics in a large and liberal spirit to American under-

graduates, carrying with him into his task the consciousness that he is forming the minds and characters of the future citizens of a republic. The teaching of the classics thus understood could be made one of the best preparations for practical life, and less might be heard of the stock complaint about wasting time in the study of the dead languages. As to this last charge, we may quote from the most eloquent appeal that has been made of late years for a more liberal study of the classics, — that of Lowell in his Harvard Anniversary address. "If the language of the Greeks is dead," he there says, "yet the literature it enshrines is rammed with life as perhaps no other writing, except Shakespeare's, ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals, not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Men are ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand. . . . We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil, this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence."

There was never greater need of the Hellenic spirit than there is to-day, and especially in this country, if that charge of lack of measure and sense of proportion which foreigners bring against

Americans is founded in fact. As Matthew Arnold has admirably said, it is the Greek writers of the great period who best show the modern mind the path that it needs to take; for the modern man cannot, like the man of the Middle Ages, live by the imagination and religious faculty alone; on the other hand, he cannot live solely by the exercise of his reason and understanding. It is only by the union of these two elements of his nature that he can hope to attain a balanced growth, and this fusion of the reason and the imagination is found realized more perfectly than elsewhere in the Greek classics of the Golden Age. Those who can receive the higher initiation into the Hellenic spirit will doubtless remain few in number, but these few will wield a potent influence for good, each in his own circle, if only from the ability they will thereby have acquired to escape from contemporary illusions. For of him who has caught the profounder teachings of Greek literature we may say, in the words of the Imitation, that he is released from a multitude of opinions. We may apply to authors like Sophocles and Plato, and to those who have penetrated their deeper meaning, the language the Buddhists use to describe their perfect sage, — language which will at once remind the scholar of the beginning of the second book of Lucretius: "When the learned man has driven away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon the fools, serene he looks upon the toiling crowd, as one that stands on a mountain looks down on them that stand upon the plain."

Irving Babbitt.

LEGISLATIVE SHORTCOMINGS.

THE Congress of the United States and six state legislatures meet every year; the sessions of thirty-nine legislatures are biennial. The meeting of any of these bodies is awaited by many sensible and intelligent citizens with uneasiness and even with alarm, and final adjournment is generally welcomed as a relief from serious anxiety.

That our legislatures, state and national, do their work unsatisfactorily no one thinks of disputing. The conservative capitalist and the socialist may not agree in the details of their criticism, but they are quite at one in the severity of their censure. Newspapers and magazines are filled with vigorous denunciation of Senators and Representatives, and voters are rather vaguely exhorted to improve matters by a wiser choice of legislators. Even if the universal dissatisfaction be somewhat excessive, it has a substantial basis. Our legislative shortcomings are worthy of serious study, and yet, notwithstanding all the severe criticism spoken and written, unimpassioned and precise study of these shortcomings is rare. The critics seldom have any experimental knowledge of what they criticise, and the legislators too often forget that they are open to criticism. I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous if I give, for what it is worth, the result of two years' experience in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Compared with others, this legislative body holds a position at least respectable, but the complaints made of it are the same in kind, though in degree they may not be so severe, as those relating to the legislatures of other States. Local conditions and traditions doubtless have their effect in making one legislature differ somewhat from another, but throughout the North, and to a less extent even in the South, the problems and difficulties of legislation are much the same.

If the average man be asked why a session of the legislature is dreaded by many intelligent persons, he will answer that the quality of the individual legislators is poor, and that few of them are men of good standing in their several communities. This statement he will hold to be obviously true beyond the possibility of doubt. He supposes them to be, for the most part, machine politicians of small capacity and doubtful honesty, actuated mainly by party spirit and personal ambition,—men who are but little trusted by their neighbors in the other affairs of life.

To prove positively the unsoundness of this common opinion is impossible, of course, for respectability, reputation, and good standing in the community are largely matters of opinion. I can only say that I believe the members of the Massachusetts House, as individuals apart from their office, to be much better men than their critics suppose. A House of two hundred and forty members must always contain some men who are not honest, reputable, or intelligent; but the better the members are known as individuals, the more plainly does it appear that the great majority of them are altogether respectable and well intentioned, and that many of them are men who in their several communities are actually chosen, and chosen naturally and properly, to fill important positions of private and corporate trust. Considering human nature, it is rather remarkable that universal suffrage is so discriminating. The best choice is made by the country districts, where the population is stable, and where the average income is so small that the legislative salary makes a desirable addition to it. In the cities, and especially in the larger cities, men of the widest and most successful experience in business seldom find time for legislative

service ; but even in cities the Representatives are usually men of some acquaintance with affairs, whose principal desire, when elected, is to do that which is right and for the public interest. These statements may be strenuously controverted, but I can say that experience has converted me from the opposite belief.

Again, these Representatives are not often guided by party spirit. Undoubtedly party spirit exists, and it affects, sometimes legitimately, sometimes quite improperly, the course of legislation ; its effect on legislation in Massachusetts, however, is comparatively small. In only thirteen roll-calls out of one hundred and four taken in 1895, and in only seven out of forty-nine taken in 1896, were party lines closely drawn. In most of the exceptional cases they were not drawn with absolute strictness.

If most of the Representatives, as individuals, are men of good character, of experience in business, intelligent, well intentioned, and not unduly partisan, it may be asked in what good quality they are lacking, and why their meeting is an occasion of common apprehension. Though they are generally most respectable individuals, they are almost wholly without special fitness for the work of legislation. In the average legislature there can be found hardly a man who has ever given such consideration to the study of any legislative question that he has become expert in its treatment. The legislature is composed almost or quite altogether of men without serious legislative experience. As soon as a rural legislative district is established in Massachusetts by the decennial apportionment, its Representative convention assigns to the towns composing it, sometimes six or eight in number, the years in which each town is permitted to select the Representative. Locality alone is considered. When the turn of a town arrives, the choice of its caucus is confirmed, as a matter of honor, by the voters of the other towns. The retiring member may be

clearly the most competent man in the whole district : his superior qualifications are not even mentioned, and his experience, painfully acquired during four or five months, is unhesitatingly thrown away. If his town is somewhat larger or if his constituency is urban, a second term will probably be assigned to him almost as of right, but two terms are supposed to satisfy the political appetite of any reasonable man. For one change in representation caused by change in the politics of a constituency or by disapproval of a Representative's course, there are five changes caused by the principle of rotation in office without other reason whatsoever. If the rolls of the House in 1889 and 1896 be compared, an illustration taken quite at random, but four names will be found common to both, and of these four members two did not serve in any intermediate legislature ; no one of the four served continuously. A few constituencies disregard this two years' rule, and thus acquire great weight in the legislature, but the habit of change is so deeply ingrained that even the clearest demonstration of its injury is quite unavailing. Public office is still regarded as a personal distinction rather than as a means of public service. In this respect there has lately been in Massachusetts a very slight improvement. Nearly all our state Senators have served a year or two in the House before entering the Senate, and the experience thus acquired, as well as the smallness of the Senate, makes it a much more businesslike body than the House, and one which wastes much less time. In some other States the want of legislative experience is even greater than here ; in some the reflection of Representatives may be a little more usual.

This constant change makes impossible a legislative career such as may be followed in most European legislatures, and in a less degree even in the Congress of the United States. The requirements of training and experience would seem to be as imperative for useful legislation as

for the successful practice of law or medicine; but, so far as our Representatives are concerned, legislation is shaped by men without any special equipment worth mentioning. Rotation in office makes a legislative expert almost an impossibility. As no lawyer or physician would ever submit to a professional education if he were allowed to practice his profession but for a year or two in the course of his life, so no man will undertake serious legislative study if his knowledge, the result of his faithful and long-continued labor, can be made profitable but for a few months. Even if a man were found, ready to give years of study for so scanty a return of usefulness, he would be denied the opportunity of sufficient legislative practice, without which his study would probably be misleading. Try to imagine for a moment the effect upon the community of compelling all physicians, merchants, and manufacturers to retire from business after an experience of only a year or two.

When the Massachusetts House meets, composed, as I have said, of men who fairly represent the intelligence and business capacity of the communities of the commonwealth, but who are almost altogether without legislative education and experience, it has no defined legislative programme, partisan or otherwise. The individual member generally has two objects in view.

The first object is to secure the passage, or more rarely the defeat, of some legislative measure of only local importance, — a measure in which his constituents or friends may be deeply concerned, though it is of very slight importance to the commonwealth at large. Occasionally, but not often, this measure is an iniquitous job. Usually the member has no pecuniary interest in it, and often it is little more than a matter of legislative routine. Even when it is unwise, it is frequently nothing worse than a piece of foolish legislative fussiness; or perhaps it was devised to meet some local demand, and

is objectionable only because of the bad precedent it establishes; such, for example, as acts to enable a particular town to subsidize a steamboat or a variety show for the convenience or amusement of its summer visitors. Statutes like these had no corrupt purpose, and they were desired by the whole population of the towns in question. If the member's pet measure is not a local matter, but an act of general importance, he runs the risk of being deemed a crank. If he should strenuously seek the passage of several measures, really important, he would be thought wholly devoid of common sense, and his influence would soon disappear. Such a man is sometimes found in the House, but his fellow members agree in thinking that his rarity is a blessing. As will be explained presently, they know that important legislation has no chance of passage, and they grudge the time given to its consideration.

The second object which the average member of the legislature proposes to himself is a fair and impartial vote upon the measures submitted to him, in which he has no particular interest and concerning which he has no peculiar knowledge; in this category he would modestly put at least nineteen measures out of twenty that come before the House. He wishes first to pass his own pet measure, and then to vote wisely upon the pet measures of his fellow members, after giving them an impartial hearing.

Now, a member of the House who does not aspire to be a leader knows that so long as he does not err exceptionally and grievously concerning the great mass of legislation submitted to him, his record will be judged mainly by his success in passing the one or more bills in which his constituents or friends are especially interested. To succeed here will redound greatly to his credit; to vote wrong occasionally upon measures of general interest will impair that credit but slightly, — at any rate, if the vote is quietly and unobtrusively given.

His reputation must be merely local, and local reputation, in most cases, is determined by the member's attitude toward local measures. Hence his sense of responsibility is much stronger regarding some local measure which is unimportant to the general public than it is concerning measures which are generally important. This may be illustrated by a story from experience. A rural district returned to a certain legislature a man of good standing in his community and of excellent character, — a man who would naturally be trusted in the ordinary affairs of his neighborhood. The only thing his constituents cared for was a local bill in which he had no direct pecuniary interest. In order to secure votes for his pet bill, he was willing to trade his own vote on almost any other measure, important or unimportant, that came before the legislature, and consequently he was a bad legislator. The badness of his record, however, was caused, not by his bad character as an individual, but by his regard for the wishes of his constituents. Had he refused to trade his vote, his constituents, without regard to party or condition, would probably have deemed him faithless to his principal duty; had he succeeded in passing his bill, they would cheerfully have pardoned, if indeed they had noticed, his aberrations concerning every measure of real importance which came before the legislature. This is an extreme case, but in a somewhat milder form trading is common and almost universal. In its practical results it is more harmful than direct pecuniary corruption. The temptation to trade is much more insidious than the temptation to take a bribe. The line between bribery and pecuniary honesty is pretty clearly defined, — no man can well be bribed without knowing it; but the line between legitimate compromise and pernicious log-rolling cannot be drawn with any sharpness. Moreover, bribery is condemned by the common judgment of every one; trading is not.

In spite of frequent trading and occasional venality, however, the average member of the House does try to pass fairly upon most questions submitted to him; but his attitude, both in committee and in the House, is distinctly that of a juryman. He does not try to carry out any programme drawn up by the party leaders or determined by his own individual opinions, he does not seek to initiate serious legislation; he sits to hear the petitioners that come before him, to effect a compromise, if possible, in matters of dispute, and in the last resort to decide the case on its merits: and this attitude is characteristic not only of the average member of the House, but even of those who may fairly be taken as its leaders. Even a leader, but slightly aided by party discipline, having no recognized position like that of a cabinet minister, and exposed to the jealousy of his fellow members, which is heedless and irritating, though it is seldom malicious, soon comes to consider that his chief duty is to stop legislation which is positively bad rather than to secure that which is positively good.

If a proposed measure be unopposed, it is passed, of course, without serious difficulty. The bill is prepared outside the legislature, presented to it, and referred to the appropriate committee. The petitioners make out a strong case, and succeed in giving the committee an inkling of what they desire. There are no remonstrants, the committee's report is favorable, and, as there is no opposition whatever, it is accepted by the House. A controversial measure has quite another fate.

The system of land transfer in Massachusetts was believed by many persons to be needlessly complicated, and the Australian or Torrens system was suggested as an advantageous substitute. Obviously the matter was too difficult for the unaided intelligence of the legislature, and so it was referred to a commission. The commission presented two reports, differ-

ing considerably in detail, but both recommending a change in the existing system. These reports were duly referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, which is composed of lawyers, and is more nearly a body of experts than any other committee of the legislature. Most of its members were ready for a change in the law, but all thought the changes proposed by the commission too sweeping. Time was needed to draft a new bill, and time was the one thing wanting. A hundred and twenty matters, or thereabouts, had been referred to the committee, on almost all of which a public hearing must be given. Some of these were matters of mere routine, such as the ratification of acts of justices of the peace and the removal of technical flaws in the proceedings of town meetings. Others were measures which had been rejected over and over again by preceding legislatures, and had not the slightest chance of passage. Others were frivolous. In all cases, however, the petitioners had the right to a hearing, — a right as sacred as that of a suitor to a hearing before a court of law, — and a hundred and twenty public hearings take time. Hoping for a little leisure, the overworked committee postponed the consideration of land transfer until careless justices and stupid town officers had been furnished with the desired legislation. Reports on all matters referred to the committee had then become due under the rules of the House, and, confessing its impotence, the committee had to recommend the reference of the proposed changes to the next legislature. In that next legislature the subject came up again, and for the same reason met the same fate. Thus an important measure was refused serious consideration, not because the House was hostile, not because its members were venal partisans, but because, under our system, there can be found no Representative with leisure for serious study.

Sometimes, of course, an important

measure does pass. The Bay State Gas Company desired a charter to sell gas throughout the commonwealth unhampered by municipal boundaries; if allowed to do this, it promised to give consumers cheap gas. The measure, though in form a private bill, was probably more important to the general public than any other measure brought before the legislature of 1896. The petitioners, like the plaintiff in a suit at law, asked for more than they hoped to obtain. Their proposed bill was referred to the appropriate committee. Before the committee appeared several able gentlemen, leaders of the two great political parties, retained at a great price to argue on behalf of the petitioners, in the hope that the political standing of the advocates would add weight to their arguments. It must not be supposed that these gentlemen were expected to corrupt members of the legislature, — nothing of the kind; bribery, if practiced at all, was practiced by men of a very different sort. At the same time, it may be doubted if good legislation is helped by the paid employment in behalf of a given measure not only of learning and forensic ability, but also of the influence naturally carried by a great name.

After the petitioners' case was in, the established gas companies, as remonstrants, took their turn, being also represented by distinguished politicians. The committee was perplexed. All admitted that the petitioners asked too much; nearly all were for giving them something by way of compromise, in the honest desire of securing to the community the benefits of cheap gas. No member of the committee had any particular knowledge of the subject, and an unprejudiced expert is nearly as unobtainable by a legislature as by a jury. Had the Gas Commission, for example, in the excited condition of public feeling, given an opinion for or against the bill, its influence would have been seriously impaired for years. Sorely perplexed,

the committee reported to the House a bill so much less generous than the bill asked for by the petitioners that, to its authors, it doubtless seemed moderate. In fact, it gave many extraordinary privileges.

The same spirit of compromise existed in the legislature. The petitioners had purchased the support of many newspapers throughout the State, and thus had impressed the members with the importance and desirability of cheap gas. The committee's bill was conceded to be too liberal, and its provisions were much modified by amendments. Thus a third edition of the bill was prepared, a curious piece of haphazard patchwork, the result of the well-meant efforts of a dozen or twenty different men, working without any reference to one another, in great haste and without any particular knowledge of the matter in hand. This third edition passed the legislature by a large majority, though probably no one, with the possible exception of the petitioners' attorneys, knew precisely what its provisions meant. It was vetoed by the governor, who, in his message, explained at considerable length his reasons for thinking that the bill granted too much. The veto was sustained, but the friends of the measure, by a curious parliamentary device which it is needless to explain, had provided themselves with another bill in reserve, and this they put into a shape to satisfy the governor's objections. The bill so amended is now the law.

Thus there were four editions of the bill, each of which differed greatly from all the others, the last three being the results of three successful compromises hastily and clumsily prepared by hard-worked men, well intentioned, but without any special training or knowledge. The community was disturbed by extravagant stories of bribery and corruption used to secure the passage of the measure even in its last form, and in the newspapers and on the streets there was talk of the degradation of the legislature and of

the bad character of its individual members. It might be too much to assert that in no case was bribery resorted to in order to secure the passage of this bill, but the stories of corruption were at any rate grossly overdrawn, and the bill was supported chiefly by men who desired to do right, and who believed that they were doing about right when they patched up a compromise, which they did not quite understand, between the extreme demands of the petitioners and the selfish opposition of the existing gas companies.

It has been said that exaggerated stories of bribery are often believed by the public, and, it must be added, by not a few Representatives themselves. One cause of the belief is this: It is admitted to be wrong to pay a member for his vote, but it is not admitted to be wrong to pay his friend, patron, or employer for getting his vote. Men are hired whose influence, personal, political, or social, is supposed to control certain members of the House. In some cases, doubtless, these men act as go-betweens, and pay directly for the votes which they procure; but much more frequently the vote is procured by persuasion, coaxing, an appeal to friendship, or a threat of unpleasant consequences. The Representative is often free from any taint of dishonesty, and may not know that the friend whom he trusts has been hired to cajole him. If the agent succeeds, it is believed by the public that bribery has been committed; if he fails to secure the vote he is supposed to control, he not uncommonly excuses his want of success to his employer by asserting, quite untruly, that the Representative has been bribed by the other side.

The gas bill was probably the most important act passed by the Massachusetts legislature in the session of 1896. Had it been the most important measure of a session of the British Parliament, its course would have been very different. First it would have been studied in detail by experts in the employ of the government. These experts, being prac-

tically anonymous, and not open to personal attack or to cross-examination, would have given an opinion both intelligent and impartial; under their advice, a consistent scheme would have been framed and put into a carefully drafted bill, to pass which, after it had been further discussed and perfected in cabinet meeting, the whole power of the majority would have been pledged. Its defeat would have involved the immediate overthrow of the existing administration, and any amendment permitted would first have been carefully scrutinized by the government and its experts. Party feeling, which influences the House of Commons much more than the Massachusetts House of Representatives, undoubtedly increases the sense of responsibility, and, in consequence, the chance of passing carefully prepared and consistent measures of considerable legislative importance.

Another serious shortcoming of the legislature deserves notice. It is charged that some members levy blackmail upon corporations by threatening to introduce measures injurious to the corporations in question; as, for example, bills to reduce railroad fares, to enlarge the liability of employers for the injuries of their workmen, to enable municipalities to undertake certain kinds of work now done by private corporations, and so forth. We need not consider whether the measures thus proposed are good or bad; if they are good, it is most objectionable to withdraw them upon payment of money, or to threaten their introduction if this payment is not forthcoming. That blackmail is sometimes levied in this way no one who has closely watched the legislature can doubt, but the inference often drawn — that a large number of the members are corrupt or ill disposed — I believe to be without foundation. The fault is in the system rather than in the men.

Let us suppose that the threat has been made, and that the required pay-

ment has been refused, either on moral or on economical grounds. The bill is introduced, apparently, to meet a public demand. This may easily be simulated, or it may really exist, even though the measure proposed be unwise or unfair, inasmuch as the public is not always altogether well informed and reasonable. The bill, when introduced, is referred, under the rules, to a committee, and it lies in the committee's docket for a month or six weeks, a constant if not a very serious menace. The day for the public hearing arrives. If the introducer of the measure is tired of the game, he can withdraw at the last moment without cost or inconvenience to himself, having put his victim to the expense of hiring counsel and summoning witnesses, — an expense not infrequently greater than the blackmail originally demanded.

If the blackmailer decides to go on, he can generally find persons, not always dishonest, to appear in support of his bill. Some hours of the committee's time are spent in the hearing or hearings. If the public demand is real, though unreasonable, one or more weak but well-intentioned members of the committee may sometimes be persuaded to sign a minority report in favor of the bill, and occasionally the introducer has a personal friend on the committee who is willing to humor him; but the committee's report is almost invariably against the blackmailing scheme, and that report is usually unanimous. The blackmailer's game is not yet up. The question before the House is the acceptance of the adverse report of the committee. The blackmailer asks for delay; he offers a compromise measure, or he appeals to the House as a whole and to its members individually to reject the committee's report and give his bill one reading, telling them that, if they please, they may vote it down afterwards. The good nature of the House seems at times its most dangerous vice, particularly in the early part of the

session, when time is abundant. The blackmailer is an unknown man, often plausible, appealing to an inexperienced stranger. He tells the new member that he will amend the bill to meet all objections, and he threatens vengeance upon the new member's pet measure if the latter does not vote with him this once. It has been explained already that this pet measure is often the one desire of the new member's constituents. His sense of responsibility for it is great; his sense of responsibility regarding the blackmailer's bill is slight, there is no party discipline to steady him, and he votes with the blackmailer just once, intending to vote against him on the next stage of the same bill. The blackmailing measure is thus substituted for the adverse report of the committee; the corporation becomes frightened, and either buys off its enemy, or hires the lobby to defeat a bill which would have died of itself at the next stage. Thus the corporation finds the expense of defeating a bill once introduced to be greater than that of buying its introducer in the first place; its officers grow cynical, think most Representatives corrupt, and at the next session may seek to bribe instead of waiting to be blackmailed.

The blackmailer has the best chance of success if he introduces a bill which can be supported by honest and serious arguments. In this case, he may gain the votes of men not only well meaning, but intelligent. Occasionally, there can be little doubt, the best members of the House are led to vote against a bill which ought to pass, because they believe it was introduced to get money out of a rich corporation.

The case of blackmail shows the legislature at its worst, yet the cause of the evil is neither the dishonesty nor even the extreme stupidity of the average member. Until the committee reports, the blackmailer needs no help beyond the rule which entitles all petitioners

to a hearing, — a rule which appears founded in justice, though in practice it is the cause of much delay and of no little harm. Even during the action of the House, the blackmailer's strength comes from the good nature of his colleagues, from their want of discipline, and from their inexperience, rather than from their low character as citizens or as individual members of the community. If it be said that the origin of the whole trouble is the presence in the House of even a few dishonest members, it must be answered that no considerable legislative body which ever existed in the world has long been without some members open to bribery. Certain recent trials have shown that more than one member of the House of Commons, if he did not take money for his votes as a member of the House, was restrained from doing so by want of opportunity rather than by lack of inclination. Again, it may be asked if the blackmailer is not soon found out, and if he does not thus lose all his influence with decent men. He is almost always found out by the end of the session, but if he has the good fortune to be reelected to the next legislature, he finds a hundred and twenty new members who have never heard of him in the course of their lives.

It has already been pointed out that our legislative system makes it very difficult to pass any considerable measure of controversial legislation. Important matters, like the regulation of the hours of labor, are never treated in the legislature as settled, even for a period of years. The existing law is always a temporary compromise, hastily patched up in the legislature, — a short step, to be followed as soon as possible by another. So much is this the case that no sensible man expects to accomplish serious controversial legislation except by piecemeal. This condition of affairs has two evils: it keeps the community in constant unrest; and, as each fragment of legislation takes nearly as much time as

should the passage of a comprehensive measure, sessions are lengthened to a maximum and constructive legislation is reduced to a minimum. For example, nearly everybody believes that the system of taxation in Massachusetts is antiquated and inefficient, and needs a complete remodeling; some men think that sufficient provision should be made for enforcing the existing laws, while others believe these laws to be so barbarous that they should be done away with at once; yet a quarter of a century's constant agitation, which has in the aggregate taken up months and perhaps years of legislative time, has resulted only in the passage of two or three bits of piecemeal legislation, which, whether wise or foolish, have at any rate made the existing law more complicated and contradictory than before. There is very little hope that any comprehensive system can be established except by a long process of attrition, which must consume an incalculable amount of legislative time.

What has been said goes to show that the shortcomings of the House are caused not so much by the poor quality of its members as individual men, as by their inexperience, their weak sense of responsibility, and the easy-going temper which naturally results from inexperience and irresponsibility. Rotation in office is the chief cause of their inexperience. The cause of their want of responsibility is to be found largely in the principles of our Constitutions, State and Federal, which so divide power among the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the government that no one department is altogether responsible for any considerable part of its own acts. In these circumstances, it is clear that, even if the average quality of our legislators shall be improved, no great improvement in legislation can be expected so long as our system remains unchanged; and hence it follows that moral exhortation to choose better Representatives is not likely to do much good. To effect a

remedy, we must change principles rather than men.

The principle of rotation in office is not an essential part of the American system of government, and can be abandoned without constitutional or legislative change if the voters of any constituency desire. Until it is abandoned as a principle, legislative improvement seems to me out of the question. The theory of rotation in office, it should always be borne in mind, is the theory that in the conduct of public affairs experience is valueless. Doubtless there is something to be said for rotation, or it would never have been practiced. Other things being equal, a community may be benefited by giving to a considerable number of its citizens some knowledge of its affairs; but when the knowledge thus given is never utilized, and when none but 'prentice hands are allowed to frame our laws, rotation is reduced to an absurdity. It is at once irritating, pathetic, and ridiculous to see a constituency composed of six or eight small rural communities discard the services of a Representative who has just begun to be useful, because the rule of rotation requires that no community in the district shall have a Representative two years in succession. It is obvious that men should be chosen for public office, not because they are rich or poor, not because they live in one place or in another, not because they deserve distinction, not because they are respectable or even virtuous, but simply and solely because they will serve the public better than any one else. Even if this were the received theory of our government, we might still be far removed from a satisfactory practice, but the American people have not yet learned wisdom even in theory.

The limitation of legislative authority, unlike the principle of rotation in office, is the very foundation of the government of the United States. To guard individuals against the tyranny of the majority, the Federal Constitution, followed by

the Constitutions of most of the States, puts it out of the power of any majority, short of practical unanimity, to abridge certain rights of the citizen. Legislatively speaking, the Parliament of Great Britain is omnipotent, and therefore it has a strong sense of responsibility. The ministry of the day, practically a committee of the House of Commons, has, so long as it enjoys the confidence of that House, all the power of the executive. Legislatively speaking, the Congress of the United States and the legislatures of the several States, being hampered by constitutional limitations, are comparatively weak, and therefore their sense of responsibility is comparatively slight. They have no executive authority. For centuries the political development of Great Britain has tended to the concentration of power and responsibility in the House of Commons and in the ministry which is its committee. The development of the United States, in the century or more of its existence, has tended to protect the rights of individuals; that is to say, to prevent the concentration of power in any man or body of men. As the power of our legislatures is limited, so is their responsibility. Viewing them merely as effective machines for passing laws, we cannot expect that Congress or a state legislature will ever equal the House of Commons; and even the House of Commons seems to be losing something of its efficiency. This is not to say that the English Constitution is preferable to our own. I believe that ours, protecting individual rights as it does, is the safer and better of the two, but a weakened sense of responsibility is the besetting defect of the virtues of the American Constitution.

If, however, we recognize clearly the nature and the causes of our legislative shortcomings, we shall have taken the first step to lessen them. Experience in our legislators we can secure if we will, and this will accomplish something. At the beginning of the session a legislature is now much like a crowd, quiet and

well disposed, but unorganized and undisciplined; the members sometimes too distrustful of one another, sometimes too confiding. A minority, even a small minority, of men familiar not only with parliamentary rules, but with the course of legislation, will give to this body from the beginning an organization and a cohesion which it now lacks. If sixty members have already come to know one another's strength and weakness by the experience of several years, the remaining one hundred and eighty become more easily acquainted, and the plausible rogue, in the legislature and out of it, will not so readily deceive the new-comer, and get from him pledges which afterwards he may bitterly regret. Experience, too, will save much of the time now wasted in every session by the discussion of measures which have no chance of passage. If it were understood that an important measure once passed or rejected was safe from attack or from premature resurrection for five years at least, the saving of time would be enormous. This conservatism would not delay wise reforms, but rather hasten them; for, as has been shown, they are now defeated by the pressure of routine. One piece of useful general legislation discussed, put into proper shape, and passed within a year is more valuable than ten plans for legislation discussed and either rejected or botched within the same time. If a few men, not necessarily very brilliant, but sensible citizens with some leisure, men not unlike many members of our recent legislatures, can be induced to make legislative service their career or a part of their career, the prospect of serious and consistent legislation will be greatly improved. These men can then make practical legislation a study, and their value to the commonwealth will increase from year to year.

The reform of legislative procedure, a matter which cannot even be understood without legislative experience, would also accomplish something. Gen-

eral laws might be framed, if we had experienced legislators to frame them, which should avoid the necessity of many of our special acts, and thus save time for real legislation. The statutes might be made more comprehensive and put into more systematic form. The drafting of bills, at present so awkward and defective, generally the work of a man otherwise overtaxed, who has had no training in legislative or even in literary expression, should be entrusted to a highly paid permanent expert with a sufficient force of competent clerks. Ten thousand dollars a year spent in salaries would probably save five times the amount, now spent in litigation. In this matter the Massachusetts House of Representatives has made a beginning which it is to be hoped will have satisfactory development.

Again, the law which requires a Representative to reside in the district which he represents has lost whatever reason it may have had in former times. The day when a town, accustomed to act as a unit in most matters politic, sent up one of its citizens to the General Court has passed by forever. Nearly all representative districts are without other political unity, and even this unity is broken up by the decennial apportionment. Each district is either a congeries of small towns, or a fragment of a city, or sometimes such a fragment tacked to one or more towns for the sake of partisan advantage. If the voters of these constituencies deliberately prefer to be represented by some one who does not live among them, there is no reason why they should not have their way, and their local jealousy can be trusted to get its proper influence without being strengthened by positive law. If a seat in the legislature should be looked on as a sort of reward of merit, an honorary distinction conferred upon an individual or upon a community, the democratic spirit may require that the coveted decorations shall be distributed proportionally

among the different parts of the State; but if the legislature exists solely for useful legislation, it should be made up of the men who can legislate most usefully, and nature does not always distribute useful legislators in exact proportion to the population. In any event, local jealousy will generally triumph over superior fitness. It may be mentioned in passing that nearly every country in Europe permits its constituencies to choose their representatives freely, and this freedom of choice has never been a cause of complaint. The existing rule bears with particular hardship upon political leaders, for they often reside in districts which differ from them in politics. Thus the Constitution not infrequently forces a political party to choose as its legislative leader an inferior man.

The responsibility of political parties may be increased. We usually speak of party spirit as if it were altogether undesirable, but party responsibility is a thing to be desired, and this cannot be had without reasonable party spirit and sufficient party discipline. At present, party spirit, in the Massachusetts legislature at least, is feeble and intermittent, and party discipline is almost wanting. The legislation of each session should have some sort of plan or programme. A legislative programme does not frame itself, and it cannot be framed by common consent, for nearly all serious legislation is inevitably the object of opposition. If there is to be any programme at all, it must be made by the political majority. Not all the legislation proposed would be political; much, perhaps most of it, would be quite unconnected with the issues of national politics. The English ministry is held responsible for the passage not only of partisan measures, but of non-partisan measures needed by the country. Responsibility, similar in kind though less in degree, should be undertaken by the prevailing political party of any State.

Finally, our people must be taught

that legislation is a business. In the modern world, all business is specialized, and performed by those who have demonstrated their fitness. We do not go for medical advice to a farmer, however successful or upright; we do not hire a cotton manufacturer to draw our wills for us, though his name be a proverb of honest dealing in two continents; we do not raise our crops according to the counsels of our lawyer, though he be a Marshall and a Story rolled into one. Moralists and reformers continually exhort their fellow citizens to elect good men to office. A good general character, certainly, is desirable and even necessary to a useful legislator, but general goodness without some special fitness is a poor equipment for legislative service. Political ideals necessarily transcend actual political results. It is important, therefore, that the most intelligent and

public-spirited men in the community, the political idealists, should insist that fitness, which must include respectability, rather than respectability alone, is the true test of a public servant, and that a public servant of approved fitness, in the legislature as well as in the civil service, is not to be displaced lightly or unadvisedly. If he has ceased to represent the opinions of his constituents from the standpoint of partisan politics or otherwise, let him go, but do not let him go because "he has had it long enough." If these sentiments can be made part of the American political ideal, they will gradually affect our actual conditions.

The object of this article, however, is not chiefly to suggest remedies for existing shortcomings, but to point out those shortcomings and their causes. An understanding of their effects must precede their cure.

Francis C. Lowell.

THE GOOD AND THE EVIL OF INDUSTRIAL COMBINATION.

THIS is a subject on which it is easy to argue, and hard to judge. The apologist for modern corporate methods can show that the good which they have done and are doing is likely to be permanent, while the evil with which they are accompanied tends to correct itself in the long run. His opponent can answer that this self-correcting process is very slow; and that even if we could be sure that it would work itself out right in the end, — which he is not always disposed to admit, — nevertheless the evils and losses attendant upon the intermediate stages of the process make it a terribly expensive one, both materially and morally. In short, he thinks that society is paying too high a price for its industrial education and improvement; and that more stringent methods of state control would enable us to get at the good results of combination

by a shorter road, which would avoid most of the dangers and hardships of the longer one.

The whole question is so complicated, and those who deal with it are so full of cross-purposes, that it is no easy matter to disentangle the different threads of argument and put them in proper relation to one another. Those readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* who demand "a simple statement of the truth" are advised to avoid this article, and all others dealing with the same subject. Any such article is likely to be either a complicated statement of the truth or a simple statement of something altogether different.

Much of the confusion with which this subject is attended is due to the use of the word "combination" in two quite distinct senses. Combination as opposed to isolation is one thing; combination as

opposed to competition is another. In the former sense, it represents an almost unmingled good; in the latter sense, whatever good it may accomplish is attended with most serious industrial dangers. If a number of producers get together, they can increase the service which they render society. If a number of dealers "get together," they are more apt to increase the price charged than the service rendered. The advocates of industrial combination look chiefly at its good effects on economy of production. The opponents of industrial combination lay an exaggerated stress upon its evil effects on equity of distribution; and in their zeal to abolish these evils they sometimes propose measures so sweeping that their adoption would cripple productive efficiency. To realize the full benefit of modern industrial processes, and at the same time avoid the abuse of the commercial monopoly with which they are so generally attended, is perhaps the hardest economic problem of the day.

The substitution, on a large scale, of combined for isolated production began about the middle of the last century. The inventions of Arkwright and Hargreaves in spinning, and of Cartwright in weaving, resulted in the substitution of textile factories for domestic spindles and looms. A hundred or a thousand operatives working together under a single management could produce so much more than the same operatives working separately that the complete displacement of the old system by the new was only a question of time. This process received a powerful impetus from Watt's improvements in the industrial use of steam, — improvements which changed the steam-engine from an uncouth pumping-machine to an economical and efficient means of propulsion. Prior to Watt's invention, factories were confined to localities where water-power was available; subsequent to it, they could be advantageously run wherever cheap fuel was at hand. Early in the present century, the possibilities of indus-

trial consolidation were still further increased by the invention of the railroad. In the era of cheap transportation that followed, fuel and raw materials could be brought to the factory from a greater distance than before, and finished products sold over a greater area. The extent of the market was so widened that there was no limit to the size of the mills save that which resulted from difficulty of organization and supervision. The range of articles made in factories increased enormously. The foundry and the tool-shop took the place of the blacksmith and the cutter in many lines of production. Meantime, the railroad itself, which had been such an important means of stimulating consolidation in other lines, became in its own organization and management the most conspicuous instance of such consolidation. Independent wagoners could not compete with it. Independent canal-boat owners, on all but a few of the most advantageous water-lines, were gradually forced out of business. Independent carriers, running trains of their own on the same line of railroad, and paying tolls for the use of the track as they might for the use of a turnpike or a canal, have been a favorite subject of theorists' dreams, but never anything more. Independent lines of parallel railroad have involved such waste in construction and abuse in management that they have given place to consolidated systems of constantly increasing size.

It is thought by some observers that this process is reaching its natural limit, and that the use of electricity instead of steam may result in a reaction. Steam-power offers the greatest economy in concentration. Electricity affords far more possibility of division and diffusion. But the most that we can reasonably expect from this change is a mitigation of existing tendencies rather than a reversal; for over and above the economy of power resulting from centralized industry, there is an economy due to efficiency of organization, which must continue to give

the large producers an advantage. Developments in electricity, like developments in arms, may result in substituting the skirmish line for the massed column, and in giving greater freedom of movement to the component parts of the organization; they can hardly result in substituting small armies for large ones, or in lessening the responsibility and power of the general in command.

On the whole, this concentration of means of production has tended to the diffusion of means of enjoyment.

That it has benefited consumers by cheapening products no one seriously thinks of denying. It was just because it cheapened products that it won its success in displacing the domestic system of manufacture. This point needs no argument. But that it has done corresponding good to the laborers is by no means so universally conceded. Many persons think that the benefit of the changes has gone to the rich rather than to the poor; that if a man has wealth he can buy more products for his money, but that if he has no wealth he loses by the competition of machinery more than he gains by the cheapening of the products of such machinery; in short, that the laborer has not received a fair share in the advantages of modern consolidated enterprise.

In spite of its prevalence this view is far from being well founded. Direct statistics of wages show that the general tendency has been toward increase of pay of the laborer, and still greater increase in the purchasing power of what he receives. Even more conclusive than these statistics are the facts derived from an examination of piece prices. Mr. Edward Atkinson, in a somewhat celebrated comparison of the accounts of certain cotton factories in 1840 and 1884, shows that the piece prices paid to labor in the latter year bear a far higher ratio to the amounts set aside for dividends than was the case at the earlier period; and that, too, though the number of the looms and spindles had vastly increased, while the number of op-

eratives had remained stationary. The piece prices paid for labor per yard, on the goods chosen for comparison, had, it is true, fallen from 1.82 cents in 1840 to 1.18 cents in 1884. But the superior efficiency of labor in spinning and weaving had allowed the laborers to make their output per hour more than three times as great in 1884 as it had been in 1840; so that they had at once reduced their hours of labor nearly twenty per cent, and increased their day's wages more than sixty per cent. Meantime, the capitalist had been forced to reduce his profit per unit of product as fast as the quantity of output increased, and, in spite of all improvements of method, had to content himself with the same valuation of his plant in 1884 that it had borne in 1840.

But to those who distrust statistics — and such persons are by no means few in number or contemptible in intellect — we can bring another line of facts which tend to the same conclusion. In what lines of industry are the wages lowest and the abuses greatest? Is it in those where modern methods have been most extensively employed, and where machinery with its attendant concentration of power has made the most progress, or is it in those whose methods are survivals from an earlier stage of industrial order? To this question there can be but one answer. The lowest wages, the most unsanitary conditions, the grossest abuses and oppressions, are not to be found in factories, but in tenement-house industries. It is among the cigar-makers or among the workers in certain branches of the ready-made clothing trade that these matters are at their worst. Yet it is just here that the conditions of employment are most like those which prevailed in earlier industrial periods. The sufferers under the sweating system are not, as is so often charged, the victims of the present industrial order; they are the victims of a survival of past labor conditions into an age which has become familiar with better ones.

The idea that modern consolidated capital and modern machinery tend to compete with labor and displace it is based on a radically wrong conception. Modern machinery is commonly spoken of as "labor-saving;" it is really not so much labor-saving as product-making. It does not, as a rule, enable the community to get the old amount of service with diminished labor; rather, it enables the community to get a vastly increased service with increased labor. Take the example of the railroad. We speak of it as a cheap means of transportation. Yet, for the amount of traffic *per capita* which fifty years ago went over our highroads, the railroad would be about the most expensive means of transportation that could possibly be devised. The cost of interest and maintenance on a good railroad per year is greater than the total cost of transportation on any of the old turnpikes; the amount of wages paid by the railroad company for track repairs alone is probably greater than the compensation which all carriers ever received on any wagon-road. But the railroad company, by developing its traffic, can impose a much smaller fraction of these expenses upon each shipment, and thus make the cost per ton or per passenger less, even when the cost per year is greater.

From this state of facts, which is not confined to railroads, but is characteristic of modern consolidated industries, two important consequences follow. In the first place, the supposed reduction in the demand for labor is a myth. There may be a change of direction of labor, which results in the reduction of demand and lowering of wages at certain times or in certain lines of acquired skill; but the general effect, other things being equal, is to put money wages up rather than down. In the second place, the machinery can be made profitable only by increased use of its products; and this cannot be attained except by creating a popular sale, by putting them within the reach

of the laborer instead of confining their use to the capitalist. It is the plain man rather than the wealthy man for whom articles of consumption have been cheapened. The railroad car is the plain man's carriage. The factory is the plain man's purveyor. Modern methods of production and distribution have not cheapened the luxuries of the rich: champagne and yachts show no tendency to fall in price. They have cheapened the comforts available for rich and poor alike. Masses of capital can be made profitable only by mass consumption; mass consumption must come from the masses, and not from the classes. So great is the importance of this truth that any unmassing of industry due to the increased use of electricity may readily involve a danger to the wage-earners; for it will increase the chance of their becoming purveyors to the rich instead of purveyors to one another.

Up to the present time, investments of capital in machinery, on however large a scale, have tended to create an increased demand for the services of the laborer as a producer, and a yet more conspicuously increased competition for his purchases as a consumer. Not by chance, but by industrial necessity, have the accumulations of wealth in the form of capital, which seemed at first sight so adverse to labor, given the wage-earners as a body an increased share in the public income, and a still more largely increased share in the public enjoyment.

We have thus far considered combinations of capital as organized for the purpose of securing economy in production. But this is not the dominant motive in all such organizations. Many are arranged with the view of securing a monopoly of commercial power in their respective lines rather than a gain in productive power; to limit output rather than to enhance it, to raise prices instead of lowering them. Such attempts at monopoly are by no means a new thing.

They have been made by producers and merchants of every age. But there are certain special conditions which render such combinations to-day stronger and more defensible than they generally have been in the past, and which make the problem of repressing their abuses correspondingly more difficult.

To begin with, the technical gain from concentration of power is so great that a concern which is large enough to employ its labor with the best economy will often be large enough to supply the whole body of consumers in a particular line. In such cases, competition involves duplication of plant and of the expenses attendant upon its maintenance, with no possible advantage in service to the public, — sometimes even with an actual disadvantage. Especially is this true of distributive services. Two telephone exchanges in the same city cannot do their work for the public as well as one. Under these conditions, the effort to realize full economy of production subjects the community to the dangers of monopoly; the effort to legislate against monopoly, so far as it is effective, condemns the public to the burden of uneconomical methods of production and distribution.

Even where technical conditions give room for several independent plants in the same line of industry, the relative smallness of their number increases the pressure for some sort of joint agency which shall enable them to act in harmony in their purchases and sales. It is not that the intensity of competition becomes less when there are few competitors; it is rather that such competition, when it acts at all, becomes so intense as to entail a loss on all that take part in it. Each competitor arranges his price scale, not by the cost of doing his own business, but by the cost of stealing business from his neighbor. He makes competitive rates which will barely pay the direct cost, in wages and materials, of making the goods or rendering the

services immediately involved, and which leave no adequate sum to pay the interest on fixed capital, or even the expense of its maintenance. It has become a well-recognized principle of political economy that charges on fixed capital do not for the moment, at any rate, form an element in a competitive price. But such cut-throat competition cannot be maintained at all points without financial ruin. It must be suspended either at some places or at some times. If it exists at some places, and not at others, we have discrimination, — sometimes in favor of the city against the country, sometimes in favor of the large customer against the small customer, sometimes in favor of the sharper against the honest man. If it exists at some times, and not at others, we have wide fluctuations which interfere with stability of business arrangement, and are only a shade less disastrous in their effect than the discrimination already described. The advocates of combination say that such competition is worse than no competition at all. They claim that in substituting combination for competition as a means of fixing prices they are serving the interests of the consumer and of the laborer no less than of the investor, — the consumer by steadiness of price, the laborer by steadiness of wages and of employment. They repel the idea that such combination will be used to raise prices to an exorbitant figure; saying that it is for the interest of the owner of a large concern to make large sales, and that to make large sales he must make low prices, competition or no competition. They lay stress on the fact that the most successful combinations, like the Standard Oil Company, have adopted a policy of lowering prices rather than of raising them; and say that the reverse policy is suicidal, not only from failure to sell the monopolized product, but from the certainty of calling new competitors into being.

The method of combination will vary

according to circumstances. If an agreement upon a joint schedule of prices is enough to prevent suicidal competition, this is the simplest means to adopt. But if sales are made through agents, such a price schedule is quite certain to be "cut" in a manner that no amount of effort on the part of the principals can wholly avoid. In such cases, in order to prevent suspicion of foul play, recourse is had to a "pool" or division of traffic; under which the irregularities of an agent hurt his own company more than its competitors, because they do not enable it to increase its share of the total business. If a pool is rendered inoperative by the unfriendly attitude of the law, recourse is had to yet closer forms of combination. A few years ago, the trust agreement was a favorite legal device to secure this end. Shareholders in competing concerns put their stock into the hands of a common board of trustees, receiving in return certificates which gave them a right to all the earnings of the property, but not to the voting power which the stock itself enjoyed. This power was retained by the board of trustees. The device caught the public attention to such a degree that all combinations, of whatever form, are popularly known as trusts; but this very attention proved fatal, for trusts were made the target of so much special legislation that few, if any, have continued to exist till the present time. Most of the so-called trusts are large corporations organized for the purpose of holding stock of all the different concerns in a single line of industry, and thus consolidating their managements under one head. The larger the capital required to operate an independent plant economically, the easier will it be to accomplish this object; for the number of old concerns to be united will be fewer, and the difficulty of starting a new outside competition correspondingly greater.

Thus do the defenders of industrial monopoly represent it as something in-

evitable, and at the same time generally beneficial. Its opponents tell a different story. They claim that the description thus given emphasizes possible good, and ignores actual evil; that in practice the evil will generally be found to outweigh the good; and that if combinations are to be regarded as inevitable, they must be subjected to methods of control which will render them less liable to abuse their powers and less able to disregard the rights of others. Even if it be true that their permanent interests are nearly coincident with those of the public, it is still more conspicuously true that they are managed with a view to temporary interests rather than permanent ones. The managers of a monopoly may claim that they are making profits by reducing expenses of production, but in nine cases out of ten some of their methods will be less legitimate than this. They will try to put prices up. They will try to put wages down. They will seek to exploit old methods instead of making the new experiments and applying the new processes which the existence of competition would force upon them. They will use their organized wealth as a means of influencing legislation; demoralizing our politics, and threatening to subvert the principles upon which our government was founded.

The field covered by these charges is so wide that it is impossible properly to examine the evidence within the limits of this article. Especially is this true with regard to the effects on prices and wages. At first glance, it might seem as though the facts given earlier in the article, concerning the reduction in prices and increase of wages in recent years, were sufficient to disprove the charges on these points. But the opponents of monopoly say that these advantages are the result of the earlier stage of the process of industrial combination, before it had reached the point of commercial monopoly. They insist that when an industry passes from the first of these

stages to the second, we generally see an increase in price and a curtailment of production.

This is quite true, but it proves less than might at first sight appear. For the times preceding the formation of such monopolies are almost always times of abnormally low prices which could not last indefinitely. In the absence of combination, some of the competing concerns would be forced out of existence, and prices would be raised by the natural shortage of supply, a process which might readily prove more lasting in its results than the artificial curtailment of productions by a pool or a trust. On the other hand, it must be granted, even by the most zealous defender of such combinations, that a new-formed monopoly is apt to use its power to make much higher prices than a far-sighted view of the situation would warrant, and thus to encourage the investment of new capital in the same line; inviting a repetition of the very evils which it was designed to correct.

The tendency of monopoly to retard the introduction of industrial improvements is, in the opinion of the present writer, a more serious thing than its tendency to allow unfair rates. This aspect of the matter has hardly received proper attention. We have been so accustomed to think of competition as a regulator of prices that we have lost sight of its equally important function as a stimulus to efficiency. Wherever competition is absent, there is a disposition to rest content with old methods, not to say slack ones. In spite of notable exceptions this is clearly the rule. Especially is it true of those organizations whose monopoly has legal recognition and protection. It was most marked in the case of mediæval guilds in their later stages of development. The monopoly which their members enjoyed was so abused as to stand in the way of industrial progress, until the cry for its abolition became too powerful to resist. The

same sort of abuse has been seen sometimes in recent monopolies of capital. The French railroads may serve as a noticeable instance. The government of France was so impressed with the evils due to unnecessary duplication of companies in England, and with the gain that might result from a systematic arrangement of lines, that it gave a few great companies a monopoly of railroad construction and operation in their respective districts. The result has been that much-needed railroads have remained for years unbuilt, that salutary reductions in rates have been delayed, and that the evil effects of combination have been more conspicuous than the good ones. Similar instances of over-conservatism might easily be found nearer home, in those industries where a combination has enjoyed patent rights broad enough to protect it against the possibility of outside competition for a term of years; or where the power of an organization to protect itself against home competition has been reinforced by an unduly high tariff against its foreign competitors. And it is in precisely these cases that the danger of political corruption becomes greatest. If a monopoly finds its power and its profit depending upon favorable legislation rather than upon its superior efficiency in serving the consumers, it will tend to devote more attention to politics and less to business. Each year of such dependence makes the chance of emancipation more remote, and the liability to the use of questionable or corrupt methods greater, than it was before.

Enough has been said on both sides to show the difficulty of passing judgment on the absolute merits or demerits of modern industrial monopoly. It is a somewhat easier as well as a much more important task to examine the relative merits of the different methods of control which have been suggested.

These methods may be grouped under five heads: (1) Direct Prohibition,

(2) State Ownership, (3) Limitation of Profits, (4) Control of Prices, (5) Enforced Publicity.

Of direct prohibition, it is enough to say that it has been persistently tried, and has had very little success. State laws, and even national laws, against monopoly exist in plenty. The majority of them are dead letters. A few have affected the form of combination adopted; but even these have not made any substantial change in the process or in its results. The Interstate Commerce Law has prohibited railroad pools; in so doing it has simply driven the railroads to adopt other devices for securing the end to which pooling was a means. The legislation of the years 1891 and 1892 led to the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust; but the Standard Oil Companies have continued to be managed with undiminished unity of aim and centralization of power. In spite of all the present agitation for anti-trust laws, there seems no reason to believe that legislation of 1897 will succeed on lines where statutes of previous years have so signally failed.

State ownership of industry is urged on such a variety of grounds that it would require a separate article, or series of articles, to discuss them all. But on the ground of industrial efficiency and public service, it has not, on the whole, shown itself equal to private ownership. On the question of relative rates there is perhaps room for a good deal of argument on both sides, but on the question of industrial progress there is no comparison between the two systems. All the great inventions of modern times — the steam-engine, the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone — have been developed and introduced by private enterprise. Where such inventions were concerned with the means of destroying life, governments have sometimes improved their efficiency; where they were concerned with preserving life and making it toler-

able, governments have been content to follow private companies at a distance. At a time when the majority of governments owned railroads, the air-brake, the interlocking system, and all the other methods incident to the safe handling of fast train service were developed by private enterprise, and were reluctantly introduced, years afterward, by government officials, who found it much easier to avoid running modern trains than to acquaint themselves with the improvements which they involved. In short, government ownership seems to intensify those very evils which we have characterized as the most dangerous consequences of private monopoly. Nor would it appear that it lessens the political corruption with which such organized monopoly is attended. Where such corruption exists, state ownership substitutes one ring for two; making it easier to keep the evil secret, and correspondingly harder to do any real work in uprooting it.

Limitation of profits has not proved a successful method of dealing with monopolies. It is easy for a company to reduce its profits to the prescribed minimum by diminishing its efficiency and economy instead of by reducing its rates. We have seen how great is the danger of slack service when the stimulus of competition is removed. Limitation of profits enhances this danger by removing the stimulus of self-interest also. It has been more fully tried in England than in the United States; it is most unqualifiedly condemned by English officials like Lord Farrer, who have had the fullest chance to watch its effects.

Control of prices has worked better than limitation of profits. In fact, it sometimes seems like a necessity. We cannot allow a monopolist to kill all his neighbors for the sake of proving the un wisdom of such a policy to himself. Where the conduct of monopolies has been short-sighted and extortionate, as in the case of railroad rates at non-competitive Western points immediately

after the war, the public has been apt to resort to this remedy. But it is by no means a satisfactory one. In the first place, such rates are very often made too low; and the reduction of service that follows proves a worse evil than the extortion in charge that preceded. This was conspicuously true in the case just quoted. Again, even if the public authorities do their best to make fair rates, the difficulties in determining what is fair, or how far their decisions can continue in force amid the ever changing industrial conditions, constitute a serious bar against their utility. This is especially true in the attempts to regulate prices paid labor, which are sometimes made by boards of arbitration. However fair the theoretical basis of such an award, its practical enforcement is difficult in the extreme. If it be urged that the monopolist is himself subject to the same uncertainty, the answer is that he is experimenting with his own property, and thus has a freer hand to take chances of success, as well as a fuller responsibility to bring the lessons of failure home and indicate better lines of policy for the future.

Where this responsibility for the future can be brought home to the managers of corporate enterprise, it furnishes a better means of control than any of the methods hitherto considered. If, as was indicated at the outset, the permanent interests of the capitalist coincide pretty closely with those of his customers or employers, any agency which shall give force to those permanent interests points the way to a solution desirable for all parties. Where the short-sighted policy is due to corrupt interests within the corporation, which knowingly antagonize the real interests of the investors, it may be restricted by enforced publicity of accounts, or by better laws governing responsibility of directors. The former lessens the opportunity for abuse, the latter lessens the motive.

Where the short-sighted policy is pursued in good faith, a better understanding may be promoted by commissions like those in whose development Massachusetts has taken the lead, or perhaps still more effectively by the highest class of judicial decisions. Such agencies serve to create an intelligent public sentiment on matters of business, and one that can be developed in no other way.

It is a slow process to educate a community to the point where we can rely on rational egoism to subserve public good; but the community which has attained that result, in any department of life, possesses an inestimable advantage. Thanks to the decisions of the courts, supplemented by the influence of a few great writers like Adam Smith, we have pretty nearly reached this stage of development in competitive business. In monopolized business we have not done so. Our capitalists have learned to look a day or a month ahead, but not always a year or a decade. It is when we take it in this connection that we see the full significance of the problem of industrial combination at the present day. It marks a critical phase in the education which a community must undergo to fit itself for the increasingly difficult problems of industrial freedom. If we resort to systems of prescribed rates, we defer this education to a day when it may be a harder process than it is now. If we resort to state ownership, we abandon the hope of such education altogether, and pass from the traditional lines of development of England and America to those of France or Germany. But if we can meet the evils of the present crisis by the creation of a more enlightened public sentiment, we shall be handling the problems of our day as our fathers handled those of their day, and shall leave our children the legacy of a freedom enlarged rather than impaired by the magnitude of the burdens imposed upon it.

Arthur Twining Hadley.

THE JUGGLER.

VI.

THE Cove was no longer silent. Akin to the cadence of the echo, one with the ethereal essence of the sighing and lapsing of the mountain stream, the distant choiring of the congregation in the unseen "church-house" seemed some indigenous voice of the wilderness, so sylvan, so plaintive, so replete with subtle solemn intimations, was the sound. The juggler did not at once distinguish it. Then it came anew with more definite meaning, and it smote upon his quivering, lacerated sensibilities. Not that in the sophisticated life which he had quitted he had valued the Sunday sermons, or cared for the house of the Lord, save architecturally; but he had loved the Sunday singing; the great swelling diapason of the organ was wont to stir his very heart-strings; and while he appreciated the scope and the value of the standard compositions of sacred music, he was always keen and critically alert to hear any new thing, with due allowance for the lower level. And should the consecrated hour prove heavy to his spirits, did not his seat near the door, his hat at hand, his quick, noiseless, deft step, provide amply for his retreat? With the realization of the loss of his life, his home, poignantly renewed by the vibrations of the long, tremulous tones, he would fain turn back now; but the idea of the tedious solitude on the ledge of the river-bank, his heavy thoughts, the dread of the protestations and urgency of Mrs. Sims, constrained him. So he listened to the solemn rise and fall of the hymning in the Cove, rising and falling with the wind, with a new sense of aghast trouble fixed upon him, as if some spectral thing had revealed itself in the wilderness as he walked unwary.

Now and then, as they wended along

amongst the great boles of the trees, with a narrow brook splashing and foaming in the deep rocky gully at one side of the red clay road, or losing itself in the densities of the laurel pressing so close on either hand, he caught in sudden turns through gaps in the foliage glimpses of the winding way further on and of Euphemia's rose-hued dress. She too was making indifferent speed, despite the nimbleness of those "stout little brogans" that could cover the ground so fast when the will nerved them. Once he saw her standing in an open space and looking over the levels of the Cove still far below. Her pink bonnet was on her head now, its flaring brim pushed far back, and revealing that Pompadour-like effect of her fair hair which he so much admired, and here and there the large loose curls straying on her shoulder. With the short waist of her dress, and the long, straight, limp skirt, the picture-like suggestion was so complete that he had not one throb of that repulsion which ignorance and coarse surroundings occasioned his dilettante exactingness. He looked at her with a kindling eye, a new and alert interest. He began to seek to divine her mental processes. Why was she so reluctant? why did she hesitate? It could not be that the prospect of the dull droning of the preacher affrighted her; she was not wont to seek her ease, and he knew instinctively that her Spartan endurance would enable her to listen as long as the longest-winded of the saints could hold forth. Were her lips moving? He could not be sure at the distance. Was she saying again, "Ef he speaks so agin afore 'em all, I dunno *how* I kin abide it"?

He wondered who "he" could be. He wondered how Euphemia should have mustered the feeling to care. She seemed to him not complex, like other women. Her character was built of two elements,

kindred and of the nature of complement one to the other, — pride and the love of power, the desire to rule. He thought her possessed of as much coquetry at eighteen as her grandmother at eighty-five. And who was this "he" who brought that look of sweet solicitude, almost a quiver, to her lips?

"I should like to knock 'him' down," he said, humoring to himself the theory of his pretended infatuation.

She turned suddenly, holding up her head with a look of determination, and went on as before.

Far afield might Pride seem, to be sure, in the humble ways of these few settlers in the wilderness, yet here he was in full panoply, to walk, almost visibly, alongside the simple mountain maiden, to enter even the church with her, and to take his seat beside her on one of the rude benches, already crowded.

Her mother and the juggler were later still. The diurnal aspect of the little gray unpainted building in the midst of the green shadows of the great forests, with the widespreading boughs of the trees interlacing above its roof, was not familiar to Royce, who had been here only after dark on the evening of his memorable entertainment. The array of yokes of oxen, of wagons, of saddle-horses hitched to the trees, had been noisily invisible in the blackness, on that occasion. The group of youths hanging about the sacred edifice outside had their prototypes in the Sunday curbstone gatherings everywhere, and he at once identified their species. A vague haze of dust pervaded the interior; it gave a certain aspect of unreality to the ranks of intent figures on the benches, as if they were of the immaterial populace of dreams. A slant of the rich-hued sunlight fell athwart the room in a broad bar of a dully glamorous effect, showing a thousand shifting motes floating in the ethereal medium. A kindred tint glowed in the folds of a yellow bandanna handkerchief swinging from one

of the dark brown beams, and served to advertise its loss by some worshiper at the last meeting. Not so cheerful was another waif from past congregations, — a baby's white knitted woolen hood; it looked like the scalp of this shorn lamb of the flock, and was vaguely suggestive of prowling wolves. On the platform were three or four preachers who were participating in the exercises of the day. Two had an agricultural aspect rather than that of laborers in a spiritual vineyard, clad in brown jeans with rough cowhide boots, massive of form, dogmatic of countenance, and evidently well fed and pampered to the verge of arrogance; they were tilted back in their splint-bottomed chairs, chewing hard on their quids of tobacco, and wearing a certain easy, capable, confident mien as of an assurance of heavenly matters and a burly enjoyment of worldly prominence. They listened to a hymn which the third — whom Royce recognized as old Parson Greenought — was "lining out," as he stood at the table, with a kind of corroborative air as became past masters in all spiritual craft. They had traveled the road their colleague sought to point out in metre, and were not to be surprised at any of its long-ago-surmounted obstacles. At the end of every couplet, each of them, while still seated, burst into song with such patent disregard of the pitch of the other, the whole congregation blaring after, that the juggler quaked and winced as he sat among the men, — the women being carefully segregated on the other side of the church, — and had much ado to set his teeth and avoid wry faces. The fourth minister was not singing. He sat with his head bowed in his hand, his elbow supported by the arm of his chair, as if lost in silent prayer. The juggler watched his every motion as for deliverance from the surging waves of sound, with that rancorous independence of unison, which floated around him, for he divined that this was the orator of the day. This young man lifted

his face expectantly after a time, — a keen, thin, pale face, with black hair and dark gray eyes, and an absorbed ascetic expression. But Parson Greenought still "lined out" the sacred poetry, hobbling as to metre, and often without connection and bereft of meaning; and with a wide opening of the mouth and a toss of the head, the two musically disposed pastors resolutely led the singing, and the congregation chorused tumultuously. It was in some sort discipline for Brother Absalom Tynes to be obliged to sit in silence and wait, while stanza followed stanza and theme was added to theme in the multifarious petition psalmically preferred. The words were on his lips; his heart burned for utterance; he quivered with the very thought of his pent-up message. He was of that pernicious class of young preachers who have gone into the vineyard betimes, and with a determination to convert the world, as it were, single-handed. Nothing but time and Satan can moderate their enthusiasms; but time and Satan may be trusted. Too much zeal, — misdirected, young, unseemly, foolish, — Brother Tynes had been given to understand, was his great fault, his besetting sin; it would do more harm than good, and he had been admonished to pray against it. Perhaps the exhibition of it grated on his elder *confrères* as an unintentional rebuke, beneath which they secretly smarted, remembering a time long ago — but of short duration, it may be — when they too had been fired with wild enthusiasm and were full of mad projects, and went about turning every stone and wearying even the godly with the name of the Lord. So, to use the phrase of the politicians, they "paired off" with Satan, as it were; forgetting that zeal is like gunpowder, once damped, forever damaged, and that their own had caught no spark from any chance contiguous fire this many a long day.

That singing praises to the Lord should be a means of "putting down" Brother Tynes savors of the incongruous; but few

human motives are less complex than those which animated Parson Greenought as he combined the edification of the congregation, the melody of worship, and the reduction of the pride of the pulpit orator, whose fame already extended beyond Etowah, and even to Tanglefoot Cove. The science of "putting down" any available subject is capable of utilizing and amalgamating unpromising elements, and as Parson Greenought cast up his eyes while he sang, and preserved a certain sanctimonious swaying of the body to and fro with the rhythm of the hymn he "lined out," the triumph of "simultaneous" these several discordant mental processes cost him no conscious effort and scarcely a realized impulse.

The juggler looked about him with a sort of averse curiosity; the traits of ignorant people appealed in no respect to his somewhat finical prepossessions. Among his various knacks and talents was no pictorial facility, nor the perception of the picturesque as a mental attitude. He resented the assumption of special piety in the postures and facial expression here and there noticeable in the congregation; he could have singled out those religionists whom he fancied thus yying with one another. One broad-shouldered and stalwart young man was given to particularly conspicuous demonstrations of godliness, exemplified chiefly in sudden startling "A-a-mens" sonorously interpolated into the reading, a breathy, raucous blare of song as he lifted up his voice, — inexpressibly off the key, — and a sanctimonious awkward pose of the head with half-shut eyes. The juggler could have trounced this saint with hearty good will, for no other reason than that the man took pleasure in showing how religious he was! Only Mrs. Sims exhibited no outward token of her happy estate as a "perfesser," but her salvation was considered a very doubtful matter, and even her having "found peace" problematical, since she did not believe in special judgments alighting on the mis-

taken or the unconverted, and had even surmised that the Lord would find out a way to excuse "them that had set on the mourners' bench" in vain. "Ef you hev jes' started out," she would say to those unfortunate wights whom the members were allowed to persecute with advice and exhortation as they cowered vainly before the throne of grace, "don't *you* be 'feard. The Lord will meet ye more 'n halfway. Ef ye don't see him, 't ain't because he ain't thar. Jes' start out. That's all!"

But Parson Greenought had warned her to forbear these promissory pledges of so easy a salvation. For he wanted sinners all to gaze on that lake of brimstone and fire which none but him could so successfully navigate; and now and again he had his triumph when some wretch in agonies of terror would screech out that he or she was "so happy! so happy!" since to be "happy" by main force, so to speak, was the alternative offered to the prospect of weltering there forever. So Jane Ann Sims held her peace, and preserved a fat and placid solemnity of countenance, and sang aloud in such wheezy audacity that the juggler could hear her breathe across the church.

Only one countenance was doubtful, wistful, its muscles not adjusted to the discerning gaze of the congregation. Euphemia Sims sat near a window, the tempered light on the soft contours of her face. The flaring pink sunbonnet framed the rising mass of fair hair; she gazed absently down at the floor; her delicate young shoulders were outlined upon the masses of green leaves fluttering above the sill hard by. Her look so riveted Royce's attention that he sought to decipher it. What did she fear? There was a suggestion of wounded pride, most appealing in its incongruity with her normal calm, or hardness, or unresponsiveness, or whatever he might choose to call the nullity of that habitual untranslated expression. Why was she so grave, so sad? The sudden lifting of her long

lashes and the intent fixing of her eyes directed his attention to the pulpit, and there he perceived that Brother Tynes was standing at last, beginning to elucidate his text. The juggler, relieved of the torture of the singing, braced his nerves for the torture of the sermon. Here he might have had a recourse in the facility of abstracting his mind. He had sat through many a sermon in this unresponsive state. He had cast up accounts, preserving a duality of identity in the secular activity of his mental faculties and the sabbatical decorum of his face and listening attitude. Between firstly and secondly he had once chased down a vagrant three cents, — an error which had cost him fifteen hours of labor out of regular working time, — without which he could not balance his accounts. Once — it was during the Christmas holidays — he had utilized the peroration of a long and searching discourse by the bishop of the diocese to evolve certain new and effective figures for the german which he was to lead the next evening, and he had always esteemed that hour a most fruitful occasion. And again, during a special sermon to young men, he evolved a little air, hardly more than a repetitious phrase, forever turning and coiling and doubling on itself, to which he adapted the words of a dainty chansonnette of a celebrated French poet; and so French was the air that he was good enough, whenever he sang it, to ascribe the music to an equally celebrated Gallie composer, — for this was one of his little secrets with himself, — and he loved to hear the respectful laudations which this evoked, and he and his sleeve had many a quiet laugh over it. He had sat under the sound of the gospel all his life, and he was as thorough a pagan as any savage. But alack! his was not the only deaf ear in the congregation — more 's the pity! and while we send missionaries to China and the slums of our own great cities, our civilized heathen of the upper classes are out of reach.

It was perhaps because he now had no thought that would let him be friends with it — no sedulously conserved accounts, no *bizarceries* of the german to devise, no inspiration of melody in mind (the psalmody of Etowah Cove was enough to strike the music in him dumb for evermore) — that he followed the direction of Euphemia's gaze and composed himself to listen.

He encountered a sudden and absolute surprise. The sermon was one of those examples of a fiery natural eloquence which sometimes serve to show to the postulant of culture how endowment may begin at the point where training leaves off. The rapt silence of Brother Tynes's audience and their kindling faces attested the reciprocal fervors of his enthusiasms. He was awkward and unlettered, with uncouth gestures and an uncultivated voice, but there burned like a white fire in his pale, thin face a faith, an adoration, an exultation, which transfigured it. He had a fine and lofty ideal in the midst of the contortions of his ignorance, which he called doctrines, and presently he spoke only and in protean-wise of the mystery and the mercy of Redeeming Love. The idea of reward, of punishment, of the hope of heaven and the fear of hell, did not seem to enter into his scheme of salvation. He sought to grasp the realization of an infinite sacrificial love, and he called upon his people to fall on their faces, with their faces in the dust, before the sacred marvel of the Atonement. The text "He first loved us" sounded out frequently like a clarion call. Its simple cogency seemed to need no argument. How could the politic and mercenary motives of securing exemption from pain or the purchase of pleasure enter herein? That phase of striking a fair bargain, so controlling to sordid human nature, was for the moment preposterous. Many a one of his simple hearers knew the joy of unrequited labor for love's sweet sake, of self-denial, of being hungry or tired or

cold, in sacrificial content. More than one ignorant mother could hardly have given a reason why the crippled child or the ailing one should be the dearest, when its nurture could rouse no expectation that it might live to work for her sake. More than one gray-haired son loved and honored the paralytic troublous old doltard in the warmest corner of the fireside all the more for his helplessness and the toil for his sake. Love makes duty dear. Love makes service light. In some one phase or other they all knew that love is for love's own sake.

And this was all that he demanded in the great prophetic name of Christ even from the dread heights of Calvary, "My son, give me thine heart."

Now and again sobs punctuated the discourse. Before there was any call for mourners to approach the bench, an old white-headed man, who had resisted many an appeal on behalf of his soul, rose and shambled forward; others silently joined him where he sat looking at them over his shoulder, very conscious, a trifle crestfallen, if not ashamed, thus to be forced from the stanch defenses which he had defiantly held through many a siege. The assisting ministers occasionally cleared their throats and shifted their crossed legs, with the expression of countenance which might be interpreted as deprecation of the factitious excitements of a sensational sermon.

Euphemia Sims hearkened with a face of perfect decorum and superficial receptiveness. In her heart, rather than in her mind, she missed the true interpretation of the discourse. It did not seem to her so wonderful that she should be of a degree of importance to merit salvation. To be sure, in the sense of sharing original sin she supposed she was a sinner, — born so. But her life was ordered on a line of rectitude. Who kept so clean a house, who wove and milked and cooked and sewed so diligently, as she? Who led for years the spelling-class in this very house, whose brown walls might tell

of her orthographic triumphs? And she had got her religion, too, and had even shouted one day, albeit a quavering, half-hearted hosanna. So she looked on with the calm post-graduate manner at the gathering penitents at the mourners' bench. She too had passed through the preliminary stages of spiritual culture, and had taken her degree.

The juggler, as he listened, repeatedly felt that cold thrill which he was wont to associate with a certain effect on his critical faculties. Only a high degree of excellence in whatever line appealing to them was capable of eliciting it. He had experienced it in this degree hitherto only in the pleasurable suspense and excitement, so intense as to be almost pain, in the dress circle of some crowded play-house, before some unimagined *coup de théâtre* or some masterpiece in the science of histrionism.

The orator was approaching his climax. To so great a height had he risen that it seemed as if his utmost power could not reach beyond; every moment tingled with the expectation that the next word must herald a collapse, when, suddenly throwing himself on his knees, he cried, "Lead us in prayer, Brother Haines, — lead us in prayer to the foot of the cross!"

There was a startled movement among his colleagues of the pulpit, charged with the prosaic suggestion that if they could they would deny Brother Haines — apparently a layman and seated among the people — the opportunity of thus publicly approaching the throne of grace; but the congregation already had crowded upon their knees, and a suppliant voice, pitched on a different key, rose into the stillness.

Euphemia Sims sat for a moment as if she were turned to stone. A light both of pain and of anger was in her eyes. Her lips were stern and compressed. She felt her blood beating hard in her temples. Then she remembered the exacting decorums of the exercise,

gathered her trim pink skirts about her, softly knelt down, and Pride knelt down beside her.

She hardly heard the voice of Brother Owen Haines at first, as she put her dimpled elbows on the hard bench and held her head between her hands, so tumultuous were the surging pulses of shame and fear and anxiety, and of love, too, in a way. And then it asserted itself upon her senses, although she was conscious first merely of tones, rich, mellow, of delicate modulations and lingering vibrations, — differing infinitely from the clear, incisive, somewhat harsh utterances of the preacher; but at last words came gradually to her comprehension.

Commonplace words enough, to be sure, to excite so poignant a torture of agonized expectation in that heart, beating as one with Pride's, but presently too oft repeated. Now and again a raucously cleared throat amongst the row of kneeling ministers told of a nervous stress of anxiety as to these verbal stumblings and inadequacies. Sometimes a sentence was definitely broken, subject and predicate hopelessly disjointed. Sometimes a clause barely suggested the thought in the brain, an irremediable solution of continuity in its expression. More than once occurred a painful pause, in which the heads of certain regenerate sinners, easily falling again under mundane influences or the control of Satan, turned alertly from the prayerful attitudes still conserved by their bodies to covertly survey the spellbound suppliant. Like unto these was the juggler. He had, on the first summons to prayer, decorously assumed that half-crouching posture common to devotionally disposed men, which intimates to the surrounding spectators the fact of a certain polite subduement of mind and body to divine worship. Then, remembering suddenly the character of mountaineer which he designed to assimilate, he plumped down on his knees — for the first time in many a long day — like the rest. And if in the ensuing ex-

citements his mind did not match his lowly attitude, the juggler is not the only man who has ever been upon his knees with no prayer in his heart or in the words on his lips. Taking license from the stir near at hand, he too shifted his posture that his furtive glance might command a view of the man thus deputed to pray.

The suppliant was among the congregation, but his face, as he knelt in an open space near the pulpit, was irradiated by the slant of the sunset glow. Beheld above the benches and the kneeling congregation, it had a singularly detached effect, — it was like the painting of a head; all else was canceled. For a moment, the juggler, his eyes growing intent and grave as he gazed, could not account for a sense of familiarity with it, of having seen it often before. Then, with a reminiscence of dim religious surroundings, of tempered radiance streaming through translucent mediums, of flecks of deep rich tints, — red and blue and purple and amber, always with emitted undertones of light, — he realized its association with church windows, with the heights of clearstory twilight, with catharine-wheels luminous in dark transepts, with trifoliated symbols in chancel arches. It might have seemed the idealizing glamour of the sunset in the rapt devotional expression, a study for a seraph's face; in truth, one could hardly desire a more fitting presentment of the angelic type. The fair hair, not gold even under the heightening sunlight, lay in gentle infantile curves along the broad forehead; as it fell to the shoulder it showed tendencies to heavy undulations that were scarcely curls or ringlets, and that grew diaphanous and cloudy toward their fibrous verges. The large languid blue eyes had long dark lashes, and the pathetic fervors, the adoration, the entreaty of their expression moved sundry covert glances to a twinkle of laughter; for this surpassed in some humorous sort the liberal limits assigned to the outward show

of devotion in Etowah Cove. None of its other denizens ever looked like that, saint or sinner! It was a subtle and complex expression, and, being incomprehensible, it struck most of the observers as simply funny. The high cheekbones and the pale unrounded cheek might have impressed an artist as of somewhat too attenuated an effect to suggest the enjoyment of the eternal bliss of heaven, but they added to the extreme spirituality of the eyes, and the congruous but delicate irregular nose and full lips made the face unusual and individual.

An odd face for the butt of a coarse joke. The congregation, still kneeling, stirred with a ripple of silent laughter. Here and there, as the glances of curious worshipers, looking furtively over the shoulder, encountered one another, a gleam of caustic comment or deprecating amusement was exchanged; and once a newly caught saint, not yet having wholly dropped the manners and quirks of the Old Man, from force of habit winked, wrinkled his nose, and grinned. For the halting supplication, still offered in that melting melody of intonation, had passed from its disconnected plea for mercy, for the conversion of sinners, for the guidance of the congregation, and had boldly entered on a personal and unique petition, a prayer for the power to preach the gospel. The day of miracles, the learned say, is past. Even the illiterate congregation in Etowah Cove expected none to be wrought in its midst. And surely only the hand of God could touch that faltering tongue to the full expression of the thought that trembled impotently upon it. What subtle unimagined rift was it between the mind and the word, what breach in their mysterious telegraphy! Elsewhere the phenomenon exists: the silent poet, whose metre beats in certain dumb fervors of the pulse; the painter, whose picture glows only upon the retina of the mind's eye; or those, unhappily not quiescent, who blurt and blunder as did Owen Haines in his in-

coherent monologue to Almighty God. But he was the single example in the experience of Etowah Cove, and to the literal-minded saints the spectacle of a man bent upon preaching the gospel, and yet so ill fitted for the task that he could scarce put a half dozen words into a faltering sentence, moved them now to mirth and now to wrath, according to the preponderance of merry or ascetic religionists in the assembly. Again and again, whenever an opportunity was vouchsafed, Owen Haines, with his illumined face and passionate appealing voice, publicly besought of God in the congregations of worshipers — where he felt prayer must most surely prevail, with the pulse and the heart and the word of all his world to bear him company to the throne of grace — the power to preach the gospel, in such phrase, such few repetitious disjointed words, *disjecta membra* of supplication, with so flagrant a display of hopeless incapacity, that it became almost the scandal of the meetings, and there had been a tacit agreement among the ministers who were to conduct the revival that he should not be called upon. The exhibition of his eloquent burning face and his halting words, his faith and its open reiterated denial, was not deemed edifying; and indeed it had latterly begun to affect the gravity of certain members of the congregation of whose conversion the leaders had had great hopes.

"He hev got ter fight that thar question out alone," said old man Greenought in indignation. "I won't gin him nare 'nother 'Amen.' He an' his tomfool wantin' ter preach the gorspel whens he can't pray a 'spectable prayer is a puffick blemish on the divine service; it's fairly makin' game o' serious things, — his prayin' fur the power, — an' I dunno what the Lord is a-goin' ter do about it, but I ain't a-goin' ter lend *my* ear nare 'nother time."

It was this choleric gentleman who at last half rose from his knees, and with a

peremptory jerk of his thumb toward the failing sunlight brought Haines's aspiring spirit back to earth. He had gone far on the wings of those poor words, he had flown high. His thought so possessed him that he did not realize what slight tincture of it his speech distilled for those who heard him. The ministerial thumb jerking a warning of the flight of time, a certain covert jeer in the bent half-covered faces of those about him, brought the realization to him that this prayer was like so many others, voiced only in the throbs of his heart. The light was dying out of his face, the sunset glow had quitted him; no fine illumined countenance now he bore, as of one who looks on some transcendent vision; a broken, disciplined face, quiet and humbled and so patient! He broke off suddenly to say "Amen," for he sacrificed no connection, — he hardly knew whither he was rambling, — and the congregation scrambled noisily to their feet, eager for dispersing.

"What did you-uns call on him fur, ennyhow?" said old Greenought bluffly to Absalom Tynes. He had somewhat of a swaggering manner as he came up close to the thin, pallid young man. He took great joy in all the militant tropes descriptive of the Christian estate, and with the more liberty suited his secular manner to his ministerial rhetoric. Since he waged so brisk a warfare against Sin and Satan, he often seemed about to turn his weapons, as if to keep his hand in, against his unoffending fellow man.

Absalom Tynes did not flinch. "I called on him," he said a trifle drearily, for the fire of his exaltation, too, was quenched in that pathetic and ineffectual "prayin' for the power," "kase ez I war a-preachin' the word I knowed he war a-followin' me, an' I 'lowed I hed got him ter the p'int whar surely he mought lift up his heart. I 'lowed the Lord mought take pity on him ez longs ter serve him, an' so touch his lips an' gin him the gift o' a tongue o' fire. I

can't sense it, somehow, — I don't understand it."

"I do," Brother Greenought capably averred. "The Lord's put him in the place whar he wants him, an' he'll be made ter stay thar, — jes' a-persistin' in prayin' fur the power!"

"Thar ain't no lock an' key on prayer ez I knows on," responded the other a trifle testily. "A man kin pray fur what he wills."

"Yes, an' he kin do without it, too, unless the Lord wills. Fight the devices o' Satan, an' don't git ter be a beggar at the throne fur gratifyin' yer own yearthly quirks. Prayin' an' a-prayin' fur the power! The power's a gift, my brother, a free gift, an' no man will git it by baigin' an' baigin' an' teasin' fur it."

He strode off, feeling that he had had the best of the discussion. He was discerning enough to be conscious that, despite his belligerencies, he was often inferior to his youthful confrère in the rhetoric of the pulpit, and he relished the more worsting him in argument, thus proving the superiority of his judgment and solid reasoning capacities.

Outside the door a group of loiterers still lingered. The juggler's prudential motives had collapsed utterly in the prospect of Mrs. Sims's society in the long walk home. He looked about him in the desperate hope of diversion, in which Euphemia and the curiosity she had newly excited were factors. But he was fain to be content with his elderly companion, for as Euphemia's rose-hued dress blossomed in the portal against the dark brown background of the interior he noticed that Owen Haines was standing at the foot of the steps evidently awaiting her. He gave her no greeting, but walked beside her as if his companionship were a matter of course.

"Warn't that a plumb special sermon?" he said enthusiastically, turning his candid eyes upon her. "'Pears like ter me't war the best, the meltin'est, the searchin'est discourse I ever hear."

There was a measure of contempt in her face. She would not have admitted that she thought herself too good for the need of salvation, but the theme with all its cognate elements was palling. She replied with a definite note of sarcasm in her voice. "The bes'? Waal, I hev hearn ye say that time an' time agin. The sermons air *all* the bes', 'cordin' ter you-uns."

"Yes," he admitted drearily, "ef I lose my soul, 't won't be bekase I ain't hed the bes' chance fur salvation. I hev sot under a power o' good an' discernin' sermons in my time."

The seraphic suggestions of his face, now that he was recalled to earth, were little marked, and presently totally merged when he clapped his big broad-brimmed hat upon that mass of cloudy, fine-fibred fair hair. The irreverent juggler could have laughed at the swiftness and completeness of the transition. Haines still wore that dreamy, far-away look which, however, with mundane associations and modern garb, is apt to intimate an unpurposeful nature and a lack of energy rather than any lofty ideals and high resolves. The perfect chiseling and contour of his countenance and its refined intimations were still patent to the discerning observer; but without the preconceived idea drawn from the head, with the soul revealed for one rapt moment through its facial expression, — picture-like, dissevered from the suggestion of body in the church, — he would hardly have perceived the embodiment of a higher type in the young mountaineer. Thus it is that only the outer man is known of men, and that ethereal essence of thought and emotion, the real identity, is a stranger upon earth and foreign from the beginning.

Royce, greedily snatching at the very straws of abstraction, watched the young couple as they strolled slowly along the red clay road. The slouching, thin, languid figure of the tall youth, the ill-fitting suit of brown jeans hanging so loosely

from his narrow shoulders, the big white hat, all appealed to him with a pleasant sense of incongruity as the accoutrement of this object of mistaken identity, when a golden harp and a white robe and a sweep of wings would better have become the first glimpse caught in the church. Now and again, mechanically, involuntarily, Euphemia looked furtively back over her shoulder at Royce. With all that surging pulse of pride in her heart she was strangely bereft of her wonted assurance. It would never have occurred to her, in her normal sphere of thought and action, to refer aught that concerned her to the judgment, the problematic opinion of another. But although she gave him so slight thought, although she could not definitely gauge its objects and interests, she had not been unnoting of that subtle pervasive mockery which characterized the juggler's habit of mind. Until now, however, she had not cared at what nor at whom the "game-maker" laughed, how loud, how long. The laughter of folly cannot serve to mock good substantial common sense which affords no purchase for ridicule; it rebounds only upon the mocker. She apprehended naught in herself, her home, her parents, the Cove, deserving of scorn or sneers. Her pride was proof against this. It was because she herself deemed her lover ridiculous that she winced from Royce's imagined laugh now, as she had shrunk from the greetings, the mere observation, of the rest of the congregation. But this mockery was of the intimate fireside circle. For Royce would go home with them, and bring it in his laugh, his glance; nay, she would be conscious of it even in his silent recollection. She felt she had no refuge from it. She told herself that it was because she loved Haines that she deprecated mockery as unworthy of him, that she would fain shield him from the sneers of those not half so good as he. She would rather have him eat out his heart in silence than besiege the throne of grace in any manner not calculated to

inspire respect and admiration in those who heard his words addressed to the Almighty. As to the Deity, the goal of all these petitions, she never once thought of their spiritual effect, the possibility of an answer. She esteemed the prayer as in the nature of a public speech, a public exhibition, which, glorious in success, is contemptible in its failure in proportion to the number of witnesses and the scope of the effort. How could Owen Haines pray for the power to preach, when there was Absalom Tynes looking on so vain-glorious and grand, and esteeming himself the most "servigrous" exhorter that ever vaunted his own godliness by implication in the fervor with which he called sinners to repentance? How could Owen Haines seek so openly, so painfully, so terribly insistently, as a privilege, a boon, as an answer to all his prayers, as a sign from the heavens, as a token of salvation, as the price of his life, that capacity which was possessed so conspicuously, without a word of prayer, without a moment of spiritual wrestling, without a conscious effort, by Absalom Tynes?

"I'd content myself with the power ter plough," she said to herself.

Then, in a pause, as he fell into retrospective thought, she said aloud, — her voice not ringing true as was its wont, but with a certain tremulous vibration, — "'Pears like ter me, ez ye hain't been gin the power arter sech a sight o' prayer, 't would be better ter stop baigin' an' pes-terin' the Lord 'bout'n it."

There was a moment's silence, during which the little roadside rill flung out on the air the rudiments of a song, — a high crystalline tremor, a whispering undertone, a comprehensive surging splash as of all its miniature currents resolved into one chord *con tutta forza*, and so to whispering and tentative tinklings again. He had turned his clear long-lashed blue eyes upon her, and she saw the reproach in them. That courage in the feminine heart which dares do violence to its own tender fibres urged her.

"I hev tole ye that afore," she added sternly.

He was still silent. So sacred was that disregarded petition of his that, despite the publicity of its preferment, its free unrestrained fervors, he could hardly discuss it, even with her.

"Ye hain't hed no advices from the Lord," she argued. "Ye hev been prayin' fur the power constant, ever since ye got religion, an' the Lord don't take no notice o' ye."

A shadow was on his face, pain in his eyes. Any one more merciful than the proud woman who loved him, and who would fain have conserved his pride, might have pitied the sudden revulsion from the enthusiastic pleasure in the sacred theme so late upon his lip and firing his eye — which she accounted merely the triumphs of Absalom Tynes — to this abasement and sorrow and prescient despair.

"I kin wait on his will," he said humbly.

"Waal, ye better wait in silence," Euphemia declared, near to the brink of tears, — angry and wounded and scornful tears.

"Ask an' ye shall receive, seek an' ye shall find," he quoted pertinently, with that upbraiding look in his eyes which hurt her for his sake, and which she resented for her own.

"How long! how long!" she cried impetuously. "Will ye spen' yer life askin' fur what's denied ye, seekin' fur what's hidden from ye? The Lord's got nuthin' fur ye, Owen, an' by this time ye oughter hev sensed that."

"Then I kin pray fur the grace ter take denial from his hands like a rich gift," he declared, his face kindling with an illumined, uplifted look.

"Oh, yer prayin' an' prayin'! I'm plumb wore out with it!" she cried, stopping still in the road; then realizing the advance of the others she walked on hastily, and with the affectation of a careless gesture she took off her bonnet and

swung it debonairly by the string, lest any emotional crisis be inferred from her abrupt halt. "Owen Haines," she said, with sudden inspiration, "ye air deceived by Satan. Ye ain't wantin' the power ter preach the gospel ter advance the kingdom. Ye want the power ter prance ez prideful ez a peacock in the pul-pit, like Absalom Tynes an' them other men what air cuttin' sech a dash afore the yearth ez keeps 'em from keerin' much how the nangles in heaven air weepin' over 'em."

He recoiled from this thrust, for, however his charity might seek to ignore the fact, however his simplicity might fail to discern it, his involuntary intuition made him well aware that "prancing ez prideful ez a peacock" was not altogether foreign to the pulpit here or elsewhere, and that undue vainglory must needs wait on special proficiency. She felt that she struck hard in imputing to him a motive of which he knew himself to be incapable. Perhaps he would have pleased her better had he combined his religious fervors with any intention so practical, so remunerative, so satisfying to the earthly sentiment of one not too good to live in this world.

It was eminently in keeping with that phase of his character which she most condemned that he should, with his cheek still flushed, with a surging tide of repudiation of this baseness, with his eyes wincing and narrowing as from a blow, burst out in vehement defense, not of himself and his motives, but of Absalom Tynes.

She would hardly listen. "I hev hearn ye afore on Absalom Tynes, an' I don't want ter hear no mo'. I know what I know. Tell me thar ain't no pride in the pul-pit, — a-readin' an' a-talkin' an' a-preachin' so glib an' percise, an' showin' off so gran' afore the wimmin-folks, an' a-singin' so full-mouthed an' loud, an' bein' the biggest man thar; fur Satan, though he often gits his club-foot on the pul-pit stairs, ain't never been knowed

ter step up! Ye tell me that ain't true 'bout some, ef not that precious deedie o' yourn, Absalom Tynes?"

"Euphemia," he said sternly in his turn, and her heart was full at the tone of his voice, "I dunno what ails you-uns; ye 'pear so — so — diff'unt — so" — He hesitated; his words were not wont to be ready.

"So diff'unt from what? From you-uns? I reckon so! Ef I war ter drap dead this minit, nuthin' could hev made me act like you-uns, prayin' an' prayin' fur the power ter preach — whenst — whenst — Owen Haines, ye ain't even got the power ter pray! The Lord denies ye that — even the power ter ax so ez — ter be fitten fur *folks* ter hear!"

"The Lord kin hear, Euphemy; he reads the secret thoughts."

"Let yourn be secret, then!" cried Euphemia. "Fur the folks air listenin' too ter the thoughts which the Lord kin hear 'thout the need o' words — listenin' an' — an', Owen Haines, laffin'!" She choked back a sob, as her eyes filled and the tears ran out on her scarlet cheek. With a stealthy gesture she wiped them away with the curtain of her pink sun-bonnet, carrying herself very stiffly lest some unconsidered turn of the head betray her rush of emotion to the other church-goers loitering behind. When she lifted her eyes, the flow of tears all stanchd, her sobs curbed, she beheld his eyes fixed sorrowfully upon her.

"D' ye 'low I dunno that, Euphemy?" he said, his voice trembling. "D' ye 'low I don't see 'em an' hear 'em too when I'm nigh the Amen?"

Her tears burst out anew when she remembered that the "Amen" was often said for him by the presiding minister, with such final significance of intonation, ostentatiously rising the while from the kneeling posture, as to fix perforce a period to this prolix incoherency of "prayin' fur the power."

"Ye don't *feel* it," she said, very cau-

tiously sobbing, for since her grief would not be denied, she indulged it under strict guard, — "ye don't *feel* it! But me, — it cuts me like a knife!"

"Why, Phemie," he said softly, walking closer to her side, — noticing which she moved nearer the verge of the stream, that she might keep the distance between them exactly the same as before, not that she wished to repel him, but that the demonstration might escape the notice of those who followed, — "'pears ter me like ye ought n't ter keer, fur mebbe I 'll be visited with a outpourin' o' the sperit, an' be 'lowed ter work fur my Lord like I wanter do."

She turned and looked at him, when they had reached the top of a sort of promontory that jutted out over a leafy sea of the budding forests on the levels of the Cove below. The whole world of the spring was a-blooming. Even the tulip-trees, with their splendid dignity of height and imposing girth, seeming well able to spare garlands, wore to their topmost sprays myriads of red and yellow bells swaying in the breeze. The azaleas were all ablow, and a flowering vine, the merest groundling, but decked with delicate white corymbis, lay across the path. The view of the sinking sun was intercepted by the great purple range, heavy and lowering of shadow and sombre of hue, but through the gap toward the west, as if glimpsed through some massive gate, was visible a splendid irradiation overspreading the yellow-green valley and the blue mountains beyond; so vividly azure was this tint that the color seemed to share the vernal impulse and glowed with unparalleled radiance, like some embellishment of the spring which the grosser seasons of the year might not compass. From below, where the beetling rock overhung a wilderness of rhododendron, voices came up on the soft air. The others of the party had taken the short cut. She heard her mother's wheeze, the juggler's low mellow voice, her father's irritable response, and she realized that

for one more moment she might speak without interruption.

"The Lord 's got nuthin' fur ye," she averred vehemently; "he don't need yer preachin' an' he don't listen ter yer prayers. Ye hev come ter be the laffin'-stock o' the meetin' an' the jye o' the game-makers o' the Cove. An' ef — ef ye don't gin it up — I — I — ye 'll hev ter gin me up — one or t'other — me or that."

He was not slow now. He understood her in a flash. The covert grin, the scornful titter, the zestful wink, — she cared more for these small demonstrations of the unthinkingly merry or the censorious scoffer than for him or the problematic work that his Master might send him the grace to do. Nevertheless, he steadied himself to put this into words that he might make sure beyond peradventure. He had taken off his hat. The wind was blowing back the masses of his fine curling fair hair from his broad low brow. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes alight and intense. He held his head slightly forward. "I must gin you up, or gin up prayin' fur the power ter preach?"

"In public — 'fore the folks — I mean; in the church-house or at camp-meetin'. Oh, I can't marry a man gin over ter sech afore the congregations! But ye kin go off yander in the woods or on the mountings, an' pray, ef so minded, till the skies fall, for all I 'm keenin'."

"Ye mind kase people laff," he said slowly.

"Ef people laff at me kase I be foolish, I mind it. Ef people laff at me kase *they* air fools, they air welcome ter thar laffin' an' thar folly too.' This discrimination was plain. But as he still looked dreamy and dazed, she made the application for him. "Ye can't preach; ye can't pray; ye make a idjit o' yerself tryin'. I can't marry no sech man 'thout ye gin up prayin' 'fore folks."

"Ye think mo' o' folks 'n the Lord?" Haines demanded, with a touch of that

ministerial asperity expert in imputing sin.

But so widely diffused are the principles of Christianity that the well-grounded layman can rarely be silenced even by a minister with a call, much less poor uncommissioned tongue-tied Owen Haines.

"The Lord makes allowances which people can't an' won't," she retorted. "He hears the thought an' the sigh, an' even the voice of a tear."

"He does! He does!" cried Owen Haines, fired by the very suggestion, his face, his eyes, his lips aflame. "An' may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth an' my right hand be withered an' forget its cunning, may agues an' anguish rack my body an' may my mind dwindle ter the sense of a brute beastis, ef ever I promise ter put bonds on prayer or eschew the hope of my heart in the house of God. I 'll pray fur the power — I 'll pray fur the power ter preach till I lose the gift o' speech — till I kin say no word but 'the power! — the power! — the power!'"

Euphemia covered before the enthusiasm her chance phrase had conjured up. She had not, in a certain sense, doubted the sincerity of her lover's religious fervor. She secretly and unconsciously doubted the validity of any spiritual life. She could not postulate the sacrificial temperament. She could not realize how he would have embraced any votive opportunity. He was of the type akin to the anchorite, the monastic recluse, — who in default of aught else offers the kernel of life, if not its empty shell, — even the martyr. For he had within him that fiery exaltation which might have held him stanch at the stake, and lifted his voice in triumphant psalmody above the roar of the flames. But although he had had his spiritual sufferings of denial, and floutings, and painful patience, and hope that played the juggler with despair, he had anticipated no ordeal like this. He looked in her eyes for some token of relenting, his own full of tears above the hardly quenched

brightness of his fervor of faith, a quiver on his lips.

Her face was set and stern. With a realization how deeply the fantasy had struck roots in his nature, she perceived that she must needs share it or flee it. She was hardly aware of what she did mechanically, but as she painstakingly tied the pink strings of her bonnet under her dimpled chin it was with an air of

finality, of taking leave. She was not unconscious of a certain pathetic appeal in his life, seemingly unnoted by God, yet for God's service, and rejected by love. But she thought that if he pitied himself without avail she need not reproach herself to pity him more. And truly she had scant pity to spare. And so he stood there and said "Farewell" as in a dream, and as in a dream she left him.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

AFTER negotiations which had been pending for nearly two years, the general Arbitration Treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed on the 11th of January by Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, representing the two countries concerned; and on the following day the document was sent by President Cleveland to the Senate for ratification. The provisions of this important treaty may be summarized as follows:—

It is expected that differences arising between the two countries will ordinarily admit of settlement by the customary methods of diplomacy. It is only with cases where such customary methods fail that the provisions of the present treaty are concerned; and the parties hereby agree to submit all such cases to arbitration after the manner herein provided.

The "questions in difference" that are liable to arise are arranged in three grades or classes: (1) small pecuniary claims; (2) large pecuniary claims, and others not involving questions of territory; (3) territorial claims. For each of these grades there is to be a special method of settlement.

First, "all pecuniary claims or groups of claims, which in the aggregate do not exceed \$500,000 in amount and do not involve the determination of territorial

claims," shall be decided by a tribunal constituted as follows: "Each party shall nominate one arbitrator, who shall be a jurist of repute, and the two arbitrators so nominated shall, within two months of their nomination, select an umpire. In the event of their failing to do so within the limit of time, the umpire shall be appointed by agreement between the members of the Supreme Court of the United States and the members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Great Britain." In case these persons fail to agree upon an umpire within three months, the King of Sweden and Norway shall appoint one. Among public personages of unquestionable dignity and importance, this sovereign is as likely as any to be free from bias against either the United States or Great Britain; but should either party object to him, they may adopt a substitute, if they can agree upon one. It does not seem likely that the failure to select an umpire would often reach the stage where an appeal to the Swedish King would be necessary. The umpire, when and however appointed, shall be president of the tribunal of three, and the award of a majority of the members shall be final. Under these provisions, it may be expected that all petty claims can be disposed of without unreasonable delay, and with

as little risk of unfairness as one would find in any court whatever.

Secondly, "all pecuniary claims or groups of claims exceeding \$500,000, and all other matters in respect whereof either of the parties shall have rights against the other, under the treaty or otherwise, provided they do not involve territorial claims," shall be dealt with as follows: Such claims must be submitted to the tribunal of three, as above described, and its award, if unanimous, shall be final. If the award is not unanimous, either party may demand a review of it, but such demand must be made within six months from the date of the award. In such case, the appellate tribunal shall consist of five jurists of repute, no one of whom has been a member of the tribunal of three whose award is to be reviewed. Of these five jurists, two shall be selected by each party, and these four shall agree upon their umpire within three months after their nomination. In case of their failure, the umpire shall be selected (as in the former case) by the members of the Supreme Court and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and if these do not agree within three months, the selection shall be left (as before) to the King of Sweden and Norway. The umpire, when selected, shall preside. The award of the tribunal of three shall be reviewed by this tribunal of five, and the award of a majority of the five shall be final.

Thirdly, "any controversy involving the determination of territorial claims shall be submitted to a tribunal of six members," three of whom shall be judges of the Supreme Court or of Circuit Courts, to be nominated by the President of the United States. The other three shall be members of the highest British court or members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to be nominated by the Queen. "Their award by a majority of not less than five to one shall be final. If there is less than the pre-

scribed majority, the award shall also be final, unless either party within three months protests that the award is erroneous. If the award is protested, or if the members of the tribunal are equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited by one or the other party." It is also provided that "where one of the United States or a British colony is specially concerned, the President or Queen may make a judicial officer of the state or colony an arbitrator."

In some cases, a question may be removed from the jurisdiction of the tribunal of three or the tribunal of five, and transferred to that of the tribunal of six. If, prior to the close of the hearing of the claim before the lower tribunal, it shall be decided by the tribunal, upon the motion of either party, that the determination of the claim necessarily involves a decision of some "disputed question of principle of grave general importance, affecting the national rights of such party as distinct from its private rights, of which it is merely an international representative," then the jurisdiction of the lower tribunal over the claim shall at once cease, and it shall be dealt with by the tribunal of six.

With regard to territorial claims, a special article defines them as including not only all claims to territory, but also "all other claims involving questions of servitude, rights of navigation, access to fisheries, and all rights and interests necessary to control the enjoyment of either's territory."

The treaty is to remain in force for five years from the date at which it becomes operative, and "until a year after either party shall have notified the other of its wish to terminate it."

The first impression which one gets from reading the treaty is that it is strictly defined and limited in its appli-

cation. Yet when duly considered, it seems to cover all chances of controversy that are likely to arise between the United States and Great Britain. Under such a treaty as this, nearly all the questions at issue between the two countries since 1783 might have been satisfactorily adjusted: the payment of private debts to British creditors, the relinquishment of the frontier posts by British garrisons, the northeastern boundary, the partition of the Oregon territory, the questions concerning the Newfoundland fisheries, the navigation of the Great Lakes, the catching of seals in Bering Sea, the difference of opinion over the San Juan boundary, etc. Possibly some of the old questions growing out of the African slave-trade might have been brought within its purview, but that is now of small consequence, since no issues of that sort are likely ever to rise again. Differences attending the future construction of a Nicaragua canal, regarded as an easement or a servitude possibly affecting vested rights, might, under a liberal interpretation, be dealt with; and one may suppose that the Venezuela question is meant to be covered, since it relates to territorial claims in which, though they may not obviously concern the United States either immediately or remotely, our government has with unexpected emphasis declared itself interested.

On the other hand, one does not seem to find in the treaty any provision which would have covered two or three of the most serious questions that have ever been in dispute between the United States and Great Britain. One of these questions, concerning the right of search and the impressment of seamen, was conspicuous among the causes of the ill-considered and deplorable War of 1812. But it may be presumed, with strong probability, that no difficulty of that kind can again arise between these two powers. The affair of the Trent in 1861 seems also to be a kind of case not pro-

vided for. But that affair, most creditably settled at a moment of fierce irritation and under aggravating circumstances, was settled in such wise as to establish a great principle which will make it extremely difficult for such a case to occur again. As for the Alabama Claims, they could apparently have been adjusted under the present treaty, as large pecuniary claims involving international principles of grave general importance.

On the whole, there seems to be small likelihood of any dispute arising between this country and Great Britain which cannot be amicably settled, with reasonable promptness, under the provisions of this new Arbitration Treaty. One chief desideratum in any such instrument is to secure impartiality in the arbitrating tribunals, and here the arrangements made in our treaty will doubtless yield as good results as can ever be achieved through mere arrangements. In such matters, the best of machinery is of less consequence than the human nature by which the machinery is to be worked. Impartiality, not only real but conspicuous and unmistakable, is the prime requisite in a court of arbitration. Its life and health can be sustained only in an atmosphere of untainted and unsuspected integrity. Yet in an age which does not yet fully comprehend the villainy of such maxims as "Our country, right or wrong," gross partisanship is not easy to eliminate from human nature. Even austere judges, taken from a Supreme Court, have sometimes shown themselves to be men of like passions with ourselves. It would need but few awards made on the "eight to seven" principle, as in the Electoral Commission of 1877, to make our arbitrating tribunal the laughing-stock of the world, and to set back for a generation or two the hand upon the timepiece of civilization.

A general experience, however, justifies us in hoping much better things from the group of international tribu-

nals contemplated in our present treaty. There is no doubt that the good work is undertaken in entire good faith by both nations; both earnestly wish to make international arbitration successful, and there is little fear that the importance of fair dealing will be overlooked or undervalued. If the present proceedings result in the establishment of a tribunal whose integrity and impartiality shall win the permanent confidence of British and Americans alike, it will be an immense achievement, fraught with incalculable benefit to mankind. For the first time the substitution of international lawsuits for warfare will have been systematically begun by two of the leading nations of the world; and an event which admits of such a description cannot be without many consequences, enduring and profound.

For observe that the interest of the present treaty lies not so much in the fact that it provides for arbitration as in the fact that it aims at making arbitration the regular and permanent method of settling international disputes. In due proportion to the gravity of the problem is the modest caution with which it is approached. The treaty merely asks to be tried on its merits, and only for five years at that. Only for such a brief period is the most vociferous Jingo in the United States Senate or elsewhere asked to put a curb upon his sanguinary propensities, and see what will happen. Nay, if we really prefer war to peace; if, like the giant in the nursery tale, we are thirsting for a draught of British blood, neither this nor any other treaty could long restrain us. As Hosea Biglow truly observes,

"The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human."

It has been rumored that some Senators

will vote against the treaty, in order to show their spite against President Cleveland and Mr. Olney. If the treaty should fail of confirmation through such a cause, it would be no more than has happened before. Members of the Sapsea family have sat in other chambers than those of the Capitol at Washington. But, as a rule, good causes have not long been hindered through such pettiness, and should the treaty thus fail for the moment, it would not be ruined, but only delayed. In any event, it is not likely to be long in acquiring its five years' lease of life. If during that time nothing should occur to discredit it, even should no cases arise to call it into operation, its purpose is so much in harmony with the most enlightened spirit of the age that it is pretty sure to be renewed. Should cases arise under it, the machinery which it provides is confessedly provisional and tentative, and upon renewal can be modified in such wise as may seem desirable. Other human institutions have been moulded by experience, and so, doubtless, it will be with international courts of arbitration.

The working of the tribunals created by the present treaty will be carefully watched by other nations than the two parties directly concerned, and should it achieve any notable success it will furnish a precedent likely to be imitated. The removal of any source of irritation at all comparable to the Alabama Claims would be, of course, a success of the first magnitude; great good, with far-reaching consequences, might be wrought by a much smaller one. Probably few readers are aware of the extent to which the arbitration at Geneva in 1872 has already served as a precedent for the peaceful solution of international difficulties.¹ Already the moral effect of that event has

¹ The following list of instances within a period of twelve years is cited from an able article by Professor Pasquale Fiore, of the University of Naples, in the *International Journal of Ethics*, October, 1896:—

Arbitration by the Emperor of Austria between Great Britain and Nicaragua, 1881.

A mixed commission to arbitrate between France and Chili, 1882.

Arbitration by the President of the French

been such as to suggest that it may hereafter be commemorated as the illustrious herald of a new era. The Geneva event was brought about by a treaty specially framed for the purpose, and might thus be regarded as exceptional or extraordinary in its nature. Still greater, then, would be the moral effect of a similar success achieved by a tribunal created under the provisions of a permanent treaty.

It may be urged that arbitration cannot often succeed in dealing with difficulties so formidable as those connected with the Alabama Claims. The questions hitherto settled by arbitration have for the most part been of minor importance, in which "national honor" has not been at stake, and the bestial impulse to tear and bruise, which so many light-headed persons mistake for patriotism, has not been aroused. The London Spectator tells us that if the United States should ever repeat the Mason and Slidell incident, or should feel insulted by the speech of some British prime minister, there would be war, no matter how loudly the lawyers in both countries might appeal to the Arbitration Treaty. The two illustrations cited are not happy ones, since from both may be deduced reasons why war is not likely to ensue. The Mason and Slidell incident was a most impressive illustration of the value of delay and discussion in calming popular excitement. The principle of international law which the United States violated on

that occasion was a principle for which the United States had long and earnestly contended against the opposition of Great Britain. A very brief discussion of the affair in the American press made this clear to every one, and there was no caviling when our government disowned the act and surrendered the prisoners with the noble frankness which characterized President Lincoln's way of doing things. What chiefly tended to hinder or prevent such a happy termination of the affair was the unnecessary arrogance of Lord Palmerston's government in making its demand of us. What chiefly favored it was the absence of an ocean telegraph, affording the delay needful for sober second thought. I remember hearing people say at the time that the breaking of the first Atlantic cable in 1858 had thus turned out to be a blessing in disguise! Now, should any incident as irritating as the Trent affair occur in future, the Arbitration Treaty can be made to furnish the delay which the absence of an ocean cable once necessitated; and I have enough respect for English-speaking people on both sides of the water to believe that in such case they will behave sensibly, and not like silly duelists. So, too, as regards "feeling insulted" by the speech of a prime minister, there is a recent historic instance to the point. Our British cousins may have had reason to feel insulted by some expressions in Pre-

Republic between the Netherlands and the Republic of San Domingo, 1882.

Arbitration by Pope Leo XIII. between Germany and Spain; affair of the Caroline Islands, 1885.

The commission to arbitrate between the Argentine Republic and Brazil, 1886.

Arbitration by Spain between Colombia and Venezuela, 1887.

Arbitration by the minister of Spain at Bogotá between Italy and Colombia, 1887.

Arbitration by President Cleveland between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, 1888.

Arbitration by the Queen of Spain between Peru and Ecuador, 1888.

Arbitration by Baron Lambermont between England and Germany; affair of Lamoo, 1888.

Arbitration by the Czar of Russia between France and the Netherlands; affair of the boundaries of Guinea, 1888.

Arbitration by Sir Edward Momson between Denmark and Sweden, 1888.

Compromise between the United States and Venezuela, 1890.

Compromise between Germany, the United States, and Great Britain; affair of Terranova, 1891.

Arbitration by Switzerland between England, the United States, and Portugal; affair of the railroads at Delagoa Bay, 1891.

Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States relating to the question of the delimitation of territorial power in Bering Sea, 1893.

sident Cleveland's message of December, 1895, but they took the matter very quietly. Had the boot been on the other leg, a few pupils of Elijah Pogram might have indulged in Barmecide suppers of gore, but there the affair would probably have ended. The reason is that deliberate public opinion in both countries feels sure that nothing is to be gained, and much is to be lost, by fighting. Under such conditions, the growing moral sentiment which condemns most warfare as wicked has a chance to assert itself. Thus the delay which allows deliberate public opinion to be brought to bear upon irritating incidents is a great advantage; and the mere existence of a permanent arbitration treaty tends toward insuring such delay.

People who prefer civilized and gentlemanlike methods of settling disputes to the savage and ruffianlike business of burning and slaughtering are sometimes stigmatized by silly writers as "sentimentalists." In the deliberate public opinion which has come to be so strong a force in preventing war between the United States and Great Britain, sentiment has as yet probably no great place; but it is hoped and believed that it will by and by have much more. In the days of Alexander Hamilton there was very little love for the Federal Union in any part of this country; it was accepted as a disagreeable necessity. But his policy brought into existence a powerful group of selfish interests binding men more and more closely to the Union, and more so at the North than at the South. When Webster made his reply to Hayne, there was a growing sentiment of Union for him to appeal to, and stronger at the North than at the South. When the Civil War came, that sentiment was strong enough to sadden the heart of many a Southerner whose sense of duty made him a secessionist; at the North it had waxed so powerful that men were ready to die for it, as the Mussulman for his Prophet or the Cavalier for his King.

Thus sentiment can quickly and sturdily grow when favored by habits of thought originally dictated by self-interest. Obviously a state of things in favor of which a strong sentiment is once enlisted has its chances of permanence greatly increased. I therefore hope and believe that in the deliberate public opinion above mentioned, sentiment will by and by have a larger place than it has at present. As feelings of dislike between the peoples of two countries are always unintelligent and churlish, so feelings of friendship are sure to be broadening and refining. The abiding sentiment of Scotchmen toward England was for many centuries immeasurably more rancorous than any Yankee schoolboy ever gave vent to on the Fourth of July. There is no reason why the advent of the twenty-first century should not find the friendship between the United States and Great Britain quite as strong as that between Scotland and England to-day. Toward so desirable a consummation a permanent policy of arbitration must surely tend.

The fact that deliberate public opinion in both countries can be counted upon as strongly adverse to war is the principal fact which makes such a permanent policy feasible. It is our only sufficient guarantee that the awards of the international tribunal will be respected. These considerations need to be borne in mind if we try to speculate upon the probable influence upon other nations of a successful system of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain. Upon the continent of Europe a considerable interest seems already to have been felt in the treaty, and, as I observed above, its working is sure to be carefully watched; for the states of Europe are suffering acutely from the apparent necessity of keeping perpetually prepared for war, and any expedient that holds out the slightest chance of relief from such a burden cannot fail to attract earnest attention.

The peoples of Europe are not unfamiliar with the principles of arbitration. Indeed, like many other good things which have loomed up conspicuously in recent times, arbitration can be traced back to the ancient Greeks, for whom it occasionally mitigated the evils attendant upon frequent warfare between their city-states. Among the Italian republics of the Middle Ages, disputes were sometimes submitted to the arbitration of learned professors in the universities at Bologna and other towns. But such methods could not prevail over the ruder fashions of Europe north of the Alps. As mediæval Italy was the industrial and commercial centre of the world, so in our days it is the nations most completely devoted to industry and commerce, the English-speaking nations, that are foremost in bringing into practice the methods of arbitration. The settlement of the Alabama Claims is the most brilliant instance on record, and we have already cited examples of the readiness of sundry nations, great and small, to imitate it. Such examples, even when concerned with questions of minor importance, are to some extent an indication of the growing conviction that war, and the unceasing preparations for it, are becoming insupportable burdens.

It is the steadily increasing complication of industrial life, and the heightened standard of living that has come therewith, that are making men, year by year, more unwilling to endure the burdens entailed by war. In the Middle Ages, human life was made hideous by famine, pestilence, perennial warfare, and such bloody superstitions as the belief in witchcraft; but men contrived to endure it, because they had no experience of anything better, and could not even form a conception of relief save such as the Church afforded. Deluges of war, fraught with horrors which stagger our powers of conception, swept at brief intervals over every part of the continent of Europe, and the intervals were

mostly filled with petty waspish raids that brought robbery and murder home to everybody's door; while honest industry, penned up within walled towns, was glad of such precarious immunity as stout battlements eked out by blackmail could be made to afford. Fighting was incessant and ubiquitous. The change wrought in six centuries has been amazing, and it has been chiefly due to industrial development. Private warfare has been extinguished, famine and pestilence seldom occur in civilized countries, mental habits nurtured by science have banished the witches, the land is covered with cheerful homesteads, and the achievement of success in life through devotion to industrial pursuits has become general. Wars have greatly diminished in frequency, in length, and in the amount of misery needlessly inflicted. We have thus learned how pleasant life can become under peaceful conditions, and we are determined as far as possible to prolong such conditions. We have no notion of submitting to misery like that of the Middle Ages; on the contrary, we have got rid of so much of it that we mean to go on and get rid of the whole. Such is the general feeling among civilized men. It may safely be said not only that no nation in Christendom wishes to go to war, but also that the nations are few which would not make a considerable sacrifice of interests and feelings rather than incur its calamities. For reasons such as these the states of Continental Europe are showing an increasing disposition to submit questions to arbitration, and in view of this situation the fullest measure of success for our Arbitration Treaty is to be desired, for the sake of its moral effect.

The method at present in vogue on the continent of Europe for averting warfare is the excessively cumbersome expedient of keeping up great armaments in time of peace. The origin of this expedient may be traced back to the *levée en masse* to which revolutionary France

resorted in the agonies of self-defense in 1792. The levée en masse proved to be a far more formidable engine of warfare than the small standing armies with which Europe had long been familiar; and so, after the old military system of Prussia had been overthrown in 1806, the reforms of Stein and Scharnhorst introduced the principle of the levée en masse into times of peace, dividing the male population into classes which could be kept in training, and might be successively called to the field as soon as military exigencies should demand it. The prodigious strength which Prussia could put forth under this system was revealed in 1866 and 1870, and since then similar methods have become universally adopted, so that the commencement of a general European war to-day would doubtless find several millions of men under arms. The progress of invention is at the same time daily improving projectiles on the one hand, and fortifications on the other; we may perhaps hope that some of us will live long enough to see what will happen when a ball is fired with irresistible momentum against an impenetrable wall! To keep up with the progress of invention enormous sums are expended on military engines, while each nation endeavors to avert war by making such a show of strength as will deter other nations from attacking it. A mania for increasing armaments has thus been produced, and although this state of things is far less destructive and demoralizing than actual war, it lays a burden upon Europe which is fast becoming intolerable. For the modern development of industry has given rise to problems that press for solution, and no satisfactory solution can be reached in the midst of this monstrous armed peace. Competition has reached a point where no nation can afford to divert a considerable percentage of its population from industrial pursuits. Each nation, in order to maintain its rank in the world, is called upon to devote its utmost energies

to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Moreover, the economic disturbances due to the withdrawal of so many men from the work of production are closely connected with the discontent which finds vent in the wild schemes of socialists, communists, and anarchists. There is no other way of beginning the work of social redemption but by a general disarmament; and this opinion has for some years been gaining strength in Europe. It is commonly felt that in one way or another the state of armed peace will have to be abandoned. The next few years will probably strengthen this feeling.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1880, I argued that the contrast between the United States, with a population quite freed from the demands of militarism, and the continent of Europe, with its enormous armaments useless for productive purposes, could not long be maintained; that American competition would soon come to press so severely upon Europe as to compel a disarmament, and in this way the swords would get beaten into ploughshares. American competition is less effective than it might be, owing to our absurd tariffs and vicious currency, but its tendency has undoubtedly been in the direction indicated. I suspect, however, that the process will be less simple. Within the last twenty years the operations of production and distribution have been assuming colossal proportions. Syndicates, trusts, and other huge combinations of capital have begun carrying on business upon a scale heretofore unprecedented. Already we see symptoms that such combinations are to include partners in various parts of the earth. Business, in short, is becoming more and more international; and under such circumstances the era of general disarmament is likely to be hastened. In the long run peace has no other friend so powerful as commerce.

While every successful resort to arbi-

tration is to be welcomed as a step toward facilitating disarmament, it seems probable that institutions of somewhat broader scope than courts of arbitration will be required for the settlement of many complex international questions. In the European congresses which have assembled from time to time to deal with peculiar exigencies, we have the precedent for such more regular and permanent institutions. An example of what is meant was furnished by the Congress of Paris in 1856, when it dealt summarily with the whole group of vexed questions relating to the rights and duties of neutrals and belligerents upon the ocean, and put an end to the chaos of two centuries by establishing an international code relating to piracy, blockades, and seizures in times of naval war. This code has been respected by maritime powers and enforced by the world's public opinion, and its establishment was a memorable incident in the advance of civilization. Now, such work as the Congress of Paris did can be done in future by other congresses, but it is work of broader scope than has hitherto been undertaken by courts of arbitration. I am inclined to think that both these institutions — the International Congress and the tribunal of arbitration — are destined to survive, with very considerable increase in power and dignity, in the political society of the future, long after disarmament has become an accomplished fact.

About the time that a small party of Englishmen at Jamestown were laying the first foundation stones of the United States, one of the greatest kings and one of the greatest ministers of modern times were deeply engaged in what they called the Great Design, a scheme for a European Confederation. The plan of Henry IV. of France and the Duke of Sully contemplated a federal republic of Christendom, comprising six hereditary crowns (France, England, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Lombardy), five elective

crowns (the Empire, the Papacy, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland), and four republics (Venice, the small Italian states, Switzerland, and the Netherlands). There was to be a federal government in three branches, legislative, executive, judicial; a federal army of about three hundred thousand men, and a powerful federal fleet. The purpose of the federation was to put an end once and forever to wars, both civil and international. Probably the two great statesmen were not sanguine as to the immediate success of their Great Design, and doubtless none knew better than they that it would cost at least one mighty war to establish it. But there is a largeness of view about the scheme that is refreshing to meet in a world of arid and narrow commonplaces. With all their breadth of vision, however, Henry and Sully would surely have been amazed had they been told that the handful of half-starved Englishmen at Jamestown were inaugurating a political and social development that in course of time would contribute powerfully toward the success of something like their Great Design.

In human affairs a period of three centuries is a brief one, and the progress already made in the direction toward which the two great Frenchmen were looking is significant and prophetic. The vast armaments now maintained on the continent of Europe cannot possibly endure. Economic necessities will put an end to them before many years. But disarmament, apparently, can only proceed *pari passu* with the establishment of peaceful methods of settling international questions. The machinery for this will probably be found in the further development of two institutions that have already come into existence, the International Congress and the Court of Arbitration. The existence of these institutions, which is now occasional, will tend to become permanent: the former will deal preferably with the establishment of general principles, the latter

with their judicial application to special cases. As European congresses meet now upon extraordinary occasions, so once it was with the congresses of the American colonies, such as the New York Congress of 1690 and the Albany Congress of 1754 for concerting measures against New France, and the New York Congress of 1765 for protesting against the Stamp Act. Then came the Continental Congress of 1774, which circumstances kept in existence for fifteen years, until a political revolution reached its consummation in replacing it by a completely organized federal government. In 1754 the possibility of a permanent federation of American states was derided as an idle dream of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Hutchinson. Very little love was lost between the people of different colonies, and when the crisis came on, after 1783, the majority hated and dreaded a permanent Federal Union, and accepted it *only as the alternative to something worse*, namely, anarchy and civil war. In like manner, it may be surmised as not improbable that in course of time the occasions for summoning European congresses will recur with increasing frequency until the functions which they are called upon to discharge will convert them into a permanent institution. Such a development, combined with the increased employment of arbitration, must ultimately tend toward the creation of a Federal Union in Europe. The fact that such a result will be hated and dreaded by many people, perhaps by the great majority, need

not prevent its being accepted and acquiesced in *as the alternative to something worse*, namely, the indefinite continuance of the system of vast armaments.

By the time when such a result comes clearly within sight, it will very likely have been made evident that the policy of isolation which our country has wisely pursued for the century past cannot be maintained perpetually. When Washington wrote his Farewell Address, the danger of our getting dragged into the mighty struggle then raging in Europe was a real and serious danger, against which we needed to be solemnly warned. Since then times have changed, and they are changing still. From a nation scarcely stronger than Portugal, we have become equal to the strongest. Railways, telegraphs, and international industries are making every part of the world the neighbor of every other part. To preserve a policy of isolation will not always be possible, nor will it be desirable. Situations will arise (if they have not already arisen) in which such moral weight as the United States can exert will be called for. The pacification of Europe, therefore, is not an affair that is foreign to our interests. In that, as in every other aspect of the Christian policy of "peace on earth and good will to men," we are most deeply concerned; and every incident, like the present Arbitration Treaty, that promises to advance us even by one step toward the sublime result, it is our solemn duty to welcome and encourage by all the means within our power.

John Fiske.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XI.

March 2. The truth of the difference of quality between the business man and the scholar was quickly brought home to me. On the last evening of my visit, Mr. Blodgett revealed the reason for his latest kindness. "I got you here," he explained, "to look you over and see what you were fit for, thinking I might work you in somewhere. No," he continued, as he saw the questioning hopefulness on my face, "you would n't do in business. You've got a sight too much conscience and sympathy, and a sight too little drive. All business is getting the best of somebody else, and you're the kind of chap who'd let a fellow up just because you'd got him down." Seeing the sadness in my face, for I knew too well he had fathomed me, he added kindly, "Don't get chicken-hearted over what I say. It's easy enough to outwit a man; the hard thing is not to do it. I'd go out of the trade to-morrow, if it were n't for the boss and Agnes, for I get tired of the meanness of the whole thing. But they want to cut a figure, and that is n't to be done in this town for nothing. I'll find something for you yet that shan't make you sell your heart and your soul as well as your time."

I was too full of my love and my purpose, however, for this to discourage me. The moment my determination to remain in New York was made, I wrote to Jastrow, Humzel, and others of my German friends, telling them that for business reasons I had decided to be known as Rudolph Hartzmann, and asking if they would stretch friendship so far as to give me letters in that name to such American publishers and editors as they knew. Excepting Jastrow, they all responded with introductions so flattering that I

was almost ashamed to present them, and he wrote me that he had not offered my books for sale, and begged me to reconsider my refusal of the professorship. He even offered, if I would accept the appointment, to divide with me his tuition fees, and suggested that his own advancing years were a pledge that his position would ere long be vacant for me to step into. It almost broke my heart to have to write him that I could not accept his generous offer. In July I received a second letter from him, most touching in its attempt to keep back the grief he felt, but yielding to my determination. He sent me many good introductions, and submitted a bid for my library from a bookseller; but knowing the books to be worth at least double the offer, I held the sale in abeyance.

My first six months in New York disheartened me greatly, though now I know that I succeeded far better than I could have expected to do, in the dullness of the summer. My work was the proof-reading of my book of travel in its varying polyglots, seeing through the press English versions of my two textbooks, and writing a third in both English and German. Furthermore, my letters of introduction had made me known to a number of the professors of Columbia College, and by their influence I received an appointment to deliver a course of lectures on race movements the following winter; so I prepared my notes in this leisure time. But this work was far too little to fill my time, and I wrote all kinds of editorials, essays, and reviews, fairly wearing out the editors of the various magazines and newspapers with my frequent calls and articles. Finally I attempted to sell my books to several libraries; but though the tomes and the price both tempted several, none had the money to spend on such a collection.

My book of travel was published in September, was praised by the reviews, and at once sprang into a good sale for a work of that class; for Europe is interested in whatever bears on her cancer growth, commonly called the Eastern question. Since Europeans approved the book, Americans at once bought and discussed it; to prove, I suppose, that as a nation we are no longer tainted with provincialism, — as if that very subservience to transatlantic opinion were not the best proof that the virus still works within us. It was issued anonymously, through the fear that if I put my pseudonym on the title-page it might lead to inquiry about the author which would reveal his identity with Donald Maitland, for whom I only wished oblivion. As a result the question of authorship was much mooted, some declaring a well-known Oxford professor to be the man, others ascribing the volume to a famous German traveler, and Humzel being named by some; but most of the reviews suggested that it was the work of an Eastern savant.

You cannot tell what a delight it was to me to learn, at our first meeting in the autumn, that you had read my book. I went in November to the Lenox Library to verify a date, and found you there. I could not help interrupting your reading for a moment, — I had so longed for a glimpse and a word, — and you took my intrusion in good part. I drew a book and pretended to read, merely to veil my covert watching of you; and when you rose to go, I asked permission to walk with you.

"Your notebook suggests that you are a writer by profession, Dr. Hartzmann?" you surmised.

"Yes."

"And you have to come to America for material?"

"I have come to America permanently."

"How unusual!"

"In what respect?"

"For a European writer to come to New York to do more than lecture about himself, have his vanity and purse fed, and return home to write a book about us that we alone read."

I laughed, and said, "You make me very glad that I am the exception to the rule."

"I presume more would make the venture if they found the atmosphere less uncongenial. New York as a whole is so absorbed in the task of transshipping the products of the busiest nations of two continents that everything is ranked as secondary that does not subserve that end: and the Muses starve."

"I suppose New York is not the best of places in which to live by art or letters, if compared with London or Paris; yet if a man can do what the world wants done, he can earn a livelihood here."

"But he cannot gain the great prizes that alone are worth the winning, I fear. I have noticed that American writers only reach American audiences, while European authors not merely win attention at home, but have vogue and sale here. The London or Paris label is quite as effective in New York or Chicago in selling books as in selling clothes."

"I suppose cultivated Europe is as heedless of the newer peoples as the peoples of the Orient are of those of the Occident. Yet I think that if as good work were turned out in this country as in the Old World, the place of its production would not seriously militate against its success."

"And have you found it so?"

"Nothing I have yet written in this country merits Continental attention."

"I hope you have succeeded to your own satisfaction?"

"It may amuse you to know that though I had many good letters of introduction to editors in this country, I could not get a single article accepted till some friends of mine in Asia came to my aid."

"You speak in riddles."

"Perhaps you remember reading, last August, of an outbreak of some tribes in the Hindoo Kush? Those hill peoples are in a state of perennial ferment, and usually Europe pays no attention to their bellicose proceedings; but luckily for me, the English premier, at that particular moment, was holding his unwilling Parliament together in an attempt to pass something, and finding it intractable in that matter, he cleverly used this outbreak to divert attention and excite enthusiasm. Rising in the House of Commons, he virtually charged the outbreak to Russian machination against the beloved Emir, and pledged the nation to support that civilized humanitarian against the barbaric despot of Russia. At once the papers were full of unintelligible cablegrams telling of the doings in those far-away mountains; and my hurriedly written editorials and articles, which nevertheless showed some comprehension of the geography and people, were snapped up avidly, and from that time I have found papers or periodicals glad to print what I write."

You laughed, and said, "How strangely the world is tied together in these days, that the speech of an English prime minister about some Asian sept should give a German author *entrée* to New York editorial sanctums!"

"The cables have done more in aid of the brotherhood of man than all the efforts of the missionaries."

"I thought you were a conservative, and disapproved of modern innovations."

"With innovators, yes."

"Then the Levantine does not entirely disapprove of our Hesperian city?"

"My knowledge of New York is about as deep," I answered, smiling, "as my Eastern blood."

"Only skin-deep," you said.

"Just sufficient for a disguise."

"As long as you are silent, yes."

"Is my English so unmistakable?"

"Not your tongue, but your thought.

Of course your vicinage, costume, and complexion made me for a moment accept your joke of nationality, at that first meeting, but before you had spoken half your defense of the older races I felt sure that you were not a product of one of them."

"Why was that?"

"Because it is only Christians who recognize and speak for the rights of other peoples."

"You forget that the religion of Buddha is toleration. We Christians preach the doctrine, but practice extermination, forgiving our enemies after killing them," I said. "I do not think we differ much in works from even El Mahdi."

"Would El Mahdi ever have spoken for other races?"

"You know the weak spot in my armor, Miss Walton," I was obliged to confess.

"That is due to you, Dr. Hartzmann. What you said that night interested me so deeply that I have been reading up about the Eastern races and problems. I wonder if you have seen this new book of travel, *The Debatable Lands between the East and West*?"

"Yes," I assented, thinking that twenty readings in manuscript and proof entitled me to make the claim.

"You will be amused to hear that, when reading it, I thought of you as the probable writer, not merely because it begins in the Altai range and ends at Tangier, but as well because some of the ideas resemble yours. Mr. Whiteley, however, tells me he has private information that Professor Humzel is the author. Do you know him?"

"He was my professor of history at Leipzig."

"That accounts for the agreement in thought. You admire the book?"

"I think it is a conscientious attempt to describe what the author saw."

"Ah, it is much more than that!" you exclaimed. "At a dinner in London, this autumn, I sat next Lord —,

a member of the Indian Council, and he told me he considered it a far more brilliant book than Kinglake's *Eothen*."

I knew I had no right to continue this subject, but I could not help asking, "You liked it?"

"Very much. It seems to me a deep and philosophic study of present and future problems, besides being a vivid picture of most interesting countries and peoples. It made me long to be a nomad myself, and wander as the author did. The thought of three years of such life, of such freedom, seems to stir in me all the inherited tendency to prowl that we women supposedly get from Mother Sphinx."

"Civilization steals nature and compounds the theft with art."

"Tell me about Professor Humzel," you went on, "for I know I should like him, merely from the way he writes. One always pictures the German professor as a dried-up mind in a dried-up body, but one is conscious of real flesh and blood in this book. He is a young man, I'm sure."

"Sixty-two."

"He has a young heart, then," you asserted. "Is he as interesting to talk with as he makes himself in his book?"

"Professor Humzel is very silent."

"The people who have something to say are usually so," you sighed.

"A drum must be empty to make a noise," I said, smiling, "and perhaps the converse is true."

I cannot say what there was in that walk which cheered me so, except your praise of my book, — sweeter far though that was than the world's kindly opinion; yet over and above that, in our brief interchange of words, I was made conscious that there was sympathy between us, — a sympathy so positive that something like our old-time friendship seemed beginning. And the thought made me so happy that for a time my troubles were almost forgotten.

Dear love, good-night.

XII.

March 3. Fate seemed determined that our lives should be closely connected. In December Mr. Blodgett wrote asking me to call at his office, and he was already smiling when his boy passed me through the door at which so many had to tarry.

"There are a good many kinds of fools," was his welcoming remark, "but one of the commonest is the brand who think because they can do one thing well, they ought to be able to do the exact opposite. I've known men who could grow rich out of brewing beer, who kept themselves poor through thinking they knew all about horses; I've known women who queened it in parlors, who went to smash because they believed themselves inspired actresses; I've sat here in this office thirty years, and grown rich through the belief of clergymen, doctors, merchants, farmers, — the whole box and dice, — that they were heaven-born financiers, and could play us Wall Street men even at our own game. Whatever else you do in this world, doctor, don't think that because you can talk a dozen languages, they fit you to be a successful mute."

"When you are in this mood, Mr. Blodgett, I can be nothing else," I remarked, as he paused a moment for breath.

"Alexander Whitely," he went on, smiling, "probably knows more about petroleum and kerosene than any other man in the world, and he's made himself rich by his knowledge. But it does n't satisfy him to be on the top of his own heap; he wants to get on the top of some other fellow's. In short, he has an itch to be something he is n't, and the darned fool's gone and bought a daily newspaper with the idea that he is going to be a great editor!"

"His lamp of genius will not go out for want of oil," I remarked.

"For a moment he showed one glimmer of sense: he came to me for advice," said Mr. Blodgett in evident enjoyment. "I told him to get an A 1 business manager, to make you chief editor, let you pick your staff, and then blow in all the money you and the business end asked for, and never go inside the building himself. It was too good sense for him, for he's daft with the idea of showing the world how to edit a paper. But my advice simmered down to this: if you want to be his private secretary, at four thousand a year, and pretend to revise his editorials, but really write them for him, I think you can have the position. Of course he is to think he writes the rubbish."

"A Voltaire in miniature," I laughed.

"A what?"

"The great Frederic thought himself a poet, and induced Voltaire to come and be his literary counselor. The latter showed a bundle of manuscripts to some one and said, 'See all this dirty linen of the king's he has sent me to wash.'"

"That was one for his nibs," chuckled Mr. Blodgett. "But you must n't make such speeches as that of Whitely."

"In spite of my many tongues, I can be mute."

"Do you think I have n't seen that? And I've seen something more, which is that you always give a dollar's worth of work for seventy-five cents of wages. Now, Whitely's a hard man, and if you made the terms with him he'd be sure to get the better of you. So I've arranged to have him meet you here, and I'm going to see fair play. I've told him you won't do it for less than four thousand, and he'll not get you a cent cheaper. The work will be very light."

"The work is easy," I assented, "but is it honest?"

"Seems to me we had better leave that to Whitely to settle."

"And is Mr. Whitely an honest man?"

Mr. Blodgett smiled as he looked at me, and said, "Whitely would n't steal a red-hot stove unless it had handles. But he probably thinks this all right. Few people know how much successful men use other men's brains. Here's a report on a Southern railroad by an expert in my employ. I've never even been over the road, yet I'll sign my name to the report as if it was my work. Now, in oil Whitely hires all kinds of men to do different things for him, and he gets whatever credit follows; and I suppose he thinks that if he pays you to write editorials, they are as much his as any other thing he buys."

"He must be conscious of a distinction."

"That's his lookout, if he is. Don't start in to keep other people's consciences in order, doctor, for it's the hardest-worked and poorest-paid trade in the world."

When Mr. Whitely arrived, Mr. Blodgett was as good as his word, taking the matter practically out of my hands, and letting me sit a passive and amused spectator of the contest between the two shrewd men, who dropped all thought of personal friendship while they discussed the matter. Mr. Blodgett won, and made the further stipulation that since Mr. Whitely intended to be at the office only in the afternoon, I might be equally privileged as to my hours of attendance. His forethought and kindness did more, for his last speech to Mr. Whitely was, "Then it's understood that the doctor writes your letters and revises your editorials, but nothing else." And as soon as we were alone he said, "Remember that, or before you know it he'll be screwing you to death. Don't you write anything extra for him unless there's extra pay. Now, don't waste my time by thanks in business hours, but come in to-night to dinner, so as to let the boss and Agnes congratulate you."

My employment began the first of the year, at which time the paper came into

the hands of its new proprietor; and it amuses me to recall him as he sat at his desk that first day, thrumming it nervously, and trying to dictate an editorial on *The Outlook* for the New Year. A more hopeless bit of writing I have seldom read, and four times it was rewritten as I built it into shape.

The man has no more sense of form than he has of English. Even worse, he is almost without ideas. It has become his invariable custom to say to me suavely, as he takes his seat at his desk about two o'clock, "Dr. Hartmann, possibly you can suggest a good subject for me to write about to-day?" And when I propose one, he continues: "That is satisfactory. Jot down what you think I had better say, while I run over my mail." An hour later I lay the type-written sheets before him, and, after reading them with the most evident pleasure, he puts his initials at the top and sends the editorial out to the managing editor; to have a second pleasure when, after two hours, the galley slips of proof come back to him.

Fortunately for me, he cares no more for politics than I do, and thus saves me from the necessity of studying and mastering that shifting quicksand against which beat the tides of men, ebbing as private greed obtains the mastery, and flowing in those curious revulsions of selfishly altruistic public spirit called patriotism. Except for this subject his taste is catholic, and his foible is to pose as omniscient. "I wish new subjects, — something, if possible, that intellectual people do not know about," — is his constant command; and nothing delights him more than an editorial on a subject of which he has never heard. Speaking only his mother tongue, he has an inordinate desire for foreign words, and will say, "A quotation in another language gives an editorial page an air of culture which I desire my paper to have." Our composing-room, I imagine, is the only one in New York which has Greek type,

and if I gave him the smallest encouragement he would buy fonts of Sanskrit and Hebrew characters. He always makes me teach him how to pronounce the sentences, catching them with a wonderful parrot-like facility. Usually he carries clippings of the last half dozen editorials with him, and his delight is to make an opportunity to read one aloud, prefaced by the announcement that he is the writer. Sometimes, indeed, he cannot contain his pleasure over the articles till their appearance in type, and I repeatedly hear him say to a visitor, "If you have ten minutes to spare, let me read you this editorial I have just written for to-morrow's issue."

At first, in spite of Mr. Blodgett's explanation, I thought this real dishonesty, and despised not merely him, but myself as well for aiding in such trickery. As I grow to know him better, however, I find he is not cozening the public so much as imposing on himself. The man has a fervent and untrained imagination, which has never, in the practicalities of oil, had a safety-valve. As a result, it has rioted in dreams of which he is the hero, until it has brought him to the point of thinking his wildest fancies quite possible realities. His self-faith is so great that his imagination sets no limit to his powers, and thus he can believe everything of himself. I have heard him tell what he would do under given circumstances, and, with my knowledge of him, I know he is conceiving himself to be actually doing what he describes. Thus, in a smaller sense, he really imagines that he writes the editorials, and even reads them to Mr. Blodgett, apparently unconscious that there can be the slightest question of authorship in the latter's mind.

With this singular weakness the man is yet a strong one. His capacity to judge and manage men or facts is truly marvelous. He rules his paper as he rules everything, with the firmest hand, and not a man in his employ but knows

who is master. Within a year he turned the journal into a great earner of money, and in the business office they have to confess that it is all his work, ignorant as he is to this day of the details. He knows by instinct where money should be spent, and where it should be scrimped. Yet with all this business shrewdness he cares not half so much that his investment is paying him twenty per cent as that people are talking about his ability as an editor, and my only influence over him to this day is the praise my editorials have won him.

Perhaps the most singular quality of his nature is his heedlessness of individual opinion, and his dread of it in mass. He is so absolutely self-centred — every thought directed inward — that he never tries to make the individual like him, yet he craves intensely the world's esteem. He longs for notoriety, and even stoops to an almost daily mention of himself in his paper, taking endless pains to get his name into other journals as well. Even his philanthropy, for which the world admires him, is used for this purpose. Ridiculous as it may seem, the most grating task I have to do is the writing of the fulsome press dispatches which he invariably sends out whenever he makes one of his gifts. He writes, too, to his fellow editors, asking them to comment on the largess; and since he makes it a point to cultivate the pleasantest relations with his *confrères*, they give him good measure, though with many a smile and wink among themselves when they get together.

How curiously diverse the same man is to different people! To the world Mr. Whitely is a man of great business ability, of wide knowledge, of great benevolence, and of fine manners. I do not wonder, Maizie, that he imposes on you; for though you have discernment, yet you are not of a suspicious nature, and his acting is so wonderful and his manner so frank, through his own unconsciousness of his self-deceit, that not a

dozen people dream the man is other than he seems. You might, perhaps, in spite of his taciturnity, have discovered his charlatan pretense of learning if you had been born inquisitive, but you take his writings for the measure of his intellect, and have no more reason to suspect that his skillful reservations are the refuge of a sciolist than that my silence covers such little erudition as I have.

Why I can do naught else but sit here and wail over the past I do not understand. Until a month ago I was working every evening till far into the night, but now, try as I may, I can no longer force myself to my task. I should think it was physical exhaustion, were it not that I can write out this stale record of what I know so well. I suppose it is mental discouragement at my slight progress in reducing that crushing debt, and, even more, my sadness at the thought of you as his wife.

Good-night, my darling. May happiness be yours.

XIII.

March 4. My impressions of that first winter in New York are curiously dim except for the extreme loneliness of my life, which, after my close companionship with my father for so many years, seemed at times almost unbearable. Indeed, I doubt if I could have borne the long hours of solitude and toil but for my occasional glimpses of you. I should think myself fatuous in claiming that you influence me physically, — that I am conscious of a material glow, ecstasy, thrill, call it what you please, when with you, — if I had not once heard Agnes say that she always felt, when you were in the room, as if she had been drinking champagne; showing that I am not the only one you can thus affect.

My pleasantest recollection is of our long talk in my employer's study; and strangely enough, it was my books which gained it for me. Mr. Whitely, when

I first came into his service, had just endowed a free library in one of the Western cities where some of his oil interests centred, and I suggested to him the purchase of my books as a further gift to his hobby. The suggestion did not meet with his approval, — I fear because there was not the self-advertising in it that there is in a money gift, — but after a week he told me that he might buy the collection to furnish his editorial study. "I plan," he said, "to make my office attractive, and then have informal literary receptions once a week. I shall therefore require some books, and as your library should be marked by breadth and depth of learning, I presume it will serve my purpose."

"There are quite a number of Eastern manuscripts," I told him, "and few of the works are in languages that can be read by the average New Yorker."

"That gives the suggestion of scholarship which I wish," he said.

We easily came to terms under these circumstances, and I cannot tell you how happy I was to find myself once more surrounded by my books. As soon as they were in place and the study was handsomely furnished, my employer issued cards; and though he had nothing in common with the literary and artistic set, the mere fact that he controlled the columns of a great paper brought them all flocking to his afternoons. It is a case of mutual cultivation, and I am sick of being told to write puffs of books and pictures. Even foreigners do not seem above this log-rolling, and toady to the great editor. And yet we think Johnson mean-spirited for standing at Chesterfield's door! It humiliates me to see writers and artists stooping so low merely to get notices that are worthless in a critical sense, and doubly am I degraded that mine is the pen that aids in this contemptible chicanery.

You, Mrs. Blodgett, and Agnes came to one of these afternoons, and made me happy, not alone by your presence, but

by an insinuated reproof, which meant, I thought, that you had become enough interested in me to care what I did. You expressed surprise at my being there, and so I explained to you that I had become Mr. Whitely's secretary.

"And is your work congenial?" you asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, and said, "Civilized man cannot live without dining."

"But you told me you were making a living. Is not a crust with independence and a chance to make a name better than such work?"

"If one is free, yes. But if one must earn money?"

"I had somehow fixed it in my mind that you were *en garçon*. One's fancies are sometimes very ridiculous. Who said that a woman's intuitions were what she had when she was wrong?"

"Some man, of course," I laughed. "And you were right in supposing me a bachelor."

"How little people really know about one another," you said, "and yet we talk of the realism of life! I believe it is only in fiction that we get it."

"Napoleon said, 'Take away history and give me a novel: I wish the truth!' Certainly, our present romance writers attempt it."

"Only to prove that truth is not art."

"How so?"

"To photograph life in literature is no more art than a reproduction of our street sounds would be music."

"Painting and sculpture are copying."

"And the closer the copy, the less the art."

"Then you would define art as" —

"The vivifying of work with the personality of the workman."

"That is not very far from Saadi's thought that art is never produced without love."

"I have to confess that you quote an author of whom I had never even heard till I read *The Debatable Lands*. The

extracts printed there made me think he must be one of the great philosopher poets of the world. Yet there is no copy of his works at the Lenox."

"There are copies of all his writings here."

"I think I shall disobey Polonius by trying to be a borrower," you said, and turning to Mr. Whitely, you asked, "Do you ever lend your books?"

"To lend to you would be a pleasure, and give added value to the volume," said Mr. Whitely, joining us. "Take anything you wish."

"Thank you so much. Will you let me see what you have of Saadi, so that I may take my choice?"

"You were speaking of" — hemmed Mr. Whitely.

"Saadi."

"Ah, yes. Dr. Hartzmann knows where it is."

When I had led the way to the proper shelf, you selected the *Gulistan*, opened it, and then laughed. "You have the best protection against borrowers. I envy both of you the ability to read him in the original, but it is beyond me."

"As you read Latin, you can read *Gentius'* translation of the *Bostan*," I said, taking the book down.

"How do you know that I can read Latin?" you asked.

I faltered for a moment, too much taken aback to think what to reply, and fortunately Mr. Whitely interposed quickly, "Miss Walton's reputation for learning is so well recognized that knowledge of Latin is taken for granted."

Taking advantage of the compliment, I suggested, "Perhaps you will care less to read the poet if I quote a stanza of his:

'Seek truth from life, and not from books,
O fool!

Look at the sky to find the stars, not in the pool.'

"You only make me the more eager," you said, running over the pages.

"The book is worth reading," asserted Mr. Whitely.

"How good that is!" you appealed to him, laying your finger on lines to the effect that a dozen poor men will sleep in peace on a straw heap, while the greatest empire is too narrow for two kings.

"Very," answered my employer, after looking at the text with a critical air. If you could only have enjoyed the joke with me!

Suddenly, as I watched you, you became pale, and glancing down to learn the cause, I saw a manuscript note in my father's handwriting on the margin of the page.

"Mr. Whitely," you asked huskily, "how did you get this book?"

Had you looked at me you would have seen one paler than yourself, as I stood there expecting the axe to fall. Oh, the relief when Mr. Whitely replied, "I bought it in Germany!"

You closed the volume, saying, "I do not think I will ask the loan, after all. He seems an author one ought to own."

"I hoped you would add an association to the book," urged Mr. Whitely.

"Thank you," you replied gravely, "but so old a volume can hardly be lacking in association. I think we must be going."

I took you down to the carriage, and Mrs. Blodgett kindly offered me the fourth seat. You were absolutely silent in the drive up-town, and I was scarcely less so as I tried to read your thoughts. What feelings had that scrap of writing stirred in you?

I have often since then recalled our parting words that afternoon, and wondered if I allowed a mere scruple — a cobweb that a stronger man would have brushed aside without a second thought — to wreck my life. If I had taken what you offered? Perhaps the time might have come when I could have told you of my trick, and you would have forgiven it. Perhaps —

You said to me graciously, when we separated at your door, "I shall be very

happy, Dr. Hartzmann, if you will come to see me."

I flushed with pleasure, for I felt it was not a privilege you gave to many. But even as I hesitated for words with which to thank you, I realized that I had no moral right to gain your hospitality by means of my false name; and when I spoke it was to respond, "I thank you for the favor most deeply, Miss Walton, but I am too busy a man for social calls."

Oh, my darling, if you had known what those few words cost me, and the struggle I had to keep my voice steady as I spoke them! For I knew you could only take them to mean that I declined your friendship. Hide my shame as I might try to do, I could not escape its pains. God keep you from such suffering, Maizie, and good-night.

XIV.

March 5. Though I committed the rudeness of refusing to call, you never, in our subsequent intercourse, varied your manner by the slightest shade, treating me always with a courtesy I ill deserved. After such a rebuff, it is true, you were too self-respecting to offer me again any favor tending to a better acquaintance, but otherwise you bore yourself towards me as you did towards the thousand other men whom you were obliged to meet.

Your life as a social favorite, and mine as a literary hack, gave little opportunity for our seeing each other, yet we met far more frequently than would have seemed possible. Occasionally I found you at the Blodgetts', though not as often as our informal footing in that household had led me to hope; for you were in such social demand that your morning hours were the time you usually took to run in upon them. But now and then we lunched or dined there, and Mrs. Blodgett little dreamed how willingly I

obeyed her positive command that I was to come to every one of her afternoons when Agnes told me that you were to help receive and pour tea. Little I had of your attention, for you were a magnet to many, but I could stand near you and could watch and listen, and that was happiness.

A cause of meeting more discordant to me was furnished by my employer. I wrote for him an editorial on the folk-leit basis of the Wagner trilogy, which I suppose he sent or read to you; for it resulted in a box party to attend the series, and I was asked to be one of the guests. "Nothing like having your books of reference under your arm," was Mr. Whitely's way of telling me for what purpose I was wanted; and I presume that was, in truth, the light in which he viewed me. Though I scorned such service, the mere fact that you were to be there was enough to make me accept. How low love can bring a man if his spirit is once mastered by it!

I would have sunk far deeper, I believe, to obtain what I earned, for there were delightful moments of mutually absorbing discussions, only too quickly interrupted by Mr. Whitely or others of the party breaking in on our conversation. What was equal happiness to me was the association of you in my mind with the noblest of music. I can never hear certain movements of those operas without your image coming before me as clearly as if I saw your reflection in a mirror. And from that time one of my keenest pleasures has been to beg tickets from the musical critic of our staff, whenever one of the trilogy is to be given, and sit through the opera dreaming of those hours. I could write here every word you said, but what especially impressed itself upon my memory was something called out by the fate of Brunhilde. As we stood in the lobby waiting for the carriages, at the end of Die Walküre, you withdrew a little, as if still feeling the beauty and tragedy of

the last act too deeply to take part in the chit-chat with which the rest of the party beguiled the time. I drew near you, but, respecting your mood, was silent too, until you finally broke the pause by saying, "I do not know whether it is Wagner's music or because Brunhilde appeals to me, but I always feel that I have suffered as she does. It almost makes me believe in metempsychosis."

"Is it so much consciousness of a past, Miss Walton," I suggested, "as prescience of the future? Woman's story is so unvaryingly that of self-sacrifice for love that I should suppose Brunhilde's fate would appeal to the sex as a prophecy rather than as a memory."

"Her punishment could have been far worse."

"Left a defenseless prey to the first comer?"

"But surrounded by fire, so that the first comer must be a brave man."

"Do you value courage so highly?"

"Yes. The truly brave, I think, cannot be mean, and without meanness there must be honor. I almost envy Brunhilde her walls of fire, which put to absolute proof any man who sought her. By what can we to-day test courage and honor?"

"There is as much as ever, Miss Walton. Is it no gain that courage has become moral rather than physical?"

"Is it no loss that of all the men I know, there is not one of whom I can say with certainty, 'He is a brave man'?"

Our numbers were called at this point, and the conversation was never continued. Every word you had said recalled to me my former friend, and I understood your repugnance for anything cowardly.

At the last of these operas, by another perverse joke of Dame Fortune, who seems to have so many laughs at my expense, I was introduced to the chaperon, "Mrs. Polhemus." Looking up, I found myself facing my mother, — thus learning of her marriage. I cannot tell you

how strangely I felt as I made my bow. She was as handsome as ever, it seemed to me, and the smooth rich olive complexion seemed to have given her an undying youth. For a moment I feared recognition, but the difference was too great between the pallid stooping boy of fifteen she had last seen in Paris and the straight bronzed man of twenty-seven. She was magnificently dressed and glittered with diamonds, which instantly brought to my mind the face of my father as I kissed him last. Was it the strong connection of contrast, or was it a quirk of my brain?

This chance meeting had a sequel that pains me to this day. Dining the next evening at the Blodgetts' with you and your uncle, the latter spoke of my mother's diamonds. Mrs. Blodgett said, with a laugh, "Now that she has made a rich marriage she may pay up the money her first husband stole from Maizie."

"She could have done that years ago if she had cared to," sneered Mr. Walton.

Your eyes were lowered, and you still kept them so as you replied, "I would not accept the money from Mrs. Polhemus."

In my suffering I sat rigid and speechless, wincing inwardly at each blow of the lash, when Mr. Blodgett, with a kindness I can never reward or even acknowledge, said, "I believe it was his wife's extravagance which made William Maitland a bankrupt and an embezzler. Till his marriage with her he was a man of simple habits and of unquestioned business honesty, but he was caught by her looks, just as Polhemus has been. In those first years he could deny her nothing, and when the disillusionment came he was too deep in to prevent the wreck."

"You've been revising your views a bit," retorted Mr. Walton. "I never expected to hear you justify any of that family."

"Perhaps I have reason to," replied Mr. Blodgett.

"I don't believe any of those Maitlands have the least honesty!" exclaimed Agnes. "How I hate them!"

"It is not a subject of which I like to speak," you said, still with lowered eyes, "but it is only right to say that some one — I suppose the son — is beginning to pay back the debt."

"Pay back the money, Maizie!" ejaculated Mr. Walton. "Why have n't you told me of it?"

"It did not seem necessary," you answered.

"I'm sure it's a trick," asserted Agnes. "He's probably trying to worm his way back to your friendship, to get something more out of you."

"How much" — began Mr. Walton; but you interrupted him there by saying, "I would rather not talk about it."

The subject was changed at once, but when we were smoking, Mr. Walton asked, "Blodgett, do you know anything about that Maitland affair?"

"A little," replied the host.

"The debt really is being paid?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know by whom?"

"So Maizie tells me."

"Has she made no attempt to find out?"

"When the first payment was made she came to me for advice."

"Well?" asked Mr. Walton eagerly.

"She got it," said Mr. Blodgett.

"What did she do?" persisted Mr. Walton.

Mr. Blodgett was silent for a moment,

and then responded, "The exact opposite of what I advised. Do you know, Walton, you and I remind me of the warm-hearted elephant who tried to hatch the ostrich eggs by sitting on them."

"In what respect?"

"We decided that we must break up Maizie's love of the Maitlands for her own good."

"Well?"

"Well, we made the whole thing so mean to her that finally we did break something. Then, manlike, we were satisfied. What was it we broke?"

"Nonsense!" growled Mr. Walton, sipping his wine.

Mr. Blodgett laughed slightly. "That's rather a good name for it," he assented; "but the trouble is, Walton, that nonsense is a very big part of every woman's life. You'll never get me to fool with it again."

I often ponder over those three brief remarks of yours, and of what you said to me last autumn, in our ride, trying to learn, if possible, what your feeling is towards us. Can you, despite all that has intervened, still feel any tenderness and love for my father and me? Perhaps it was best that you were silent; if you had spoken of him with contempt, I think — I know you would not, my darling, for you loved him once, and that, to you, would be reason enough to be merciful to the dead, however sinning.

Dear love, good-night.

Paul Leicester Ford.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

ESSAYS.

Cousin Anthony and I, *Some Views of Ours about Divers Matters and Various Aspects of Life*, by Edward Sandford Martin. (Scribners.) It is a common lament that the writing of essays is a lost art, especially in America; and it is a common belief that the writers without signatures, for the last pages of magazines, are the writers least worthy of consideration. Yet here is a volume of admirable little essays which, if we mistake not, have in many instances first seen the light in close proximity to magazine advertisements. Nevertheless, they are clever, wise, and true. Their writer has observed our contemporary life with shrewdness and justice, and talks most entertainingly of our weaknesses and virtues. He has breathed the spirit of modernity, and, putting a fair value upon its advantages, feels also the losses we shall suffer if we permit ourselves to lose some of the older things. The book is likely to render a double service to those who read it; for after enjoying the pleasure which it is sure to afford them, they will turn yet again, if they are of the judicious, to Mr. Martin's earlier and almost equally readable book of essays, *Windfalls of Observation*. — *Eighteenth Century Vignettes, Third Series*, by Austin Dobson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) On the title-page of this volume Mr. Dobson prints a couplet from the highly characteristic lines, *By Way of Prologue*, which stand before the fourteen little essays of the book: —

"For detail, detail, most I care.
Ce superflu, si nécessaire!"

Any reader of the first and second series of *Vignettes* will remember them well, and will feel the fitness of the emphasis the author has put upon these two lines. Old magazines and pamphlets, random notes, personal and bibliographical, in memoirs of the last century, chance allusions to this, that, and the other thing, are the materials in which he deals; he weaves them together with the skill of one who has long known "the joy of the working," and his finished products are small tapestries on which the scenes and the people of old London are pictured with a clearness which often evades

a larger handiwork. — Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., published several months ago in *The Atlantic* three essays on *The American Pessimist*, *The American Idealist*, and *The American Out of Doors*; he has added four papers, and brought the whole into a volume entitled *Types of American Character*. (Macmillan.) The book is not only the suggestive work of a good observer and reflector, but also a sign of the growing interest in the differentiation of Americans. It marks not so much the self-conscious age as the age when a student is released from the constraint which has rested on most thinkers. Why should not the human naturalist study types of the species nearest to him? — There is no obvious unity in the group of essays which Mr. Howells collects under the broad title of *Impressions and Experiences* (Harpers), yet there is a contrast in the volume which, to one interested in the writer, is rather expressive. The first paper, *The Country Printer*, is a delightful reminiscence of Mr. Howells's boyhood; the second, that grimly humorous *Police Report*, which shows his attitude toward the subjects of low life when he was only a novelist looking on; the third, *I Talk of Dreams*, a whimsical foray into the shadows of real life; the sixth, *The Closing of the Hotel*, a felicitous sketch of public sociability. The remaining four papers are the curiously futile efforts of a humane humorist not only to sketch the sordid, but to bring to bear a vague economic philosophy to account for conditions and to suggest remedies. We must except the *Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver*, which by its subjective character is no less sympathetic, but much more intelligible and interpretative. — *Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism*, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) This volume of essays reveals no extraordinary powers of penetration, but it is appreciative of its various themes and generally readable. A good little distinction is drawn at one point between humor and sense of humor, for which latter, we are well reminded, the English language needs a single word; and throughout the book there is the interest which always attaches itself to the critical work of a maker of fiction.

The opportunity to compare theory and practice is prized no less highly in letters than in life. If we care more for the best stories by Mr. Matthews than for his criticisms, it is as it should be, for is not creation the higher faculty, and the exercise of it the thing that is best worth while? — The Evergreen, a Northern Seasonal; The Book of Winter. (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh; Lippincott, Philadelphia.) With this, its fourth number, a remarkable quarterly ends its career. The editors' way of saying it is that "the loosely grouped initiatives of this first venture have now to separate, to develop apart for a season." The Celticists, we read, will "listen alone to the elemental voices," yet it appears that The Interpreter, a new mouthpiece, will soon begin to speak for the Evergreen confraternity.

ARCHITECTURE.

A Text-Book of the History of Architecture, by A. D. F. Hamlin. (Longmans.) This work is one of the series of College Histories of Art, prepared under the editorship of Dr. Van Dyke. It is essentially a textbook, covering the whole history of architecture within a compass of four hundred and forty closely printed pages. Such a condensation gives to the work somewhat the character of a *catalogue raisonné*; but Professor Hamlin has brought to the task the experience of a trained instructor, and, by lucid arrangement, intelligent comment, and a good sense of proportion, has succeeded in presenting his subject in a manner at once intelligible and interesting. Each chapter is preceded by a bibliography, and is subdivided into sections treating of history, of constructional characteristics, of decoration, etc., followed by brief descriptions of examples, with critical estimates. It is thus not merely a book of reference, but an orderly historical treatise, — the product of a full mind which knows the art of being concise without obscurity. The copious illustrations are for the most part photographic reproductions, accompanied by well-executed plans and diagrams. The necessity of a comprehensive work of this sort has been long felt, and Professor Hamlin, with his wide experience in the architectural department of Columbia College, is admirably equipped to meet it. — European Architecture, a Historical Study, by Rus-

sell Sturgis. (Macmillan.) The new scientific study of the evolution of the styles has thrown such fresh light upon architectural history, and there have been so many archaeological revelations within the last twenty years, that all preceding works on this fascinating subject have become more or less doubtful authority, and the old classifications have been found in some important respects arbitrary and unreasonable. Mr. Sturgis's study is based upon these safer and more scientific lines, and has therefore a distinct *raison d'être*. Because it deals with essential principles rather than with external phenomena, the transitions of architecture are made to assume a new significance, and to appear no longer unaccountable and accidental, but as reasonable as the transitions in the intellectual or moral growth of mankind. Under this treatment the subject necessarily takes upon itself a new unity, and as such must appeal more successfully to all intelligent minds. Mr. Sturgis makes good use of the obvious advantages gained in surveying the broad European field from an American and consequently from an unprejudiced point of view, and he is enabled from this vantage-ground to show without bias not only the general development of architectural forms throughout Christendom, but the local distinctions created by the social, political, and moral conditions of each nation. This of course adds greatly to the intelligibility and interest of the story. It seems a pity, however, that in taking so comprehensive a survey his scheme should exclude two large and important branches of Byzantine art: the one extending northward and taking definite shape ultimately in the style of Russia; and the other southward, to become the styles of Arabia and northern Africa. The Western extension, with its far more important results in Christian architecture, is treated as adequately as his limits would permit. The illustrations are abundant and by no means hackneyed or commonplace, the index is full, and the whole work, in plan and execution, in breadth of view and thoroughness of knowledge, is a credit to American scholarship. It is easy to criticise, for its inclusions or its exclusions, so brief a summary of so great a theme, but on the whole we are not likely soon to have an exposition so impartial, so philosophical, and so clear. — Architecture for

General Readers, a Short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design, with a Historical Sketch, by H. Heathcote Statham. (Imported by Scribners.) The professed object of this book is to persuade the general reader to bestow some thought upon the meaning and *raison d'être* of architecture, rather than to regard it merely as the history of a succession of various buildings in various styles. Two thirds of this work are devoted to a popular demonstration of the principles involved in the evolution of architecture from construction, and to an explanation of the growth of distinctive architectural systems or styles; only one third is occupied by an historical sketch, which includes a glimpse of Indian and Saracenic forms as well as Christian, following a brief study of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine art. This portion of the book, though excellent in its way, is inferior in value to that concerned with the principles of the art, because one cannot elsewhere find these principles set forth in a manner so intelligible to the general reader. Mr. Statham, as editor of the *London Builder*, one of the oldest and most celebrated of architectural publications, has had a long and intimate connection with the literary side of the art, and makes an excellent use of his experience in this new exposition. The illustrations, which are all by his own hand, are in every respect an illumination of the text, and the comparative views exhibited in the twelve full-page plates are especially clever in selection and arrangement.

FICTION.

Meg McIntyre's Raffle, and Other Stories, by Alvan F. Sanborn. (Copeland & Day.) The pathos and tragedy of the poorest city life are portrayed with a ghastly reality in these tales. They make their appeal as documents, horribly human, rather than as pieces of fiction. Nothing is set down with a perceptible wish to make things seem better, or indeed other, than they are. Episodes in the Career of Shuffles, a Lodging-House Bum, take up a considerable portion of the volume, and in their showing of all that is worst and best in a man purely "degenerate" by birth and circumstance are fairly typical of the skill and value of Mr. Sanborn's work. The short opening tale, from which the volume

takes its name, stands apart as a strange sort of tenement-house idyl. When another Irish vaudeville song is wanted, here is the prose from which it may be made. — Tales of Fantasy and Fact, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) This is a collection of stories, some of which have appeared previously in magazines and some in newspapers, as is explained in the Confidential Postscript at the end of the volume. The author does not seem quite on familiar ground in the first four stories of fantasy, and though the idea is often original, he fails in leaving the impression he strives to produce. The Kinetoscope of Time is perhaps the best of these. Here the well-known characters that have been already immortalized by other hands pass before our vision once more, illuminated by the magic-lantern Mr. Matthews flashes upon them. The Twinkling of an Eye is the most noticeable of the tales of fact, and it has become pretty generally known as the winner of the second prize offered by a newspaper, some time ago, for the best detective story. — In The Quest of the Golden Girl, a romance by Richard Le Gallienne (John Lane), we follow the adventures of a latter-day troubadour in search of his ideal bride. The subject is entirely congenial to the author, and all his happiest characteristics are conspicuous. The fantastic tale is full of poetry and fancy, and on laying the volume down we confess that the key of Arcadia is in the possession of this writer with the Greek soul and the artist's touch. We should feel surfeited with sweetness after a steady diet of Le Gallienne, — man cannot live on roses and honey alone, — but in this prosaic age it is peculiarly refreshing to find a writer who extracts the essence of poetry from life, and discards the rest as mere dross. There are the usual few things we wish Mr. Le Gallienne had not said, or had said differently, things which show him at his worst as a vulgar poseur, but these rare discords are quite forgotten in the pastoral beauty and harmony of the whole. — In Buncombe County, by Maria Louise Pool (Herbert S. Stone & Co.), is an informally written little sketch of Southern sordidness and squalor, laid among the beautiful North Carolina mountains, where we are given to understand that every prospect pleases, and not only man is vile, but women and children surpass their male relations in degra-

dation. It is an unpretentious account of the impressions and experiences of two "Yankee" girls visiting a Southern friend, but if the story were condensed into half its present bulk it would be read with more enjoyment, and we should not miss the vein of forced humor which runs through the book and blinds us to a genuine liveliness of description often found in its pages. — A far more ambitious production by the same author is *In the First Person* (Harpers), which deals by turns with simple New England folk and a company of far from simple opera-singers. In describing the evolution of a farmer's daughter into a prima donna there is too much dwelling on unimportant detail, and a lack of selection is shown all the way through. If the sketchy and impressionistic touch which we find in the last pages were more in evidence in the first part of the volume, we should be less wearied by the village Trilby's many vicissitudes with amatory tenors, jealous rivals in art, and uncomprehending parents. — *Jack*, by Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Laura Ensor. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) The characters in this tragic tale of a boy's childhood and youth are so distinctively French that it is difficult for the Anglo-Saxon mind to conceive of their actual existence when presented in an English form, and there is no denying that the book loses by translation. But Laura Ensor has done her work most satisfactorily, and has kept the French atmosphere and characteristics as far as it was possible to do so. Those who are to be consoled with on not reading French are to be congratulated on having a modern masterpiece presented to them in a form which preserves the spirit, if not the letter, of Daudet. — *Virgin Soil*, translated from the Russian of Ivan Turgenev by Constance Garnett. (Macmillan.) This was the last of Turgenev's great novels, and this latest translation is more satisfactory than the one which was made some twenty years ago from the French *Terres Vierge*s, as being nearer the original. The novel is of interest to the general reader, having much of human as well as political concern; and if the many-syllabled Russian names could only be put into as good English as the rest of the book, we should have no complaint to bring against the smoothness of the whole.

BOOKS OF AND FOR THE YOUNG.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has a familiar. How else can we explain his ability to read the mind of horses and smaller cattle? The charm of *The Story of Aaron* (Houghton) lies much in the crossing and recrossing of the belt which stretches between the natural and the supernatural, but always he is human, sympathetic, at home with unsophisticated children, darkies, and the animals which stupid people call dumb. — *W. V., Her Book, and Various Verses*, by William Canton. (Stone & Kimball.) The author of that exquisite little tale of the Seen and the Unseen, *The Invisible Playmate*, appears here as the recorder of the daily life and conversation of his altogether delightful five-year-old daughter; telling of her birthday, a movable and frequently recurring feast, her friend Littlejohn, and her bedtime; sketching vividly, delicately, and veraciously one of the most charming child-portraits we have seen for many a day. *W. V.* is much more interesting than the verses of *Her Book*, though these are not without their attraction for child-lovers; or than the *Various Verses* at the end of the volume, though these at times show genuine poetic feeling. — *Songs for Little People*, by Norman Gale. (Constable, Westminster; Macmillan, New York.) A tolerably large proportion of these songs are really for the fathers and mothers, or elder brothers and sisters of little people; indeed, the book might be divided into songs for and songs of children. The verses of both sorts are vivacious and pleasing, and will be likely to prove more than passing favorites. The volume is profusely and often very happily illustrated by Helen Stratton, who also furnishes a charming cover design. — *In Childhood's Country*, by Louise Chandler Moulton. Pictured by Ethel Reed. (Cope-land & Day.) Mrs. Moulton has not been so fortunate as Mr. Gale in her illustrator, — or shall we say picturer? — in whose drawings affectation is carried to the verge of grotesqueness or burlesque, the art of the poster as here exemplified being peculiarly out of harmony with the graceful verse. — *Sonny*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (The Century Co.) The hero of this little tale, which is not for children, is a small boy, who brings himself up, even in the matter of choosing his pastors and teachers, and its liveliness is comic rather than humorous.

The narrator, Sonny's doting father, uses a form of speech which we suppose must be called "dialect," though it seems only an exceedingly disagreeable and illiterate misuse of English. Such as it is, it goes far towards concealing whatever merits the book may possess. — From the same writer we have Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets, and Other Tales (Harpers), a collection of bright and pleasing stories, sufficiently varied in subjects, but all apparently of Louisiana, and with of course a liberal admixture of negro characters. — The Long Walls, an American Boy's Adventures in Greece, by Elbridge S. Brooks and John Alden. (Putnams.) A spirited, well-told story of some exciting experiences of archaeologists in the field, the setting and the Greek characters being studies at first hand. The authors have been exceptionally successful in combining instruction and entertainment, and the accuracy of their work, where it may be said to be founded on fact, is worthy of all praise; but we wish the Grecian atmosphere had had an ameliorating influence on the American Boy's speech. Being a well-born New Yorker, he can hardly converse in "dialect," but his persistent slanginess is, under the circumstances, quite as irritating. — Stories from English History, from the Lord Protector to Victoria, by the Rev. A. J. Church, M. A. (Macmillan.) The third and concluding volume of an excellent series, showing all the good qualities of its predecessors, — a wise selection of topics, an easy but always dignified style, condensation without dryness, and, we may add, competent knowledge, the last by no means a uniform characteristic of writers of children's histories. — Pierrette, by Marguerite Bouvet. (McClurg.) A tale ostensibly of Paris, but, despite its careful bits of local color, really of no particular city. Indeed, Pierrette, the charming little lace-worker her mother, Père Michel, and the amusingly naïve sinner and penitent Monsieur Le Page are all denizens of a not highly vitalized portion of story-book land. Their history, it should be said, is refined in tone and not unreadable. — Fairy Starlight and the Dolls, by Elizabeth S. Blakeley. Illustrated by Lucy F. Perkins. (McClurg.) The cheerful history of a little girl's excursions into doll-land and her various experiences there, so vividly and pleasantly told that it will be sure to enter-

tain all the small mothers of dolls who make the acquaintance of the adventurous Bianca and her family. — A Virginia Cavalier, by Molly Elliot Seawell (Harpers), is the title under which George Washington as a youth is presented to us. Some of the incidents of his boyhood and early manhood are told in a picturesque way, and the spirit and manners of the time are well shown forth. Mature readers nowadays prefer to take truth and fiction in separate doses, and though this narrative is by no means an unpleasing combination of the two, it is especially adapted for young readers who have been taught by history to consider Washington an inhuman prig, and who are now taught by fiction to consider him a human being. — The Century Book of Famous Americans, by Elbridge S. Brooks (The Century Co.), is a generous-paged, profusely illustrated narrative, in the form of imaginary walks and talks, treating of persons and incidents in Boston, Quincy, Plymouth, Marshfield, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Charlottesville, Washington, Chicago, and other places, all bearing witness to patriotism. The machinery creaks a little, but the wheels go round and the young people are carried along in brisk fashion. The book is in the right line, for it fixes attention on persons rather than on material prosperity.

SCIENCE.

At last we have the first volume of what is to be a complete illustrated flora of north-eastern North America. Students of botany and all who are in any way interested in our native plants have long wanted such a book as this, and it would be hard to imagine anything more generally satisfactory than this promises to be. The full title of the volume is An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions, from Newfoundland to the Parallel of the Southern Boundary of Virginia, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the 102d Meridian, by Nathaniel Lord Britton, Ph. D., and Hon. Addison Brown. In three volumes. Vol. I. Ophioglossaceæ to Aizoaceæ, Ferns to Carpet-Weed. (Scribners.) It is, of course, eminently scientific in conception and treatment, and it must be regarded as in many ways authoritative, though it will doubtless not receive the unqualified approval of the more conservative — and perhaps less progressive — school of bota-

nists, for it surely marks an advance in the science. The thorough revision of nomenclature, the adoption of trinomials for sub-specific forms or "varieties," the use of the "natural" system of classification, beginning with the lowest and most generalized forms and working up to the highest or most specialized, — all this is in the line of advancement, and these reforms, which have worked so well for ornithology and other zoological sciences, cannot fail to accomplish as much for botany. No doubt beginners will miss the keys which assist them in Gray's Manual, but for such persons it would be hard to overestimate the value of the figures, of which there is one for every species. While these figures are not all equally good, they are generally remarkably successful, all things considered. And here we may venture to express the hope that the second edition, which is sure to be demanded soon, will give us better representations of many of the oak leaves. It is sometimes hard to say what form of leaf is typical of a given species of oak, but one would be safe in saying that some of the forms in the book are not representative, in spite of the fact that they are not impossible, and perhaps not very unusual.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Professor George P. Fisher follows up his *History of the Christian Church* with a *History of Christian Doctrine* (Scribners), in which he traces the rise, growth, and fixation of Christian dogma. He dissents from the German critics in so far as their conclusions tend to throw doubt on the trustworthiness of the gospel record, or to magnify the extent to which the real teaching of Jesus was changed in being formulated at Alexandria with the aid of current Greek philosophy. His aim is, however, to be thoroughly impartial, to be "objective;" that is, to exhibit the actual historical record in freedom from all sectarian bias. He brings learning to his task, and the book will be specially welcome to those conservatives who are repelled by the theological drift of Harnack's standard work, and yet want a history which shall take into account the results of recent German criticism. In the history of dogma is incorporated a history of Christian doctrine which is brought down to most recent times. The book also includes a consideration of the effects

which the doctrines of modern philosophy and science have had upon Christian theology, both in the opinions of the philosophers and scientists themselves, from Descartes and Bacon to Hamilton and Huxley, and in the opinions of the theologians, from Butler and Paley to Martineau and Romanes. The scheme is a good one, but there is a lack of proportion in the emphasis. — Samuel Harris, another Yale professor, follows up his *Philosophical Basis of Theism* with a treatise entitled *God, the Creator and Lord of All*. (Scribners.) In the former work he aimed to prove man's capacity to know God, and the line of argumentation developed in it is presupposed in the present volumes, in which he would define: (1) God as he is in himself, and also as he is in his relations to the universe and especially to man; and (2) the universe, and especially man, in their relations to God. He would show that "God is the only absolute Spirit," and what this really means (omnipotence, omnipresence, etc.); that he is the "Creator" of all, and here the genesis narrative is explained and defended; and finally, that he is "Lord of all in providential and moral government" of the world created by him. In a word, Professor Harris has written a complete treatise on dogmatic, or, as he prefers to call it, doctrinal theology. There is presupposed in the argumentation not only religion "with its spontaneous beliefs," the existence of God and the reality of his various revelations of himself, but also the belief "in the reality of his revelation of himself in his action in human history, developing his kingdom and culminating in Christ and the Holy Spirit, the God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself as recorded in the Bible; and continued through all generations in the Holy Spirit." The author can be accused of liberalism only in so far as he adopts the theory (advocated, for that matter, in all ages, and even by Calvin) of the progressive nature of revelation, and by this means explains certain inadequacies of the record. One who has known the stress of doubt will scarcely find enough common ground between himself and his guide to serve as a point of departure. A doubter is in fact never helped save by one who has doubted more profoundly than he himself has. — *The Child and Childhood in Folk-Thought*, by Alex-

ander Francis Chamberlain. (Macmillan.) The aim of the book is to show what the "primitive" child did and said, and how he was regarded as a factor in the family and in society at large, and to point out the survival of some of these early child activities in modern times; and in general to trace the influence of the "child idea" in the progress of civilization. Dr. Chamberlain has succeeded in emphasizing the fact that the children of "primitive man" were not "mere animals" (who ever thought they were?); that they were loved, worshiped, wondered at, and misunderstood, just as their modern representatives are; and that they have exerted a great influence upon "language, religion, society, and the arts." But just what this influence is, where it begins to be felt, and how it acts in the process of development is not brought out. The author stands in apparent helplessness before the facts he has collected.—*The Sense of Beauty*, by George Santayana. (Scribners.) How comes it that we perceive beauty? What is the common element in beautiful things? How do we form our ideal or ideals, and with them compare given objects? These questions, which the present volume seeks to answer, have been asked, in one form or another, ever since the dawn of reflection itself. The philosophy of art, more even than the philosophy of conduct, has resisted the modern tendency to seek purely natural explanations of all things, and to assume that a thing is accounted for by tracing its historical origin. The moral law comes to us with a command, and therefore, at least at first sight, *seems* to have its source in something beyond ourselves, and thus to admit of an "objective" treatment. But our judgment of beauty is so thoroughly self-inspired that the very proposal to "give an objective account of the nature and origin of beauty" seems paradoxical. It is like seeking such an account of the soul itself. Beauty is defined as "pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing," "pleasure objectified." Does not this definition include too much? Although undoubtedly beauty is "pleasure objectified," is all "pleasure objectified" beauty? We fail to see that our author has made his definition good. His treatise abounds in acute psychological observations and careful analyses. But when all is said, it is essentially an æsthetic account of æsthetics, the

effort of an artist to give an account of the nature of artistic values. One must not expect to find a philosophy of art here evolved. That would indeed have been impossible in a writer for whom feeling is the ultimate factor, who traces duty to dread, and holds that "our whole intellectual life has its only justification in its connection with our pleasures and pains." The book is not a treatise on the canons of taste: it is a consideration of our matter-of-fact æsthetic judgments from the standpoint of descriptive psychology.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The increase of bazaars in the commercial world is hardly more striking than the multiplying of encyclopædias in the world of books. If all the latter were as good as Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities, we might well delight in the tendency. Merely to examine such a volume is enough to make a middle-aged man feel that he was born too early. Far be it from us to speak slightly of Lemprière or of the Smith-Anthon-Drisler combination; but here is a work which we may praise without offense to our old friends. It is more than its title claims. It is a real thesaurus of biography, mythology, geography, antiquities, literature, language, and history, with good bibliographies and a host of illustrations. Its scope is broad enough to include sketches of the chief Christian Fathers, and the most eminent classical scholars, philologists, and archaeologists down to the present century, and to take note of the discoveries made by such recent investigators as Dörpfeld and Lanciani. The editor, Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, has been aided by more than a score of well-known scholars, including a few Englishmen and Germans, but mostly Americans. A word should be said for the cross-references, which are unusually numerous, and seem to leave the student in no danger of failing to find ready access to all the contents of this encyclopædia of classical lore.—*Dictionary of Quotations* (English), by Lieut.-Col. Philip Hugh Dalbiac, M. P. (Sonnenschein, London; Macmillan, New York.) Those who are so unfortunate as not to have access to Bartlett's invaluable work, — unrivaled in its completeness, thoroughness, and even in its arrangement, — and so can avoid com-

parisons, will find this dictionary a commendably accurate and fairly full compilation. It is rigidly confined to English and American writers (the English Bible being, naturally, an exception), and it is intended that a volume devoted to the classics, and one to the modern Continental authors, shall follow. The quotations are arranged alphabetically, and indexes of subjects and authors are given. A dozen American writers, including *Fitzgeorge Halleck*, are represented, *Emerson* and *Longfellow* most frequently. A number of quotations from the younger living writers are given, in this respect the book being exceptionally up to date,—though these excerpts, it must be owned, have not always crystallized into familiar quotations. — Quotations for Occasions, compiled by *Katharine B. Wood*. (The Century Co.) Miss Wood is the first compiler of a volume of quotations for menus, programmes, invitations, etc., and she has done her work so well that it would be somewhat venturesome for any literary delver to try to better it. *Shakespeare*, of course, is most largely drawn upon, but the lesser Elizabethans contribute their portion, as do a host of writers, great and small, down to our own day. A dinner is followed through all its courses, and every sort of festivity is awarded its share of quotations; the latest of all, bicycle meets, receiving five or six pages of happy conceits, generally dating from the seventeenth century. Miss Wood says that her book is to create rather than supply a want, but it will surely at once be welcomed by the givers or managers of feasts, who have sought painfully, with more or less ill success, for what is to be found here in variety and abundance for the asking. — *A Manual of Greek Antiquities*, by *Percy Gardner*, M. A., Litt. D., and *Frank Byron Jevons*, M. A., Litt. D. (Scribners.) A book that has come to fill an actual vacancy, and which is, fortunately for the many students who will make use of it, the work of men not only of profound scholarship, but of distinct literary ability as well. It is difficult to conceive of more information being crowded into seven hundred pages, but from first to last the manual is easily readable, often it is exceedingly interesting; and even those who come to it merely to extract grains of desired knowledge from an authoritative textbook will find themselves returning to it as readers.

Professor Gardner has written the first five books, devoted to *The Surroundings of Greek Life, Religion and Mythology, Cultus, The Course of Life, and Commerce*, while Dr. Jevons treats *Constitutional and Legal Antiquities, Slavery, War, and The Theatre*. There is a good index, but not so exhaustive a one as a book of such importance deserves and needs. Illustrations are not numerous; indeed, the authors state that limits of space compelled a sparing use of them, and they refer students to Anderson's edition of *Schreiber's Atlas* as an admirable companion to their volume. Though not arranged in dictionary form, the orderly grouping of the topics makes the work one to refer to quite as much as one to read. — *A Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, by *Ernest Arthur Gardner*, M. A. (Macmillan.) The first volume of a series of handbooks of archaeology and antiquities, edited by Professor *Percy Gardner* and Professor *Kelsey*, and a more admirable beginning for such a series could hardly be desired. It contains the introduction to its subject and its history to the time of *Phidias*, so that a second part, whose early publication is announced, is needed to complete the work. The author, formerly director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, can write as a master, and not merely as an intelligent compiler, and his thoroughly scholarly and scientific method seems to make his book only the more interesting and readable. The volume is liberally and well illustrated. — A new and inexpensive edition of *Murray's Manual of Mythology* has been brought out by *David McKay*, Philadelphia. The editor claims to have revised the work on the basis of the twentieth edition of *Petiscus*, and he has also followed *Bulfinch*, with somewhat less skill, in embodying illustrative extracts from the poets in the text. Some new pictures are also added. That the author of this popular book is cognizant of these changes is nowhere stated. — *History of English Literature from the Fourteenth Century to the Death of Surrey*, by *Bernhard Ten Brink*. Edited by Dr. *Alois Brandl*. Translated from the German by *L. Dora Schmitz*. Vol. II. Part II. (Holt.) Regret mingles with pleasure as we read these masterly pages; for this is the last volume which we may expect from the indefatigable scholarship of *Ten Brink*. The very minuteness and evenness of treat-

ment make the book a little colorless and dry, but it is easily the most trustworthy account yet given of the beginnings of the English renaissance. It is curious to compare the method of Ten Brink with that of Jusserand, the other foreign explorer in our wide country of letters. The brilliant pages of the Frenchman lead us spellbound past a succession of vivid pictures, to large gen-

eralizations and inferences. They form in themselves an addition to literature. The detailed and moderate accuracy of Ten Brink produces simply a comment on literature. His book is good for reference, not for reading, while the student who can supply his own imagination finds in it an invaluable aid. But where are the English-speaking interpreters of our great English story?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Back-woods Philosopher.

THE philosophic mind must have a theory. Though the man may live in ignorance, he will make an effort to understand the universe.

In the town where I sojourn in summer, one fourth of the signatures to the mortgages on file in the clerk's office are made with a cross. An earnest, industrious man, intelligent in many things, but knowing almost nothing of books or figures, is the philosopher of the neighborhood. Years ago he took up the idea that there is some profound connection between numbers and the sounds of languages. He believes the sounds are based upon numbers; and he believes that our alphabet of twenty-six letters is based upon the nine digits. To prove his theory, he numbers the letters of the alphabet as they stand in the usual order, and then proceeds to apply the numbers to words. Thus, the word *second* (the sixtieth part of a minute) is presented as an example, showing how the words relating to time conform to his theory. We are asked to notice that *s* is the nineteenth letter of the alphabet, *e* the fifth letter, *c* the third, *o* the fifteenth, *n* the fourteenth, and *d* the fourth. If now we add these numbers, we have $19+5+3+15+14+4=60$. And that is because there are sixty seconds in a minute. "Do you see that?"

In the same way the word *day* ($4+1+25$) counts thirty. And that is because there are thirty days in a month. "Is that clear?"

Again, the word *week* ($23+5+5+11$) counts forty-four. That is because there are four weeks in a month. The doubling of the four (44) is merely emphatic. "Is that satisfactory?"

Again, there are four weeks in a month, and as the week is forty-four we get for the month four, forty-four (4, 44); that is to say, three fours in line. If now we add these three fours ($4+4+4$) we get twelve. And that is because there are twelve months in the year. "Is that conclusive?"

Here the philosopher's demonstration becomes hazy, but he still pursues it with great earnestness, citing many examples in his determination to subdue the universe to his theory. He scales the heavens and speaks of the great sun-clock of time, and uses many high-sounding phrases. A point in this part of his theory will illustrate:—

The letter *M* is the great meridian of sound and of time, because it is the middle letter of the alphabet. Its number is thirteen, and that number is therefore the great meridian, reckoning on the scale of sound and on the scale of time. If now we start in the sky, directly in the zenith, and strike our meridian downward, we cut the earth through its diameter and pass down to the sky below. We thus get four places of contact, where the meridian cuts the sky and the earth; that is, the sky above, the upper surface of the earth, the lower surface of the earth, and the sky below. We may term these four cuttings four meridians. And four meridians (four times thirteen) make fifty-two. And that is because there are fifty-two weeks in the year. "Is not this, as seen on the face of the great sun-clock of time, conclusive?"

But the philosopher does not limit the application of his theory to the terms relating to time. He applies it to many subjects. Governed only by the rules of circumbendibus, his method is extremely

flexible: it is as unlimited as the countless changes that numbers can be made to produce. He finds a very rich field in history. The names of ancient kings are made to agree with the dates when they were living and reigning. But above all else the great names and events of the Bible are "figured out," and the book is proved to be true by his system. It is interesting to see and hear the philosopher in meetings held for religious purposes, as he expounds the story of the Ark, showing that it was not made of common wood, but of prophetic timber. "Bear with me, brethren," he pleads, as his friends become restive and seem about to stop him. He has been sternly dealt with, but will not be silenced. Year by year he proceeds with the development of his philosophy. He persists in calling any number that can be divided by two a square, and any number that can be divided by three a cube, and misuses terms to such an extent that his neighbors do not understand him. But years do not abate his zeal. He feels that deep down at the foundations of the universe there is an agreement between the nine digits and the twenty-six letters which must be recognized. He demands as a right that his system shall be taught in the schools, as the foundation of all the sciences. He is finding more and more hints of wonderful meanings in the names of the heavenly bodies and the "cubes and squares" of the flexible process by which he "solves them." There is to his mind some meaning not yet known in that "peculiar word 'cubit,'" because of its relation to the word "cube," and he regards with interest that strange "island they call Cuba."

It has been facetiously suggested that this philosopher's view explains how it is that so much difficulty is experienced in bringing about a reform in spelling. It is not easy to change that which is mortised into the foundations of the universe.

Wanted, an — In some far past of the race
Hibernacle. did not human beings hibernate,
like so many of their humbler brethren in
fur and feathers? I only know that with
the first pronounced chill of the season,
while the blurred sun, low down in the
southern heavens, seems preparing, as Sir
Thomas Browne hath it, to make "but
winter arches," I have an indubitable warn-
ing, which goes to the proverbial "mar-
row of my bones," that it is time for me

to find my winter cell, my cosy dormitory. But alas, I have lost it! Nor can I obtain a guide so skillful that he will be able to rediscover it for me. And I cannot fail to regret my loss every succeeding year, as I feel my numbed senses sinking "lethwards" in the first blunt onset of cold weather. Would it be any wonder if I envied the wiser and more provident folk who have canceled out of the season's problem all the zero digits, and who are now reposing, with no care for the morrow and no experience of present storm and stress in the outer world? I know that the toad has been cosily ensconced these many weeks past; the woodchuck, I have reason to believe, has shut his door and retired, at least till Candlemas Day; I see where the winged sphinx of our midsummer evening dream (or some congener of the greater moth family) has hung her thick gray felt hammock upon the willow, like the over-ground burial of certain Indian tribes; then, also, there are the ferruled stems of the golden—now silver—rod, in each one of whose woody globes reposes a plump sleeper; yes, though a grub, it is wiser than I, since nature having intended it should sleep away the cold season, it has complied. But I, who am not able to combat the drowsiness which I feel creeping over my activities, I alone have been remiss in my preparations: hence my advertisement in the present issue of "wants."

FROM SLEEP TO WAKING.

'Tis Curfew of the Year, when falls and fades the
maple's leafy fire.
'Tis Midnight of the Year, when streams beneath a
fretted roof retire.
It is the Small Hours of the Year, when none of all
that sleep will wake,
Howe'er the legion storms of heaven their deep and
hidden fastness shake.
It is the Dark Hour ere the Dawn, when, through the
growing rifts of sleep,
The wistful-eyed and moaning dreams of other days
begin to peep.
But when, amid the softening rain, aloft, so mellow
and so clear,
The first flute of the robin sounds, it is the Daybreak
of the Year!

— Teachers will agree with me
The Felicity of the Blunder. that reading students' themes is
weary work. Still, one is oc-
casionaly cheered by blunders amusing
enough to compensate for the labor of plod-
ding through reams of manuscripts. If a
sufficient number of these were collected

and classified, perhaps some light might be thrown on the way in which the mind appropriates new words, for many of them involve a misapprehension of the exact meaning of some unfamiliar term. Thus, the young men who wrote that "Mrs. Browning was spiritual and atmospheric," that "Browning's plays were very interesting and ought to be dramatized," that "Rossetti was characterized by pungent ideal sympathy," and that "Meredith was deep on the outside," may have ideas, but they have an imperfectly assimilated vocabulary. Our earliest poet never received a more flattering appreciation than from the one who wrote, "Chaucer has absolutely no contemporaries." Blunders resulting from misquotation are common. One man referred to Wordsworth's ode as "The Ode on Intimations of Immortality felt in Childhood," and another spoke of Washington as "First in war, next in peace, and last in the hearts of his countrymen." But by far the greater number of "bulls" comes under the class in which ideas incongruous but apparently similar are brought into the same sentence as if they were of equal importance. If this were consciously done, we might call the result wit. "The peasant was elevated by gunpowder to a level with the knight." "De Quincey's mother was a stately woman, moving in the best society but with her feet on the Rock of Ages." "Rossetti wrote a number of sonnets and put them in his wife's coffin; they were called the 'House of Wife.'" "Marion and his gorillas pervaded the swamps of South Carolina, looking for vengeance." "Shelley lived in the clouds and was struck by lightning." "The Puritans did not come here to fish, but to worship God." "The early Germans had no word for what we term a carbuncle, but the pain experienced from stepping on one was so great that a forcible term had to be borrowed from the Latin." "Shelley tried to penetrate the ruling principle of life, but it easily eluded him." "King Charles did not realize that anything important had taken place till he was executed." "Keats was born in London; it is a great thing to be born in London, but it is a greater thing to be born at all."

In Venice. — We had brought down with us into Italy from Dresden the remembrance of a certain picture that

hangs in one of the smaller cabinets of the gallery there, opposite the long-haired, pink-smocked boy of Pinturicchio, — a picture, namely, by Cima da Conegliano, of the Virgin ascending the steps to the Temple. The clearness of the coloring, the brightness of its light, had been notable, together with the careful painting of the steps the Virgin is mounting, of the high wooden bird-cage standing on the lowest one of them, and of the white portico in the background. It may have been the recollection of this picture, of the gentle gravity of the Virgin, or again the pleasant cadence of Cima's name that led us, my friend and myself, during our first days in Venice, to seek out in the Academy and the several churches other pictures that are said to have been painted by him. We went very often across the city in our gondola, through the narrow side-canal that are shady even on a fine morning because of the height of the houses on either side, to the remote church of the Madonna del Orto where there is, in a dark corner, a picture by Cima of John the Baptist standing in the midst of four saints, within a crumbling and circular-shaped marble arbor. Between the pillars that form the arbor, and are cut in a Renaissance pattern, is to be seen a distant hill with a turreted wall running along its side and a village of towers encircling its base, — a landscape that lends a kind of worldly charm to the otherwise extremely serious picture. And always as we lingered before Cima's Madonnas, or before a bright-colored picture representing Tobias holding a fish in his hand and walking over a hill in company with the archangel Raphael, the same green landscape attracted us, painted in behind the figures, and composed, we were told, of the mountains that edge northern Italy, until one day we were impelled to go and see for ourselves this country with which we had become so strangely familiar in the Venetian galleries.

The way from Venice to Conegliano led through a continuous stretch of vineyards and broad-topped hedges, from the midst of which, after an hour's journey, we shot out suddenly into a wide plain bordered far away to the north by a line of hazy blue hills covered with sunlight. It was at high noon that the train, making a sharp curve in the plain, reached Conegliano; and the

town we discovered to be nothing else than a half-circle of crookedly built houses closing around the foot of a hill, — the very hill, in fact, that we had set out to find, peaked, with a yellow brick wall winding up its side, and on top a small, square-towered castle, near which two cypress-trees stood like wands against the sky.

There was, however, a certain difficulty in making our way to the hill, since the streets were full of men and women holding a market, and bawling to one another over the backs of their cattle or across the tall baskets of figs. Halfway from the station we reached a rambling inn with flapping awnings, behind which several men were sitting at round-topped iron tables reading journals and drinking liqueur. Inside we got some luncheon in a bare room with a high ceiling, where a group of persons talked noisily behind us, and there came to sit on the opposite side of the table a maid-servant with a dull face and dark eyes, who stared at us and devoured her macaroni and grapes fitfully. Afterward, walking along under the arcades at the side of the stone-paved street that curved about with the hill, we lost the din of the market, and came very soon upon the Duomo, a bare, yellow-faced, and ugly church, set in closely between the houses. An old man, the sacristan, who had been reading out of a large book on the other side of the street, came across with a bronze key in his hand to unlock the doors. Going before us into the church, he led the way, his heels clicking repeatedly against the stone pavement as he went, to the high altar at the back, above which the picture hung on a blank space of wall. With some muttered praise he pulled back the crimson curtain from before the Madonna, and then seated himself stiffly in one of the stalls to continue his reading. We were grateful enough at being left to ourselves to look at the picture that is said to be the most remarkable of all Cima's works. Our attention was drawn almost immediately from the simplified Madonna to the saints, two women with curling yellow hair, who stand on either side of her throne, and embody in themselves the worldliness and extreme joy in life and all splendors that is characteristically Venetian. A certain robustness and ample beauty of form there was about them, a stateliness of bearing suggestive of the wo-

men of those later painters, Palma Vecchio and Sebastiano del Piombo.

And again we remarked the landscape of the background, whose vivid sky and clear air were in part made actual to us when, on leaving the church, we returned to the town and began trying to find a pathway up the hill. We had attempted several passages that led nowhere save into the midst of a group of shrill voiced-women, or up a flight of steps to an old house with faded frescoes on its façade, before we came finally to the light-colored wall that wound along the hillside. In its shelter we climbed up, growing nevertheless very weary under the hot sunshine before we reached the summit. Here the wall came to an end by running round the peak of the hill until it met itself, shutting in a space of uneven grass together with the castle and black cypress-trees. The castle was closed and barred, and the place deserted, except by an old man who sat, bent over his stick, on the edge of a well, never noticing our coming, and by some children who ran back and forth across the grass with their dog at their heels.

We remained there through the long afternoon, leaning against the wall and looking out over the Venetian plain that stretched dimly, in the bright light, across to the horizon, or, on the other hand, toward the mountains at the north. It was all curiously suggestive of the different landscapes we knew, of those backgrounds with which the various Venetian painters were used to decorate their pictures. The distant blues, the heavy-topped trees, seemed but the setting for a Holy Family of the Bonifazios, or for the Sante Conversazione — the groups of saints, shepherds, and sacred persons — that Palma Vecchio liked to gather, for no especial purpose, indeed, in a pleasant hilly country, at the foot of a tree near which a flock of sheep were feeding. And before all we observed, in the brown smooth slopes of the hills, in an occasional ruined castle or a wooden tower with a slanting roof breaking down into scaffolding at the back, certain suggestions of the *Venetian Pastoral*. We remembered then that there was in this part of Venetia, no more than an hour's journey distant, an altarpiece of Giorgione's, and, recalling copies of it that displayed behind the Madonna and saints a marvelous effect of dim distance, we determined to go on in the late afternoon to Castelfranco.

